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modern screen

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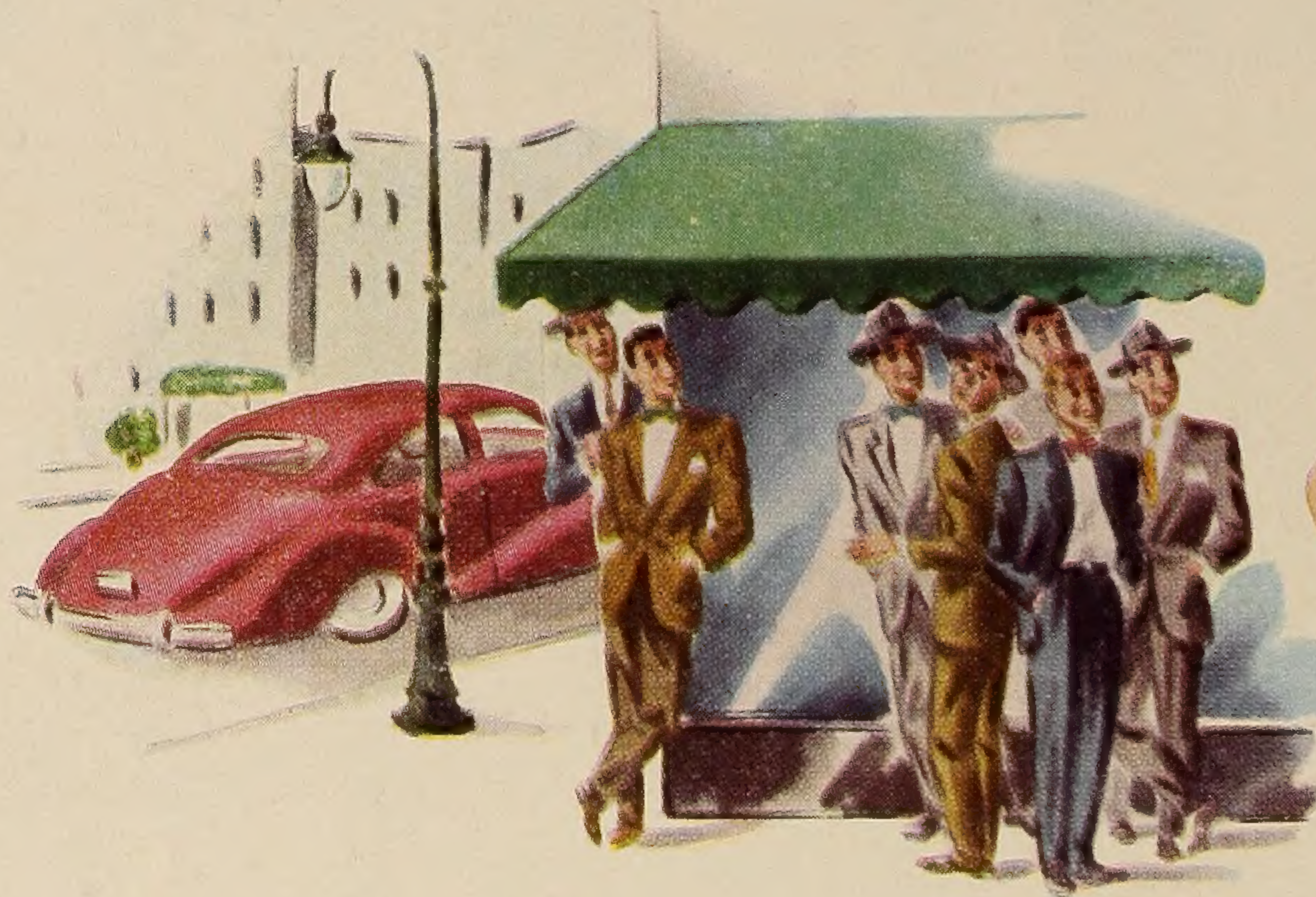
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A DELL MAGAZINE •
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JUNE HAVER

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OBJECT OF THE WOLF-WHISTLE . . . the little lady to whom most men bend the frankly appraising eye . . . she knows that to surround herself with personal enchantment is to surround herself with personal admiration! Of course, she uses Lander's talc, whether the come-

hither allure of Lilac and Roses, or the soft fragrance of Gardenia and Sweet Pea. Its constant use keeps her confident and care-free . . . its charming caress completes her careful toilette. In brief, she's learned that loveliness lingers when she uses Lander's Talc!



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ASK FOR OTHER LANDER'S TOILETRIES
AT ALL 10¢ TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

These high-powered packages of personal pulchritude are available at all variety stores in four tantalizing fragrances: Lilac and Roses, Gardenia and Sweet Pea, Spicy Apple Blossom and Sweet Pea. You'll be more caressable, too, with Lander's colognes in Lilac and Roses and Spicy Apple Blossom!



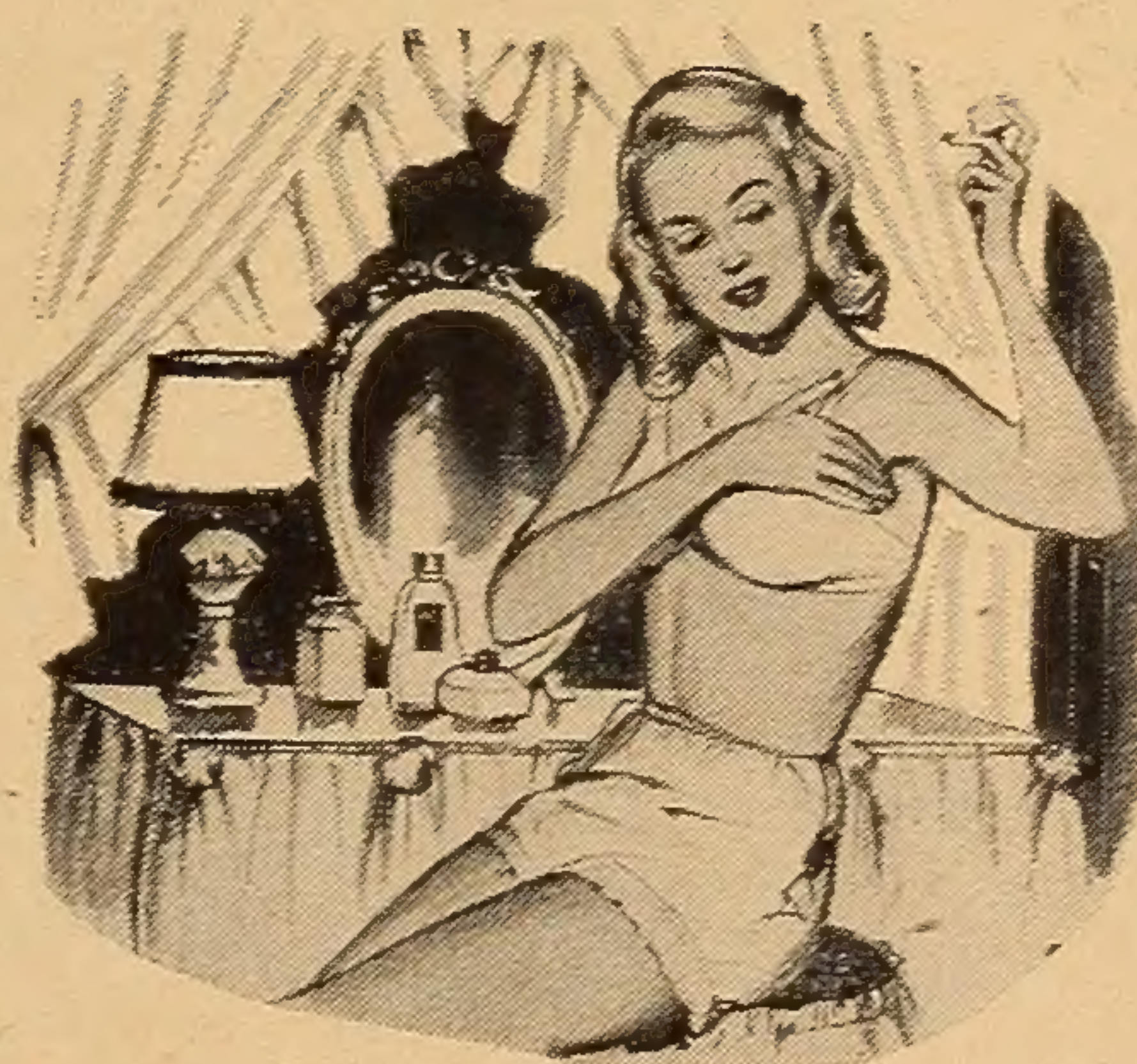
*For the
Talc
that Tempts*

LANDER'S

FIFTH AVENUE BLDG., N. Y.

Hold on, hon...
your bath's not done
until you Mum!

...you just washed away past perspiration—
now guard your future freshness



True, glamour does *begin* in the tub.
But, while your bath gives you a fresh
lease on loveliness, it can't safeguard
your *future* charm.



So, after you wash away *past* perspiration,
complete your bath with Mum.
That's the safe, sure way to prevent risk
of underarm odor *to come*. With Mum,
you *stay* sweet, nice to be near, all day
or evening.

Mum

checks perspiration odor

1. **Safe for charm.** Mum checks underarm odor, gives sure protection all day or all evening.
2. **Safe for skin.** Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin . . . forms no irritating crystals.
3. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical, Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.



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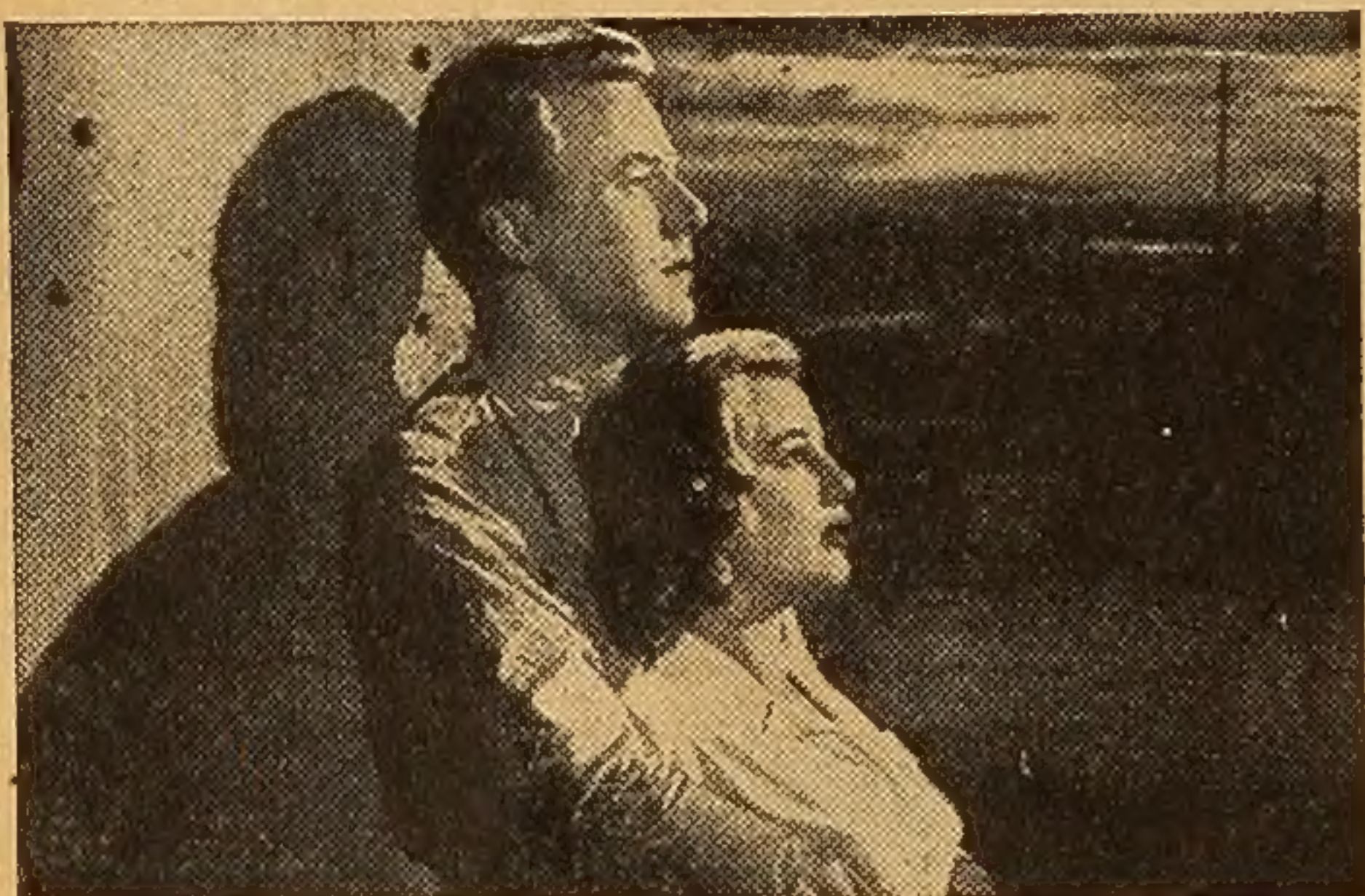


The greatest
star of the
screen!

"High Barbaree" hits a new high in adventure. "High Barbaree" hits a new high in romance.

Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, who wrote the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty", have penned a new modern story with equal fascination.

As a Cosmopolitan magazine story, as a popular novel, it won millions of readers for its tale both taut and tense, its love story tender and touching.



Van Johnson's role is completely different from anything he's done in the past. Tough and dramatic, suave and civilized, it's a characterization that will absorb you. June Allyson, with stars in her eyes, is the girl he loves. But there's another girl in his life—Marilyn Maxwell.

Thomas Mitchell adds the tang of salty humor with his part. Claude Jarman, Jr., flaxen-haired star of "The Yearling", and Henry Hull, one of the stage's finest actors, head a perfect supporting cast.



Cyril Hume, "High Barbaree" hits a new high in entertainment.

For spring enchantment, come along to the isle of High Barbaree... that tropic paradise of which all lovers dream.

You'll have a high good time at "High Barbaree".

Louella Parsons has just given it Cosmopolitan Magazine's Citation as the Picture of the Month.

To see is to agree!

—Leo

P.S.—What a Scoop! —"The Hucksters", "B.F.'s Daughter", "East River"—the three top best-sellers — will all become M-G-M hits!



JUNE, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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COVER PORTRAIT BY NIKOLAS MURAY • DESIGNED BY LESTER BEALL

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Van Johnson June Allyson

(In a NEW and DIFFERENT role...with the screen's most lovable girl)



A spectacular adventure-romance
by the authors of
"Mutiny On The Bounty"

THRILL to the crash at sea!

THRILL to the tornado!

He wanted to stay
in the arms of his first
true love — but another
woman claimed him!

THRILL to the water-tower rescue!

M-G-M presents

"HIGH BARBAREE"

(Where every lover's fondest dream comes true!)

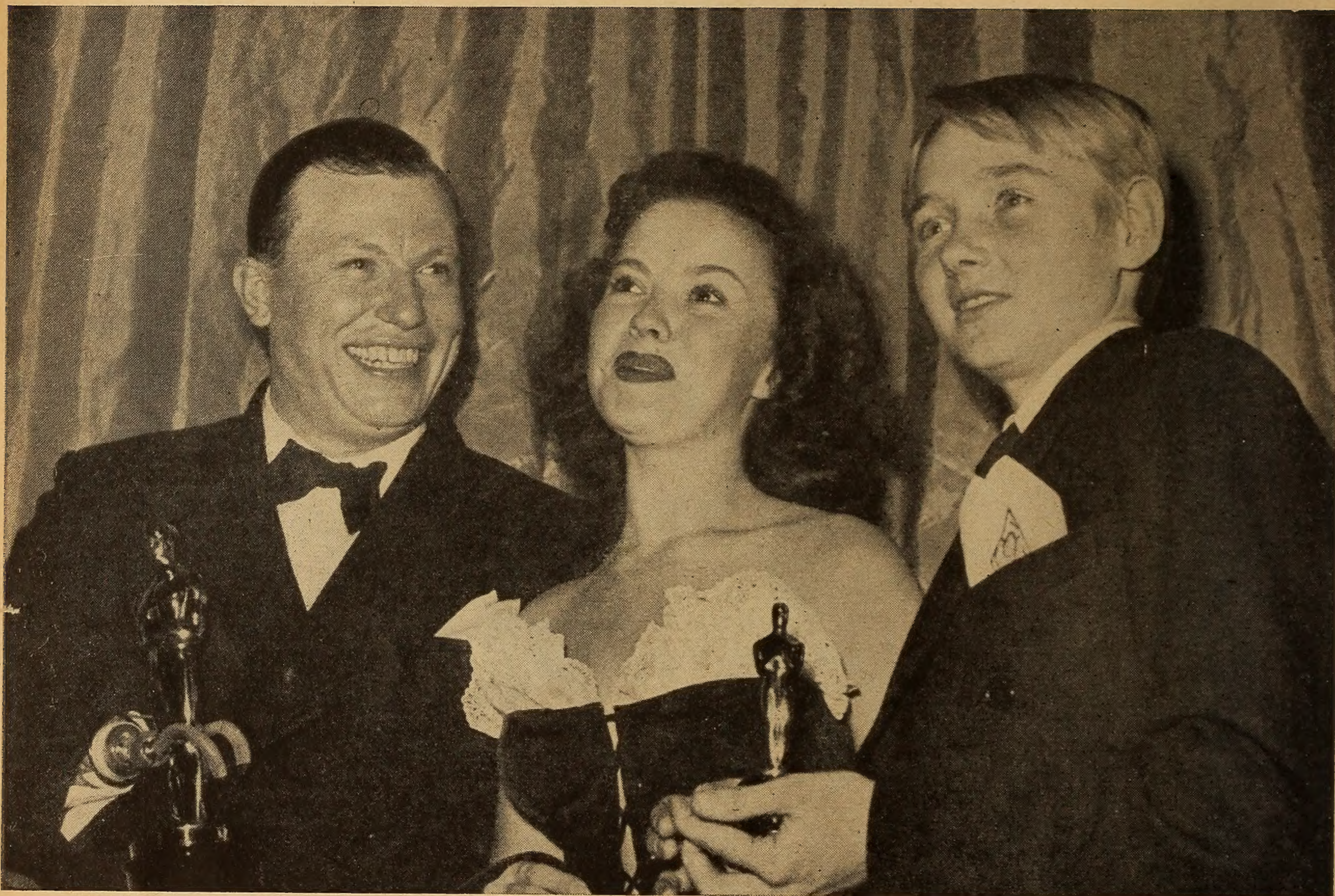
THOMAS MITCHELL · MARILYN MAXWELL · HENRY HULL · CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.

Screen Play by ANNE MORRISON CHAPIN, WHITFIELD COOK and CYRIL HUME

Based on the Novel by CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL

Produced by EVERETT RISKIN · Directed by JACK CONWAY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Oscar-winners Harold Russell (best supporting male role) and Claude Jarman, Jr. (best child actor) share their mutual happiness with Shirley Temple.

■ The attractive suitor who has been courting Rita Hayworth oh-so-quietly but oh-so-persistently since her break with Orson Welles is—and this will surprise those who think immediately of Tony Martin—David Niven.

They were constantly together in Palm Springs where Rita had gone to recuperate from an overdose of "too much genius" in her marriage.

David is the main reason, I believe, that Tony Martin will have his work cut out for him if he tries to rekindle that old flame with Rita.

* * *

Since their flare-up at the Academy Awards when they refused to speak or be photographed together, there's been a lot printed about the feud between Olivia De Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Evidently, there's been

a hurt that goes very deep on both sides.

The know-it-alls will tell you that the cause of the rift is that Olivia believes her family is not pleased over her marriage to Marcus Goodrich and that she resents it because she adores him. I don't believe that. Olivia and Joan had had many flare-ups before Goodrich ever came into the picture. It's unfortunate but true that the girls are just not temperamentally compatible.

Perhaps things will eventually ease up. The night of my broadcast with Olivia, I had dinner at a popular cafe with the Goodriches. Joan came in with her husband, William Dozier, and everyone held his or her breath to see what would happen. When Joan passed our table on her way to the ladies room, she stopped and spoke to her sister, and Olivia responded. I can't say there was any great

effusion there, but at least the two did speak.

It's unfortunate that two such beautiful, talented sisters should be so bitter. Yet, I don't see how anyone on the outside can do anything about it. The girls will have to work out their own problem.

* * *

When June Haver was working on location for *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*—35 miles from Los Angeles—the only available telephone was a three-party line. Every time Junie put in a call to her bridegroom, Jimmy Zito, the other two "parties" listened in avidly.

One night, June picked up the 'phone, heard voices and would have hung up immediately if she had not heard her name being mentioned. The conversation went as follows:

"June Haver's up here making a movie and she sure must be (Continued on page 6)



Cathy O'Donnell (also of *Best Years*) accepted the statuette for Fredric March, busy acting in a N.Y. play. Joan Fontaine, who won Oscar in 1941, had the privilege of making the best-actor award.



It was Lionel Barrymore who opened the "best supporting actress" envelope and came up with Anne Baxter's name. This called for a kiss from Anne, who wept real tears during her "thank you" speech.



Morris Stoloff, who scored the music for *The Jolson Story*, enjoyed the double thrill of winning the Oscar and having it presented to him by Lana Turner! Lana, incidentally, came alone—in Ty Power's car.

louella parsons' good news



Ray Milland, who won his golden boy last year, handed Olivia De Havilland the coveted best-actress prize—for *To Each His Own*, of course. Afterwards, Livvy threw a "weep-or-celebrate" party for close friends.

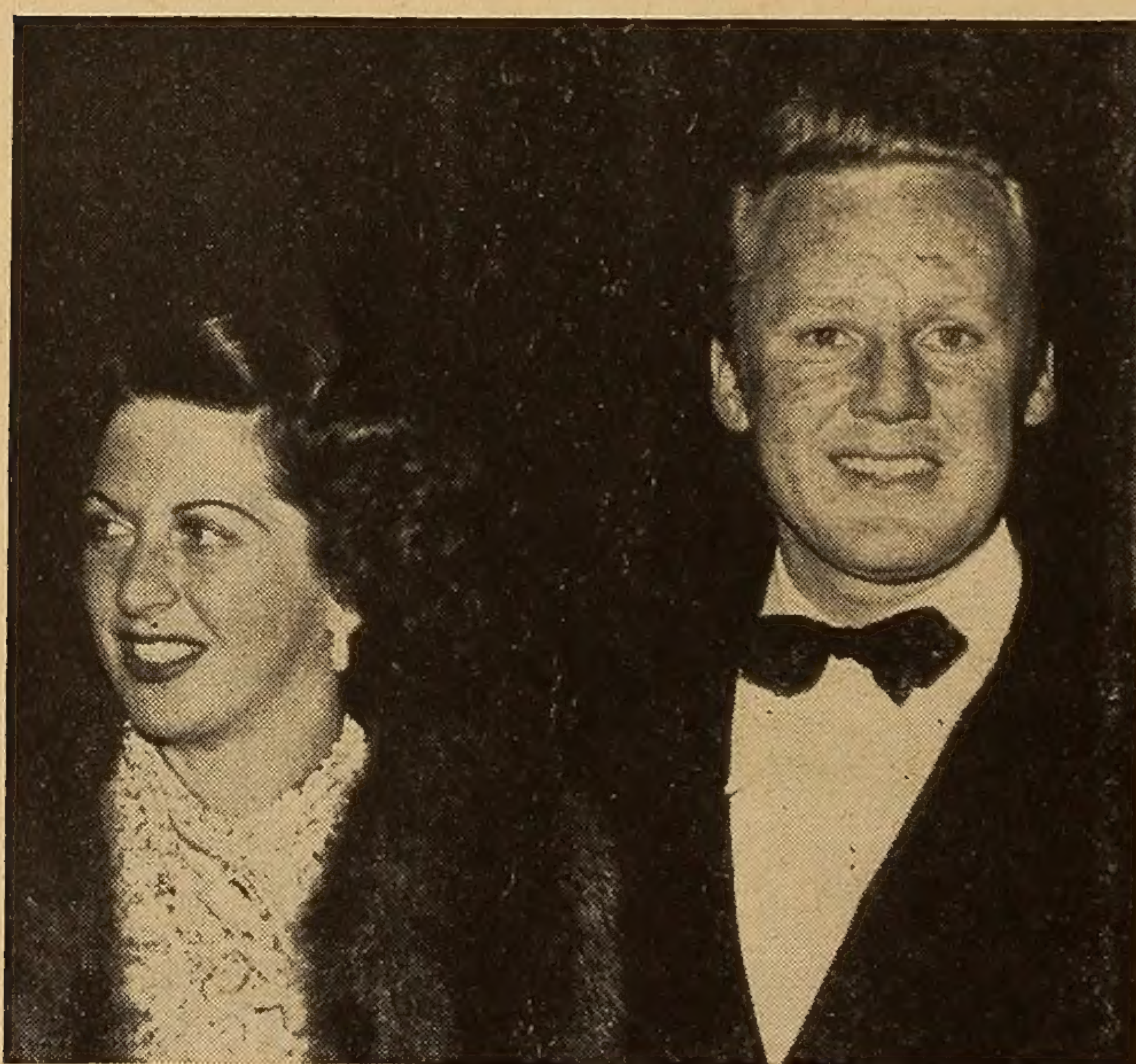
louella parsons' good news



The Academy shindig brought out Sue and Alan Ladd for their first formal celebration since their son David's birth. Suzie's well as ever now, after her difficult confinement.



A gay foursome at the Academy affair: the Nigel Tanyes (she's actress Ann Todd) and the G. Pecks. Greg wasn't too disappointed when he didn't win Oscar—but Greta was!



Evie and Van Johnson make their first public appearance as man and wife. Placed on a strict allowance by his manager, Van, who earns \$5,200 a week, claims he's "flat broke."



The Danny Kayes were there, too. Danny's at the let-me-show-you-pictures-of-my-Dena stage, embarrassing Sylvia by hauling them out everywhere—even at the Academy show.

crazy about that broken-down musician she married. She calls him twice a day."

That was all the bride could take! "He's not a broken-down musician," she yelled with all stops out, "He's a wonderful musician! I ought to know. I'm married to him—and I'M June Haver!"

You could have cut the ensuing silence with a—telephone line!

* * *

The memory of Hollywood's top annual event, the Academy Awards, remains with us months after it is over. This is THE occasion when my home town dons its best bib and tucker to watch the lucky winnahs receive the coveted Oscars.

Usually, there are big parties all over town

following the presentations. But this year it was different.

The N. Peter Rathvons (he's the big boss of RKO) took over the whole affair and invited 500 guests to their home atop a hill in Beverly Hills that has a magnificent view of Los Angeles and the valley. It's the old Charles Boyer house and it has been beautifully done over by Mrs. Rathvon.

Parking so many cars was such a problem that the Rathvons had arranged for taxis to convey the guests from the foot to the top of the hill—and believe me, I think I have never seen such a beautiful sight as the roadside up the hill blooming with daffodils, hyacinths and all the Spring flowers that had been specially planted there for the occasion

and gave the effect of a giant carpet of real flowers!

I looked immediately for Olivia De Havilland, the 1946 Queen, who had just carried off the Oscar. She was not there—so I telephoned her and found out she had invited a "weep-or-celebrate" gathering of her closest friends to a little party at her home—to weep if she lost and celebrate if she won. Everyone invited had accepted this invitation, so she was unable to appear at the Rathvons', which would have been such a triumphant occasion.

In view of what I've already told you about the feud—it was a little ironic that her sister Joan was at the big party and one of the loveliest girls there. Joan wore a lovely

(Continued on page 8)



Love me... IF YOU DARE!



Hate me... IF YOU CAN!



Kill me... IF YOU MUST!

The story of
love that flowered
like the Moss Rose...
out of the ashes of
death and
violence!

**PEGGY CUMMINS
VICTOR MATURE
ETHEL BARRYMORE**

MOSS ROSE

with
VINCENT PRICE

MARGO WOODE • GEORGE ZUCCO
PATRICIA MEDINA • RHYS WILLIAMS

20th CENTURY-FOX

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF • Produced by GENE MARKEY

Screen Play by Jules Furthman and Tom Reed • Adaptation by Niven Busch • From the Novel by Joseph Shearing

From the best-thriller
novel that startled
...and stunned!



HANDS OFF



Are you the sort of Sad Sal who's always poking and plucking at her hair? It's not a pretty habit—and it's definitely not necessary if you use DeLong Bob Pins. Just slip two or three in strategic spots, and then forget your hair-do in public, concentrate on charm.

DeLong Bob Pins, you see, have a

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They simply can't slip out because they're made of high carbon steel. That does the trick. Introduce yourself to DeLong Bob Pins for a lifetime lease on poise . . .



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS



All set for the big Fan Club Party-and-Convention in June are: June Allyson and Marshall Reed, honorary committeemen; Gladys Perkins, publicity chief; and Ellen Roufs, director of the affair. Clubbers from all over the country will pour into Hollywood for the week-long activities.

louella parsons' good news

canary yellow gown with a beaded jacket. "No, I'm not concealing my figure," she laughed. "I'll let you know when I'm going to have a baby."

Joan's marriage to Bill Dozier has worked out wonderfully well. "I'm the girl who married her boss," she said. She seemed so gay that I didn't say a word about the scene that had taken place backstage with Olivia earlier in the evening.

Dorothy Lamour, who just that day had received word that she had to have her adenoids out, looked far from a prospective hospital patient in a stunning white dress embroidered in red cherries. Dorothy has always been considered one of Hollywood's best dressed women. She certainly has never rated the crack that she was one of our "ten worst dressed!"

I must say for Rosalind Russell and Jane Wyman that they were wonderful sports about losing the Oscar to Olivia. They were looking around everywhere trying to find the missing Olivia and congratulate her. Said Jane, "If I couldn't win it, I'm glad she did."

If Rosalind Russell was disappointed, she certainly didn't show it. But Freddie Brisson, her husband, said to me, "She'll probably win it for something less serious. I, personally, think Sister Kenny was the finest thing she's done on the screen."

I noticed that Jane Wyman, who's expecting a baby, spent a quiet evening with her husband and the Gregory Pecks. Jane was very cute saying how disappointed she was that Gregory had not won for the best male performance. Everyone likes him so much and

he's such a wonderful actor. But Hollywood voted the way it saw it—and that's the way it should be no matter what personal preferences are.

When I patted Jimmy Stewart on the back and said, "Jimmy, I'm sorry you didn't win," he grinned and said, like the good sport he is, "Oh, I have time. I'll get it someday."

"Someday again," I corrected, because Jimmy won Oscar in 1937 for *Philadelphia Story*.

A huge tent had been erected for the party and the decorating motif was enormous Oscars all over the place. In all the years I've been covering Hollywood parties there has never been a more elaborate affair nor more people present. Sprinkled among the stars were such illustrious guests as Eric Johnston and Earl Warren, the popular Governor of California. Yep—it was a beeg night. We won't have a bigger one until Academy Award time rolls around next year.

* * *

This may be a little tip for romance, girls!

Alfred Hitchcock, one of our best directors, refuses to film a love scene on a big, gaudy set. Hitchy says that close quarters is the correct way to convey the feeling that two people are set apart from the rest of the world. For this reason, he's filming the love scenes between Gregory Peck and Valli (that's all there is to her name and she's the new Selznick discovery debuting in *The Paradine Case*) on a set that measures six-feet-by-eight. That should be chummy enough!

Seems kinda silly—but experts do say that many proposals take place in automobiles or
(Continued on page 10)

Thrill after Thrill after Thrill after Thrill!

Violent!

Violent
Love!

HUMPHREY

BOGART

BARBARA

STANWYCK

ALEXIS SMITH



"The TWO Mrs. Carrolls"



WITH
NIGEL BRUCE · PETER GODFREY · MARK HELLINGER

Screen Play by Thomas Job · From the Stage Play by MARTIN VALE · Music by Franz Waxman

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WARNERS
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that hit Broadway
between the eyes!



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louella parsons' good news

taxicabs—so maybe there's something to it.

* * *

Close Up Of Dana Andrews Off-Screen: He can SEW very well. Mrs. Andrews can't thread a needle—but Dana's a whizz. Not fine embroidery, mind you. But he's right there when buttons come off. One night, just before they left for a preview, the garter came off Mrs. A's girdle. Dana did the honors of stitching it back on again!

He's a camera fiend and is continually taking "candid" shots when he isn't gardening or busy in his workshop. The Andrews home in Toluca Lake is Normandy style architecture, painted a slate gray with a white trim and white fence. All the rooms are carpeted in solid, strong colors from wall to wall and the furniture is equally colorful. Neither Dana nor Mary likes pastels, damask, or antiques.

At present, the Andrews living room is crowded by a real piano, a dummy piano, a new super-duper recording and playback machine, and stacks of sheet music. Reason is, Dana's taking music lessons for his role as the blind pianist in *Memory of Love*—a movie being produced by my famous relative, Miss Harriet Parsons. She will be very pleased to learn that her hero practices three hours daily. The two kids, Cathy and David, are very impressed with pappy's piano playing, which is loud—if not so good.

He goes shopping with his wife because he likes to pick out women's clothes and has wonderful taste. That's okay with Mary because he always picks out more expensive things than she would select for herself.

Dana loves to read, but is particular. So Mary reads a book first and if she thinks he would like it, it goes on his nightstand. He loves to read aloud and frequently reads to his wife who promptly falls asleep. This hasn't stopped him—so far. He's still at it.

* * *

Walter Wanger took over the entire Chanteclair Cafe on the Sunset Strip to celebrate



Veronica Lake and husband Andre de Toth arrive at Alta, Utah, for the State Centennial Celebration and *Ramrod* premiere.

Joan Bennett's birthday, which turned out to also be the natal day of three other guests—David Niven, Reginald Gardiner and Franchot Tone.

I've noticed that hostesses always seem to have twice as much fun when a party is held in a cafe rather than in a home because there are none of the usual worries about everything going off all right, natch.

There were movie stars all over the place, including Joan, who looked like a dream in a lovely white gown. But it was an out-of-town visitor who stole a lot of the thunder.

Brenda Frazier, who was the glamor debutante of all time, and her husband, Shipwreck Kelly, were among those present, and even the Hollywood glamor girls found Brenda very interesting to look at. Her gown definitely had the New York air and it's easy to see how she was the socialite darling for so many years.

Franchot Tone's pretty, blonde wife, Jean Wallace, sat by me and poured out her troubles. No, not with Franchot. But just that day she had been suspended by her studio. Her husband told her not to worry—he didn't think she would starve.

Rosalind Russell is certainly getting to be the fashion plate of our town. She never seems to wear the same evening gown twice—at least I haven't caught her and I see her often. On this occasion she was wearing a filmy rose-colored dress which was very becoming with her dark hair.

Gregory Peck sat at Joan's table. I was there, too, and so was William Powell. Bill was busy passing around a telegram Mousie, his wife, had sent him. It arrived just as he stepped through the door and read, "LET'S GO HOME NOW. LOVE."


"You see," Bill explained, "that girl loves parties better than anything in the world. Just as we started to leave the house tonight I said, 'For heaven's sake, let's go home at a decent hour tonight and not be the last to

(Continued on page 64)



Richard Ney delighted the younger set at the *Ramrod* opening. Dick left for N. Y. afterwards, where he told friends, "I miss that redhead."

TWO DAMES ARE OUT TO STOP HIM...
ONE WITH HER LIPS...
THE OTHER WITH A GUN!



Bill Bendix battling
beside Ladd even
more thrillingly than
in "Blue Dahlia" and
"Two Years Before
The Mast"!

This is Ladd's toughest fight . . .
up against the hidden riptides of deadly Eastern
intrigue . . . and the two women
who stand in the way of his revenge against
the Orient's underworld!

Paramount presents

ALAN LADD
GAIL WILLIAM
RUSSELL · BENDIX

in

CALCUTTA

with

JUNE DUPREZ

LOWELL GILMORE · EDITH KING · Directed by JOHN FARROW

papa flynn

Fatherhood's easy after the first time, they say. But don't tell that to Errol, who's just had (with Nora's help!) Miss Rory Flynn.



Errol (whose next is *Escape Me Never*) relaxes in his study, after passing out the cigars and candy.

■ Nurses just off night duty at St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, California, were crowding into the hospital coffee shop right after dawn on March 13th, when a tall, handsome and very slender man appeared as if from nowhere, sat himself down at the counter and asked for black coffee, please, and hurry it up a bit, if you don't mind.

Instantly, the chatter and clatter among the young nurses was silenced. Expectant papas were no new sight to them, but this one was different. He was hatless, and his wavy brown hair could have done with a bit of combing. His motions were nervous and quick, his manner courtly, his voice edged with a smile.

"That's Errol Flynn!" The whisper ran through the coffee shop like a charge of electricity. What had brought him there at that early hour was no secret, for hospital gossip travels fast. Every girl in the restaurant knew that upstairs in the delivery room, Mrs. Nora Eddington Flynn was in labor. They knew, too, that the pains had started many hours ago, just after noon the previous day. And when they saw the drawn look on Errol's handsome face, they sympathized.

He hadn't finished his second cup of steaming coffee before (Continued on page 97)

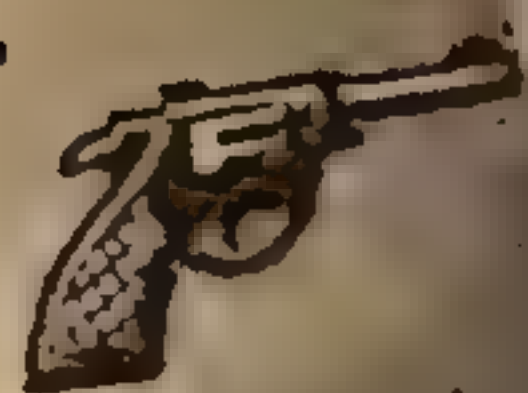
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Reporter
for
Modern Screen

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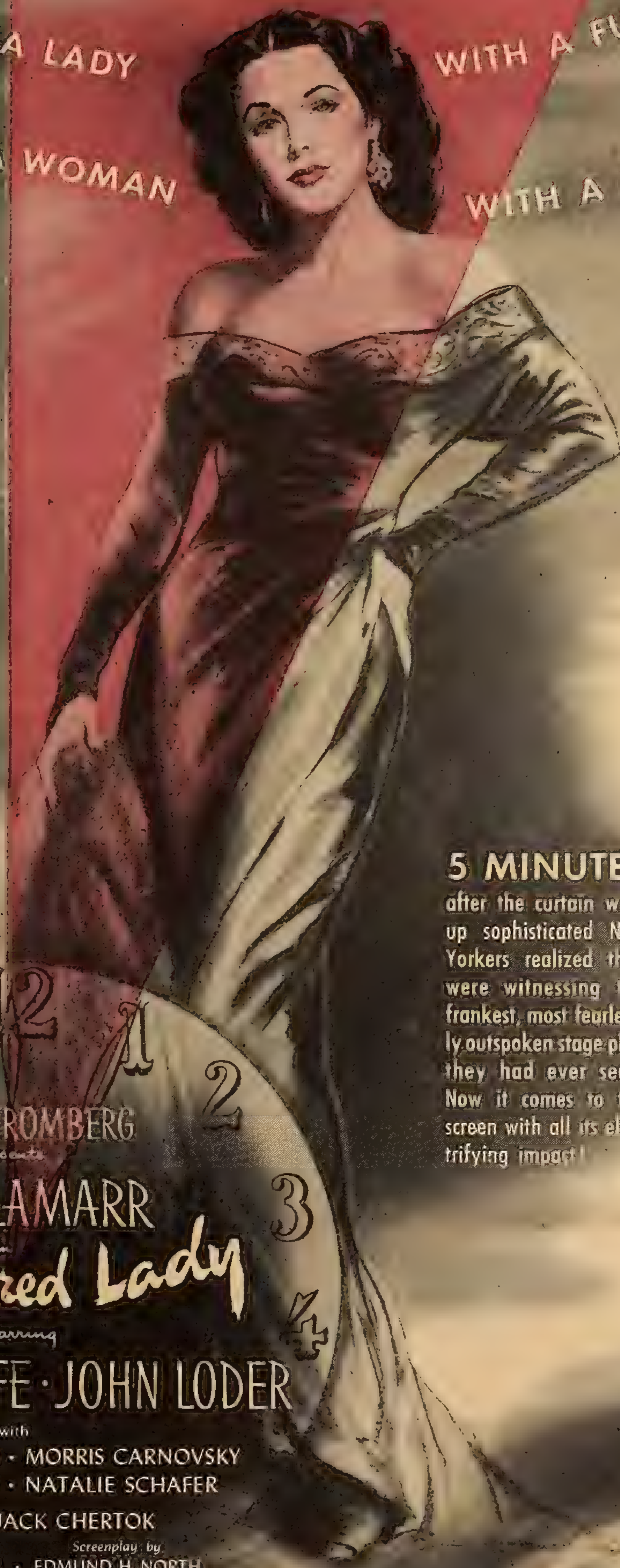
WITH A FUTURE!

AT 12:05 . . .



A WOMAN

WITH A PAST!



5 MINUTES

after the curtain went up sophisticated New Yorkers realized they were witnessing the frankest, most fearlessly outspoken stage play they had ever seen. Now it comes to the screen with all its electrifying impact!

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HEDY LAMARR
9 *Dishonored Lady*
co-starring
DENNIS O'KEEFE · JOHN LODER

with
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN · MORRIS CARNOVSKY
PAUL CAVANAGH · NATALIE SCHAFER

Produced by JACK CHERTOK

Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON · Screenplay by EDMUND H. NORTH

A HUNT STROMBERG Production

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selects
“stairway to
heaven”



Is he dreaming, or is he really dead, wonders David Niven. He remembers jumping from his plane without a chute during the war, but who is this person in 18th century finery (Marius Goring), and what's this mysterious Stairway to Heaven he's sitting on?

■ Once in a while you come across a book you can't put down. The clock moves, the sky grows white in the window, the room turns cold—but you hold the book in your hands and you read it through to the end.

Once in a greater while you come across a picture you can't forget. You see it, you sit there in the dark and it lifts you and something in it crosses to you with a leap of recognition, and when you leave the theater it stays with you and you go back over its scenes the way you riffle through the pages of a book for a favorite poem.

Stairway To Heaven is that kind of picture. I loved it on sight. I loved the way it opened, in wonderful Technicolor space, and I loved the gentle note on which it ended. The people in it became friends, alive and warm and full of meaning, and when they faded off the screen I was sorry to see them go. I became a “shill” for the film, went around saying to people, “Have you seen *Stairway To Heaven*? You simply must!”

(Continued on page 66)



A Picture so gay
It tops 'Going My Way'
Welcome Bing! Welcome Barry!
"Welcome Stranger"

starring
BING
CROSBY
JOAN
CAULFIELD
BARRY
FITZGERALD

with WANDA HENDRIX • FRANK FAYLEN
ELIZABETH PATTERSON • ROBERT SHAYNE
LARRY YOUNG • PERCY KILBRIDE
Directed by ELLIOTT NUGENT

Bing Sings!

LOVE SONGS TO
HIS "BLUE SKIES"
SWEETHEART!

"My Heart Is A Hobo"
"As Long As I'm Dreaming"
"Country Style"
"Smile Right Back At The Sun"

They're back and they're better in the grand
reunion the whole world has been waiting for
... a story that's funnier and more heart-warming
than their immortal triumph, "Going My Way"!

Screen Play by Arthur Sheekman • Adaptation by Arthur Sheekman
and N. Richard Nash • Story by Frank Butler,
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Flashy clothes and glib talk make substitute-doctor Bing Crosby unpopular with the staid New Englanders. Old Doc. (B. Fitzgerald) and school-marm Joan Caulfield dislike him at once.



Still distrustful of his substitute, but unable to break their contract, Fitzgerald leaves on his first vacation in 30 years. On the way to the station, he is stricken with appendicitis, brought back home.



Reluctantly, the ailing doc agrees to let Crosby operate. But he insists on a local anesthetic, directs his own appendectomy. Joan assists Bing.

"Welcome Stranger"

■ All the heart-warming sentiment and humor of *Going My Way* are repeated in this new Bing Crosby—Barry Fitzgerald picture. Joan Caulfield plays the most decorative school-teacher ever seen by mortal man, and Bing sings "My Heart's a Hobo," which is heading straight for the Hit Parade.

When young Doctor Pearson (Bing Crosby) arrives in Fallsbridge, Maine, the phrase he does not hear is "Welcome, stranger!" Maine folks don't care much for strangers, especially ones that are always singing crazy songs and wearing clothes that look like horse blankets. But Pearson's glad to get there, anyway. That crotchety old fellow on the train was beginning to get on his nerves. Kept muttering about "bad mannered young blatherskites" all the while, just because Pearson got the last order of trout and the old boy had to eat oatmeal.

It's quite a surprise to Pearson to find that the "old boy" is the doctor he's come to replace for two months. It's worse for Doctor McRory (Barry Fitzgerald) who had planned on his first vacation in thirty years. Now he flatly refuses to leave the health of Fallsbridge in the hands of an incompetent young idiot who would probably sing while he was amputating your leg.

Pearson is inclined to argue the point, especially after he has seen Trudy Mason (Joan Caulfield). But Trudy's engaged to Roy Chesley (Robert Shayne), and Dr. McRory is too stubborn to admit he's beginning to like Pearson, who shares his interest in fishing. If McRory hadn't suddenly developed acute appendicitis, Pearson would have left. As it is, there is nothing to do but operate.

That's a funny (Continued on page 18)

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Virginia Wilson

YOU'LL LOSE YOUR HEART TO THIS WONDERFUL GUY... SHE DID!

The exciting romance of a beautiful gal who loved a special kind of guy. He put her in a million dollar mansion and laid the world at her feet...for love...for laughs...for thrills!



It's one of your most
memorable screen
experiences!

FRANK
BORZAGE'S

fast-moving drama
of love and excitement



THAT'S MY MAN

Starring

Don
AMECHE

with
ROSCOE KARNS
JOHN RIDGELY
KITTY IRISH
JOE FRISCO

and JOE HERNANDEZ
Nationally Famous Racing Announcer



Would you take a handsome man in
out of the rain on a rainy, rainy night?

Catherine
MCLEOD

THE GIRL you loved at first sight in
"I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU"!

Produced and Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE

Associate Producer... Lew Borzage
Written by Steve Fisher and Bradley King

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



(Continued from page 16)

scene. The old doctor insists on a local anesthetic and a large mirror so he can direct the operation. The patient survives, of course, to admit that Pearson is a good surgeon after all. There are other plot complications, involving Trudy, Roy and a hospital Dr. McRory has been looking forward to for years. The situation is taken care of; believe it or not, by three cigars.—Par.

CARNEGIE HALL

Here is Carnegie Hall—fifty years of it—seen through the eyes of Nora (Marsha Hunt), who comes there first as a child just over from Ireland. When she's five years old, she hears Tchaikowsky and meets Walter Damrosch. When she's twenty, and a charwoman at the hall, she falls in love with Tony Salerno (Hans Yary), brilliant pianist with the Symphony.

Tony doesn't mind Nora being a charwoman. She adores him and she adores music, which is enough. He marries her, although Donovan (Frank McHugh), the superintendent of the Hall, shakes his head a bit. Donovan's fears are for Nora—he knows Tony is irresponsible and an alcoholic.

For a couple of years Nora is very happy. Then Tony begins drinking again, gives up his job in a fit of temperament, and is killed by a fall downstairs. By then there is the baby Tony to think of. Nora determines that he shall be a great musician like his father, but without his father's temperament.

Tony's growing years are lived almost entirely in Carnegie Hall, listening to Heifetz, Pons, Rubinstein and the rest of the great musical artists. His time outside school is spent practicing the piano, for which he has definite talent. But as he gets to be a young man (William Prince), he rebels against his mother's domination. Sure, he loves music, but it doesn't have to be classical. And when he falls in love with a girl, Ruth (Martha

O'Driscoll), she's a singer with Vaughn Monroe's band.

This leads to an open break with his mother, and Tony goes out on his own. But Nora prays that some day he'll come back to the Hall, and unexpectedly her prayer is answered.

Some of the best music and musicians of our day are to be heard in Carnegie Hall. Almost everyone from Heifetz to Harry James! —U.A.

THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR

Most women wouldn't care to live with a ghost, but Lucy Muir (Gene Tierney) is not an ordinary woman. And certainly Captain Daniel Gregg (Rex Harrison) is no ordinary ghost. Since they both like the same house, and are stubborn types, there they stay.

Maybe I should explain how it happens. Lucy is a young widow who is living with her dead husband's family in London. It's an annoying household. Her mother-in-law, Angelica (Isobel Elsom) weeps easily and often. Her sister-in-law, Eva (Victoria Horne), tries to tell her how to bring up her little girl. So Lucy finally leaves them, and rents a tiny cottage by the sea. It's a charming place and very cheap.

The reason it's cheap soon becomes evident—lights go out, windows fly open, a man's deep laughter is heard. But Lucy refuses to be driven out. "If you weren't such a coward," she tells the ghost severely, "you'd come out of hiding." Captain Gregg, a short-tempered man, I mean ghost, is furious at being called a coward, and promptly materializes. Handsome! He explains to Lucy that he doesn't want strangers messing around the place. When he sees she really loves the house, he agrees to let her stay.

Lucy's in-laws show up to tell her that her income from her husband's money has stopped so she'll have to come back to them. Daniel frightens them out of the house—and half out



The Ghost and Mrs. Muir: Widow Gene Tierney rents a haunted house—cheap—to escape life with her in-laws. She finds the house delightfully haunted by a sardonic ghost—Rex Harrison

"BE LOVELIER TONIGHT!"

Esther Williams

Star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"FIESTA"



A product of Lever Brothers Company



"My Beauty Facials bring quick
new Loveliness" — says famous star

Here's the Active-lather facial Esther Williams uses: Smooth Lux Toilet Soap's rich fragrant lather well into your skin. Rinse with warm water, splash with cold. Then, with a soft towel, pat to dry.

A simple, easy care, but beautiful screen stars tell you it *works*—leaves skin softer, smoother, more appealing. So don't let neglect rob you of Romance. Be lovelier tonight!

In recent tests of Lux Toilet Soap facials by skin specialists, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time.

YOU want the loveliness that makes men whisper "I adore you." Let this beauty care help you to have it!

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap**

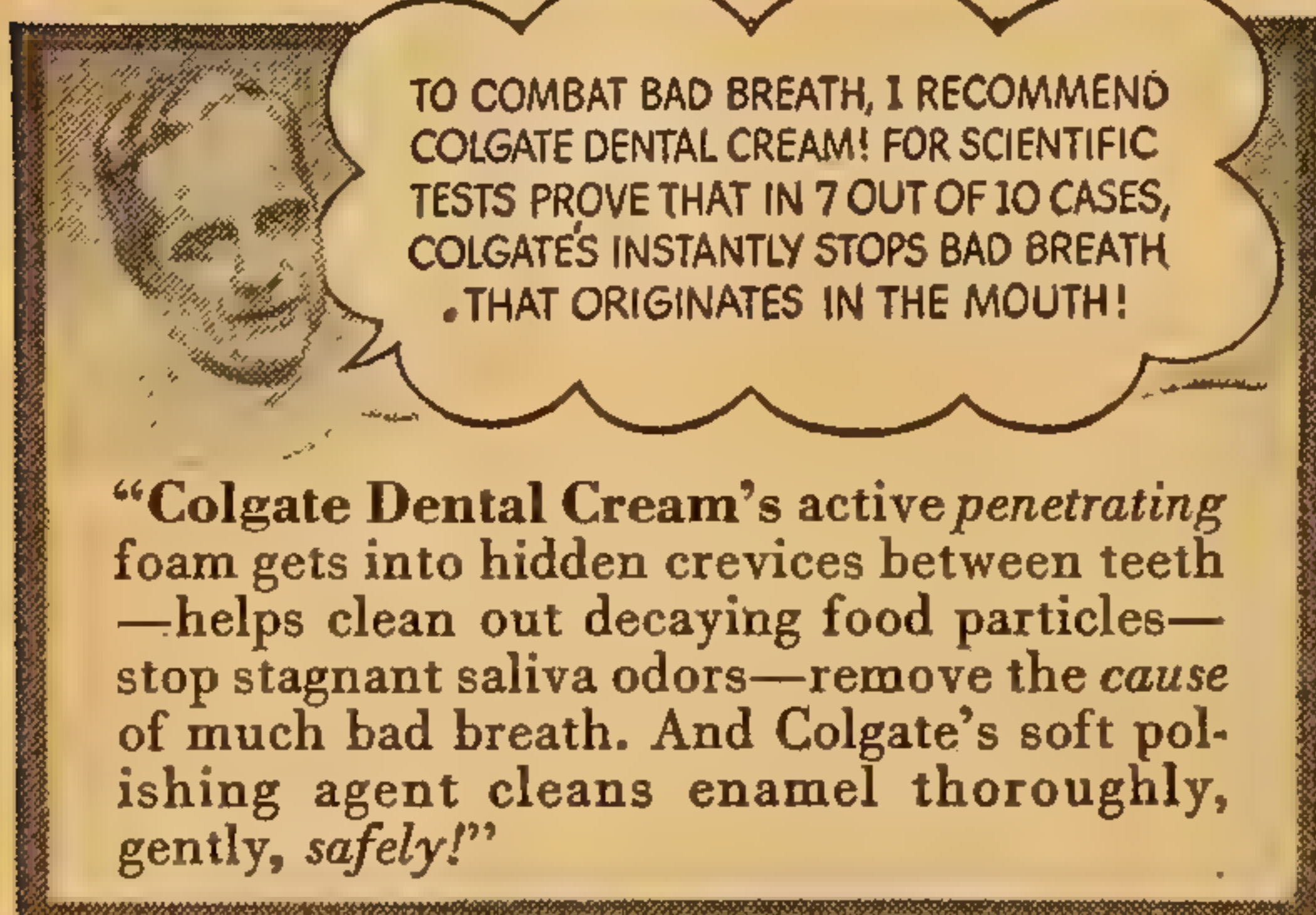
— Lux Girls are Lovelier!

When a man marries, his troubles begin!



JIM'S CHANGED! WE'VE ONLY BEEN MARRIED 3 MONTHS—BUT HE JUST DOESN'T PAY TOO TERRIBLY MUCH ATTENTION TO ME ANY MORE!

WELL, JIM CAN'T VERY WELL TELL YOU ABOUT BAD BREATH, JUDY! I'M SORRY, HONEY, BUT YOU DO NEED TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, safely!"



LATER!

NOTHING LIKE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TO KEEP A ROMANCE ON THE BEAM!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

of their wits. Then he tells Lucy that they'll write a book together, the story of his life. That will make her plenty of money.

They do, and it does, but in the process Lucy meets Miles Fairley (George Sanders) who isn't a ghost but a very alive young man. What comes of that I will let you investigate yourself.—20th-Fox.

BLAZE OF NOON

Bill Holden and Sterling Hayden come back to the screen in a story of four brothers who are fliers in the early days of the Air Mail service. Anyone who flew a plane then had to have steel nerves, no imagination, and it helped to be a little bit crazy. The MacDonald brothers are like that.

Roland (Sonny Tufts), the oldest, has taught Colin (William Holden) and Tad (Sterling Hayden) and Keith (Johnny Sands) to fly. They're doing stunt flying for a circus when they get the Air Mail offer.

They get to Newark where they're to live, and something immediately happens which might split them up. Colin falls in love. Oh, he's had plenty of girls before, like Poppy (Jean Wallace), a dancer at the circus. But this is different. The girl is Lucille (Anne Baxter) and she's a nurse.

So the wedding is two weeks later—financed by a fellow pilot, Porky (William Bendix). But it doesn't break up the MacDonalds, for Lucille has agreed that they should all live together. She soon begins to think this wasn't such a good idea. In fact, after a month of it she storms out of the house, announcing that it was like living in a men's club. Colin goes after her and brings her back, but bad luck pursues them. Keith is killed in a plane crash, then Tad has an almost fatal accident. Roland leaves flying to sell cars. Only Colin continues stubbornly to fly the mails, while Lucille waits and worries at home.—Par.

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN

You have a neat selection of singing styles to pick from in *It Happened in Brooklyn*. If you don't go for Frankie Boy, you can have opera by Katherine Grayson, a comedy song by Jimmy Durante, or a jive number by Peter Lawford, which is, surprisingly, the high spot in the show.

The story starts in England, where little Danny (Frank Sinatra), a soldier from Brooklyn, is waiting to be sent back to the States. According to Danny, there's no place in the world or out of it like Brooklyn. He passes these sentiments on to a nice old gentleman who is worried about his son, Jamie (Peter Lawford). Jamie is strictly a square. He plays Mozart and backs into a corner if he so much as sees a girl. "Send him to Brooklyn and he'll get over that stuff," Danny says, forgetting his own shyness. "Why, in Brooklyn everybody has a girl!" When he finds out that the old gentleman is the Duke of Dunstable, he is slightly embarrassed but sticks by his slogan: "Everything is perfect in Brooklyn."

When Danny gets back there, he finds out that's not quite true. There is, for instance, the little matter of finding a place to live, since he hasn't any family. But he meets an old friend, the janitor of the high school where



It Happened In Brooklyn: War vet Frank Sinatra enjoys a spaghetti dinner whipped up by New Utrecht High custodian Jimmy Durante.

Danny went. Nick (Jimmy Durante) invites him to share his basement quarters.

Danny also meets the music teacher, who is not as friendly as Nick, but a lot prettier. Her name is Anne (Katherine Grayson) and she hates Brooklyn. Nick doesn't think much of it, either, and even Danny soon begins to lose his enthusiasm. Then Jamie comes over from England and expects them to show him what a wonderful place Brooklyn is. In showing Jamie, they show themselves.—M-G-M.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS

Humphrey Bogart turns from tough detective to a smooth murderer for his role in *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*. As Geoffrey Carroll, he plays an artist who always wants to marry the women with whom he falls in love. Unfortunately, this involves murdering whatever wife he has at the moment.

When he first meets Sally (Barbara Stanwyck) on a fishing trip, he has a wife, as well as a little girl, in London. Sally finds this out and refuses to see him again, so Geoffrey decides to get rid of Mrs. Carroll. He buys poison from a ratty little chemist, Blagden (Barry Bernard) and feeds it to his wife nightly in a glass of milk. He also begins a painting of her as "The Angel Of Death."

Before long the first Mrs. Carroll has been neatly disposed of. A year later Sally is the second Mrs. Carroll, and she and Geoffrey and his little girl, Beatrice (Ann Carter), are living happily in a house in Kent. Geoffrey's picture, "The Angel Of Death," has made him famous. Everything is fine.

Gradually, however, Geoffrey begins to get restless. Sally no longer inspires him. At this psychological moment, the statuesque beauty, Cecily Latham (Alexis Smith) appears and asks him to paint her portrait. Geoffrey at first refuses rudely, but that only intrigues the predatory Miss Latham. Soon he is seeing her constantly and their affair has become neighborhood gossip. And soon, too, Sally is ill, with Geoff, the solicitous husband, preparing her nightly glass of milk. . .

There are some spine-chilling moments in the picture, but there could have been more.—War.

IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE

Of course it couldn't have happened on Fifth Avenue, or anywhere else, but it's nice to believe it could. Nice to believe that there are people like McKeever (Victor Moore), the hobo in the silk hat, and the ex-GI, Jim Bullock (Don De Fore), and Trudy (Gale Storm), the millionaire's daughter who doesn't care about the millions.

McKeever, of course, has no right to be on Fifth Avenue at all, let alone living in the luxurious mansion of Michael O'Connor (Charlie Ruggles). But O'Connor is away for the winter, and McKeever found a loose board. So here he is. Being a generous man, he invites Jim, who has been dispossessed, to move in with him. He doesn't bother explaining that he doesn't belong there.

When they find a pretty girl taking a mink coat out of a closet one night, Jim is all for turning her over to the police. McKeever has to tell him that they aren't in a position to talk to policemen, and they end by offering to let the girl live there, too. She accepts demurely, not telling them that she's Trudy O'Connor, Michael's daughter. She has run away from school and her father already has detectives looking for her.

It's her father himself who finds her. By then she is in love with Jim, but he's prejudiced against millionaires. So will her father please pretend to be a starving old tramp and come and live with them and see what a nice guy Jim is? O'Connor reluctantly agrees, and they outfit him at a second hand store.

It's a funny situation and Victor Moore is as amusing as ever. Ann Harding appears as O'Connor's wife.—Mono.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Whether you're a Dickens devotee or consider him an outmoded relic, you'll be enchanted by *Great Expectations*. No story as dramatic as this could ever be dated, and the cast, headed by John Mills and Valerie Hobson, is perfect. You remember how it begins . . . a seven-year-old boy, Pip (Anthony Wager), encounters an escaped convict on the moors. Although he's terrified to the soles of his worn-out boots, Pip brings food to the ugly, threatening giant, and tries to help him escape. The man is caught and Pip gets a hiding for his pains.

A year or so later, Pip is asked to come once a week to the home of an elderly gentlewoman in the neighborhood, Miss Haversham (Martita Hunt). He is to play games with her little niece, Estelle. Estelle (Jean Simmons) calls him a nasty, common little boy and refuses to have anything to do with him, but Pip adores her.

When Pip (now John Mills) is sixteen, he is apprenticed to his brother-in-law, Joe (Bernard Miles), a blacksmith. Later, a lawyer, Jeffers, (Francis L. Sullivan) comes to see him and tells him he has "great expectations." He is, in fact, the heir to a fortune and must be brought up in London like a gentleman. So Pip goes off to London where he shares bachelor quarters with Herbert (Alex Guinness), and soon becomes a thorough young snob. He meets Estelle (Valerie Hobson) again, and this time she warns him not to fall in love with her.

Pip is sure that Miss Haversham is his own



'Mess' call, 1947

Take a robust boy, aged eight or thereabouts, add one inquisitive pooch, stir in a soft Spring day—and what have you got? A job for Fels-Naptha, of course!

It's a fact—and most mothers know it—there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap for washing grimy garments. Clothes that look hopelessly soiled come out of Fels-Naptha suds clean and fresh. And you needn't rub them ragged to do it.

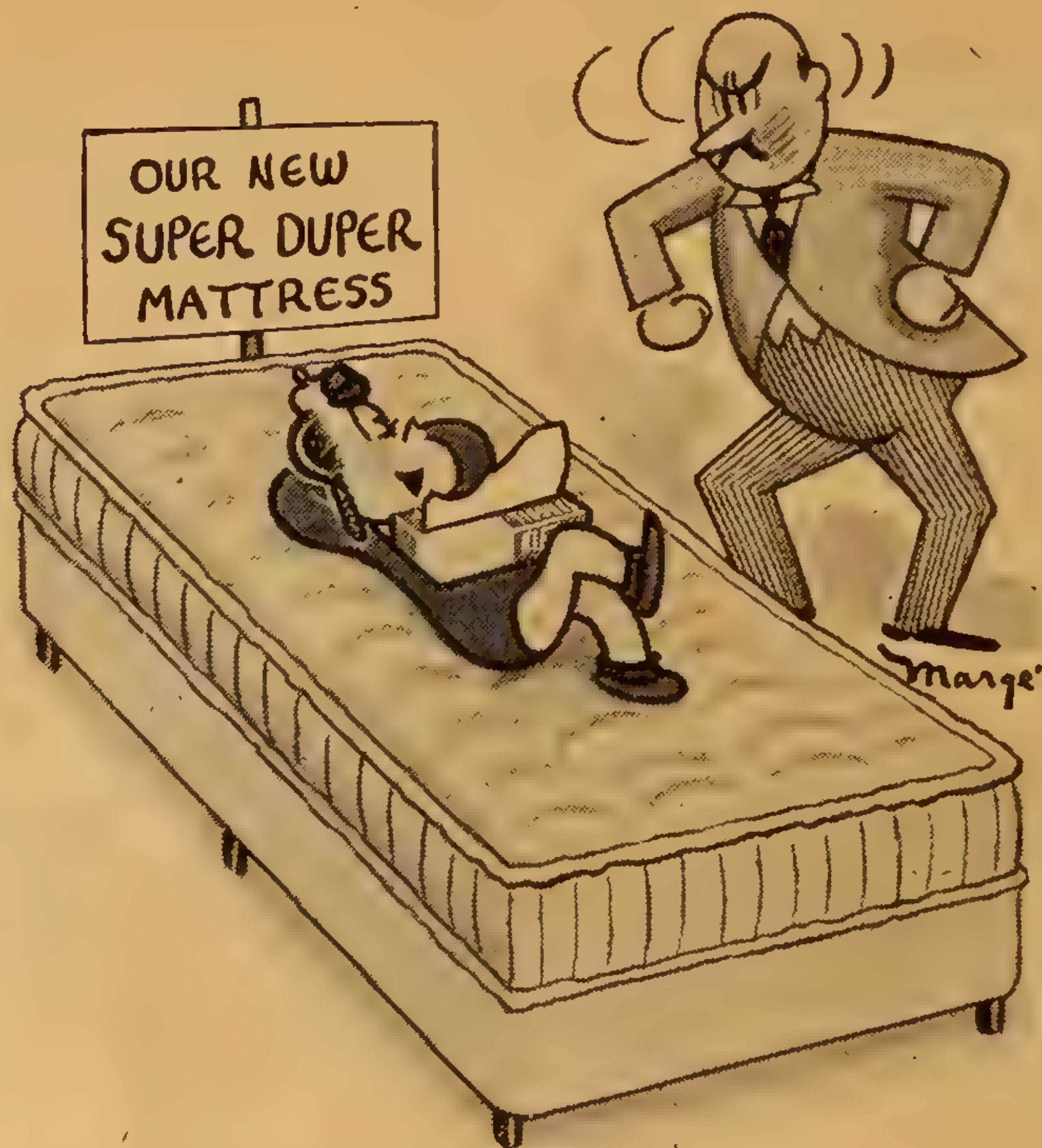
It's the combination of active Fels naptha and good mild soap that dislodges dirt—deep down in the fabric—and gently washes it away. Whether you're doing heavy work clothes or perishable dresses, you can wash them cleaner and quicker with Fels-Naptha Soap.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

LITTLE LULU



"Kleenex is softer!"

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex★ best! Soft! Strong! Pops Up! It's America's favorite tissue.

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

secret benefactor, and that she wishes him to marry Estelle. He has a rude shock when a hideous old man with a black patch over one eye comes to see him, for this is the convict he once befriended, and it is his money that Pip has been living on. The old man has risked capture again—this time just to see the boy who once helped him. Pip's natural kindness conquers his snobbery.—Univ.

NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans is to be recommended solely for its music, which is jazz at its best. Just listen to it, though—don't look, because the plot is weak and the acting doesn't help. But when Louis Armstrong, Billie Holliday and Woody Herman are beating out the blues everything is fine. The story involves Miralee Smith (Dorothy Patrick), who arrives in New Orleans in 1909 after a long period of study to make her debut as a concert singer. Her mother (Irene Rich) has everything planned, but her plans don't include a gambler named Nick Duquesne (Arturo de Cordova).

Basin Street is the section of New Orleans where the music we now know as "jazz" originated. Miralee gets her mother's maid, Endie (Billie Holliday), to take her there one evening. Nick, who owns the club she goes to, won't let her stay. He knows that young ladies just don't belong in that part of town. However, Miralee is completely fascinated by the music she has heard there, and also by Nick. A few nights later she persuades her voice coach, who has a weakness for jazz himself, to take her back. This time Nick drives her around the worst section of Basin Street to disillusion her. Miralee is shocked, but stubborn. She goes right on pursuing Nick.

Mama Smith decides something drastic must be done. She persuades the authorities to close up Basin Street as a "vice area." Nick has to leave town. He's in love with Miralee, but he feels it would be unfair to take her with him, as she wants to do. Instead he lets her think her mother has "bought him off." He goes to Chicago to start a night club. Eventually there is a sentimental reunion of Symphony Hall to the red-hot strains of "New Orleans."—U.A.

HOMESTRETCH

There's nothing that looks prettier in Technicolor than a good horse race—unless it's Maureen O'Hara. You have both in Homestretch. Not to mention Cornel Wilde, Glenn



Homestretch: A horse named Abby R. brings Maureen O'Hara and Cornel Wilde together (in Technicolor)—and nearly breaks them up.

Stay Sweet with

LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF PEPPERMINT CHEWING GUM

LEAF CHEWING GUM

THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

Miss Sally Hughes, popular young model, says: "For minty refreshment at its best I'd take LEAF Chewing gum everytime!"

Langan, Jimmy Gleason and Helen Walker.

The horse racing starts at Santa Anita, where a filly called Abby R runs a beautiful race. Both Jock Wallace (Cornel Wilde) and Kitty Brant (Helen Walker) decide immediately to try and buy her. They're old friends and rivals. Jock manages to head off the wire Kitty sends to the horse's owner in Boston, and flies there himself.

He is surprised to find himself dealing with a lovely girl named Leslie Hale (Maureen O'Hara). So surprised, in fact, that when she offers him Abby R for a thousand dollars, he tells her the filly is worth thirty thousand—and pays it. But Leslie sails off to England to marry her fiance, Bill (Glenn Langan).

Then Jock makes a quick decision. He will take the filly to England, enter her in the Gold Cup and maybe talk Leslie out of getting married to anyone but him. Abby R doesn't win the Gold Cup, but Jock wins Leslie and carries her and the horse triumphantly off to South America for the Gran Premio Nacional.

Abby R wins the race this time, but Jock refuses to listen to Leslie's plea that they go home to the old breeding farm he owns in Maryland. So she goes back to Boston alone, unhappy and disillusioned. But all ends well. —20th-Fox.

CALCUTTA

They've transplanted Alan Ladd and Bill Bendix to India and I think the change of climate has done the boys good. They're at top form, dodging Indian knives and catching up with a murderer.

Neale (Alan Ladd) and Pedro (Bill Bendix) and Bill (John Whitney) are all Air Transport pilots. They've been friends for years, with Neale and Pedro pulling Bill out of jams his hot temper gets him into. Now he's in what they regard as the worst jam of all. He's engaged! They haven't met the girl, and only agree reluctantly to do so.

But when their DC-3 lands at the Calcutta airport, Bill isn't there to meet them. Bill is dead—strangled by person or persons unknown. Neale and Pedro don't say much, but they go to work on the murder right away. A singer, Marina (June Duprez) who's in love with Neale, tells them Bill's girl, Virginia (Gail Russell) is still around. Neale goes to see her, and he can understand then the way Bill felt about her. Not that Neale would feel that way—she's the sweet, home-loving type he has always carefully avoided. Furthermore,



Calcutta: Air Transport Pilot Alan Ladd follows intrigue, mystery and murder into Calcutta! Gail Russell is involved in the picture, too!

Girls at Arthur Murray's dance studios keep dainty

this
way



They rely on
this deodorant
above all others
for safe-
and-sure
protection

GIFTED . . . GLAMOROUS . . . these famous Arthur Murray teachers must have more than dancing ability, social poise . . . they *must* be sure of personal daintiness that lasts!

TO BE SURE — they rely on Etiquet — the deodorant you can depend upon to guard daintiness through *hours* of active exercise . . . that gives you safe-and-sure protection . . . stops underarm odor . . . checks perspiration. And — besides working so effectively, so *efficiently*, Etiquet is *delightful* to use! *Fluffy-light* — easy to apply — soothing to the skin.

ETIQUET stays moist in jar — will not harm delicate fabrics. Adopt the Murray girls' formula for "dancing daintiness" — care for *your* charm at all times with Etiquet! At all cosmetic counters — in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢, and 59¢ sizes.



Etiquet

The safe-and-sure
deodorant

PRODUCT OF LEHN AND FINK PRODUCTS CORPORATION

she's wearing a locket that must have cost ten thousand dollars, and has the nerve to tell him Bill gave it to her.

But when Neale checks, he finds that Bill actually did give it to her. And that Bill deposited a check in the bank the day before he died that was for more than ten thousand. Something strange is going on around here and Bill was part of it. Their further investigations bring in a ruby-decked Hindu, a knife thrower—and the murderer.—*Par.*

ODD MAN OUT

Odd Man Out has much of the artistry and realism which made *The Informer* such a great picture. It also has James Mason, playing no sadist this time, but a man of infinite courage and infinite weariness. It is the story of eight hours in this man's life. At four in the afternoon he is the brilliant leader of an illegal organization in Belfast. As midnight—but let's start at four o'clock.

The man's name is Johnny (James Mason). You never hear his last name and it doesn't matter. He has been in jail because of his political activities. Now he and four others are going to hold up a linen mill, to get money for the organization. Johnny warns them that there must be no violence. Yet it is he, ironically, who is compelled to shoot a man during the hold-up, and is himself wounded. His companions get him half into the car and drive away, but he falls off. There is no time to go back for him—the police are coming. Johnny will take care of himself, they tell each other, with more confidence than they feel.

Johnny crawls away into an old air-raid shelter, and lies there, half-conscious, feeling the pain but not understanding it. When he at last manages to go on, his steps are uncertain, his head muddled. Yet somehow he staggers through the dark, rain-swept streets. If he can get to Kathleen (Kathleen Ryan) he will be safe. Kathleen loves him. She will help him.

Several people help Johnny, some willingly, others grudgingly. He is too well known. There's a price on his head. Better keep out of it, they tell themselves. Yet Johnny keeps going, long after he has forgotten how, or why.

Every part in the picture is beautifully handled. F. J. McCormick as a wily ne'er-do-well is magnificent, but it is Mason who dominates everything.—*Univ.*

RAMROD

To a cattleman, a "ramrod" is a ranch foreman. He has to be good at his job or the hands leave and the ranch falls apart. Dave Nash (Joel McCrea) is good at his job when he's sober, but he's too often drunk.

Connie Dickason (Veronica Lake) hires him in spite of this. Connie isn't in a position to quibble. She has just defied Frank Ivey (Preston Foster) who "runs" all the country around there, and most people are afraid to work for her on that account. Dave isn't afraid, and he hates Ivey. He gets a few friends of his who feel the same way, and they start things rolling on Connie's ranch.

Connie isn't a nice person, but Dave doesn't know that. He admires her beauty and mistakes her greed for natural ambition. She



Odd Man Out: As the leader of an illegal Irish band, James Mason, wounded and haggard, is sought by the police. F. J. McCormick, eager for a reward, tries to turn the desperate patriot in.

has courage, all right, or she would never have defied Ivey. They are just getting the ranch in order when Ivey's men burn the house down, and beat up one of the hands so severely that he dies of it.

Dave's best friend, Bill (Don DeFore), who is violent and unthinking, wants to start shooting in revenge, but Dave feels they should stick to the law. He has great respect for the county's old sheriff (Donald Crisp). Dave doesn't realize that Connie actually wants the shooting to start, so that she may gain her own ends faster. That she cares nothing for law or decency, or for anything but her own lust for power.

So—the shooting does start, eventually, and once it does, no one can stop it. Not Dave, or Rose (Arleen Whelan) who loves him, or Bill, or Connie herself. One life after another is sacrificed to her ambition until she realizes at last how lonely success can be.—*U.A.*



High Barbaree: As children, Van Johnson and June Allyson promised they'd meet again on an uncharted island named High Barbaree . . .

HIGH BARBAREE

If you could select your favorite cast, wouldn't it include Van Johnson, June Allyson and young Claude Jarman, who won your heart in *The Yearling*? Well, they're all here, in a picture that opens with a Navy plane shot down in the Pacific. The pilot is Alec Brooke (Van Johnson) and the navigator is Lt. Moore (Cameron Mitchell). Their plane stays afloat, but their chances of survival are slim, and they know it. To keep from thinking about it, they talk.

"How come you named the plane the 'High Barbaree'?" Moore asks idly.

"Oh, that goes back to when I was a kid. Twelve years old, waiting for my Uncle Thad to bring me the canoe he'd promised me for my birthday. . ."

When Brooke was twelve years old (Claude Jarman plays him at that age), his idol was Uncle Thad (Thomas Mitchell), a merchant seaman. Nobody but Brooke believed that Thad would remember a promise he had made two years before, when he set out on a round-the-world voyage. But Brooke believed it as passionately as he believed in an island called High Barbaree which Uncle Thad had told him about. Maybe it wasn't on the maps but it was there in the Pacific somewhere. Nancy, the kid next door, believed it, too. She took Brooke's word for everything.

Uncle Thad does bring the canoe, which leads to trouble later when, under the influence of a too potent bottle of Scotch, he takes the kids on a trip down the river. Thad lands in jail, and Brooke gets a job as dare-devil bicycle rider in a circus to bail him out. Until papa and mama arrive, with fire in their eyes.

"What became of Nancy?" Moore asks.

"She moved away. When I grew up I thought I was in love with a girl named Diana (Marilyn Maxwell). But when Nancy (June Allyson) came back, I knew she was the one. And I'll tell you something. I still believe that she and I will meet, as we promised long ago on the island of High Barbaree. . ."—*M-G-M*



MRS. CRESS W. J. COURTNEY
the former Jacqueline Copeland of Newport News, Va.
Bridal portrait painted by *Moore*

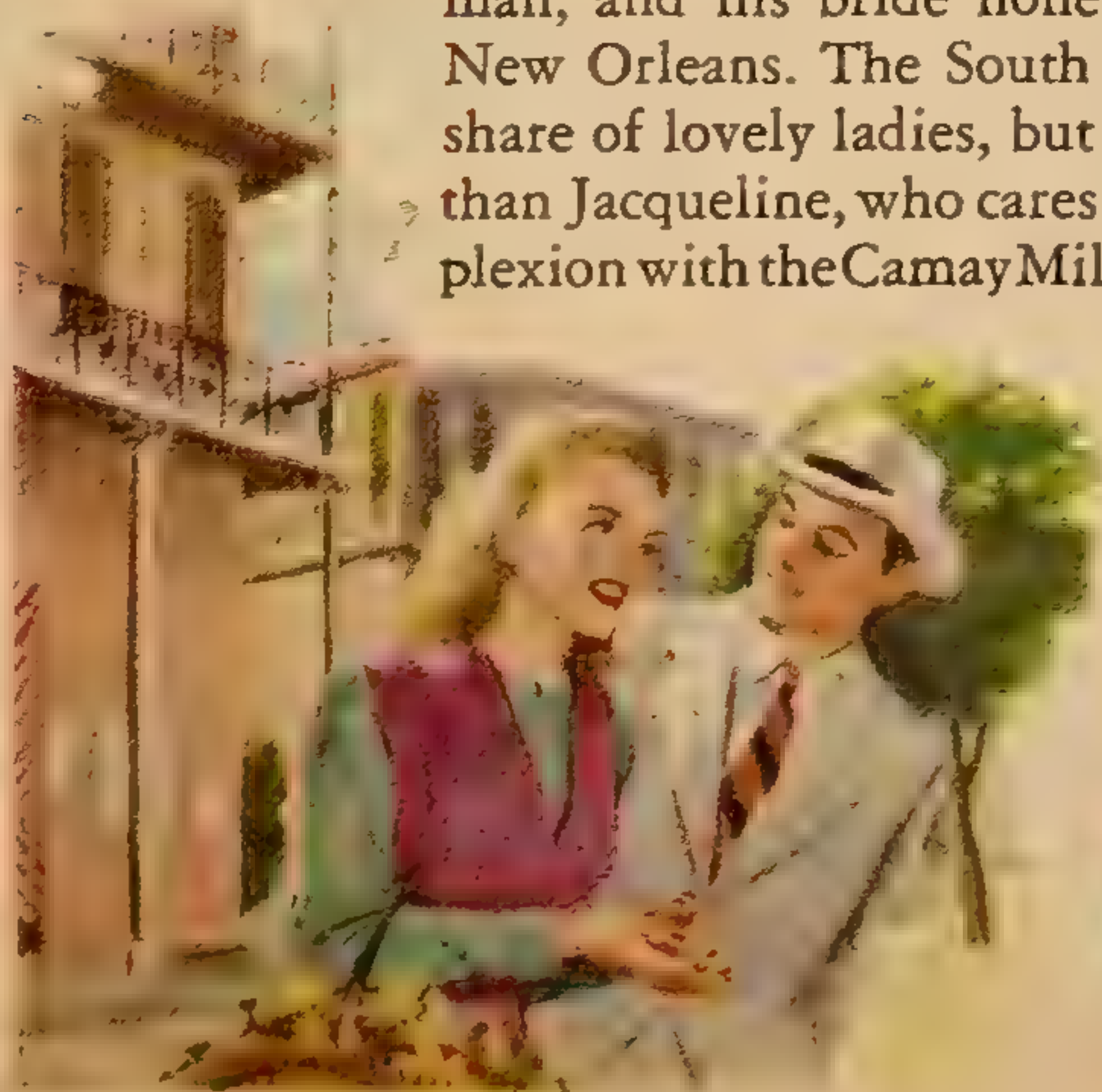
A lovely skin wins the hearts of all beholders! Yes, and you can see an improvement in your own skin with your *first cake* of Camay, if you'll give up careless cleansing and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Twice each day, spread Camay's gentle lather over your face. Rinse warm, with a cold dash for oily skin. Remember—the Camay Mild-Soap Diet calls for Camay, and only Camay, morning and night. It can give you a softer, smoother skin.

Just One Cake of Camay brings you Softer, Smoother Skin!

ABOUT THE COURTNEYS:

Cress Courtney, New York businessman, and his bride honeymooned in New Orleans. The South has seen its share of lovely ladies, but few lovelier than Jacqueline, who cares for her complexion with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Today the Courtneys have a New York apartment. The decorating is modern—planned by themselves. Modern, too, in her skin care, Jacqueline follows the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Camay is so mild—it cleanses without irritation.





"I'm charmed with
the new Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake
with make-up sponge right
in the case!"

— says beautiful
Hillary Brooke

CO-STARRING IN
"VENDETTA"
A CALIFORNIA PICTURES
PRODUCTION
Released by United Artists

Here it is! New as tomorrow and already the rave of Hollywood! The first big improvement in cake make-up!

Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake has its own dainty make-up sponge in a moisture-proof compartment. As vivacious Hillary Brooke says—"It's a thrilling convenience. When

I open my Beau Cake the sponge is ready." Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake gives your skin a smooth-as-silk finish; hides tiny blemishes, imparts ravishing young color. All this beauty with the convenience of the ever-ready make-up sponge in Cashmere Bouquet Beau Cake.



"BEAU CAKE keeps my handbag dainty; no more loose cotton in my purse."



"I find it easier than ever to apply lovely, smooth cake make-up with BEAU CAKE."

Cashmere Bouquet
Beau Cake \$1.50
PLUS TAX

Gay new cake make-up with sponge compartment right in the case



When they left for Mexico last December, Rita looked forward to a second honeymoon, but spent most of it working.

■ Rita Hayworth was at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, and I was in my Hollywood home, but what she said over the telephone was crystal clear.

She said, "Orson and I are through, Hedda. This time it's for keeps. I just can't take it any longer!"

Rita sounded tired; her voice was flat. Not angry, not excited, not tearful, not sad. Just tired—a fugitive from genius, fed up and through. I thought, "So it's over—the second honeymoon of the Man from Mars and the pretty dancing girl—" and I wondered out loud to Rita, "For how long this time?"

"For keeps," she repeated. "Forever." "I'd like to make a bet on that," I said, and we did. I bet that in six months she would return to Orson and she bet that she wouldn't.

Maybe. Only a few days before, I had walked onto

He's fiery, unpredictable,

cursed with the mark of genius

—yet Rita Hayworth loved and

lived with Orson Welles

for 3 years . . . before she

admitted defeat.

by hedda hopper



Although Orson adores Rita and "Becka," his work interferes with their normal home life. Rita, now finishing *Down To Earth*, says, "I'm just fed up with genius."

a Columbia Studio set with some questions up my sleeve and I'd got some very different answers about one of the maddest marriages the Fates ever dreamed up for a Hollywood pair. Love was in bloom then for Orson and Rita.

At least Mr. Magic wasn't sawing Rita Hayworth in two, he was just plain killing her with a gun when I walked on the set of *The Lady From Shanghai*. Rita died a dozen times before my eyes, until Orson stepped out of the scene and panted, "Cut—that's it—that's the picture!"

"What a tender and touching finale to a second honeymoon!" I told Rita.

Because that's what it was—before the love song died in the second chorus—a six-months long love tour for Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth, making *The Lady From Shanghai*, the picture they teamed in the minute (Continued on page 67)

rita
explains...





the decline of bing crosby by george frazier

■ Sooner or later it happens to everyone. A man's legs go back on him or his eyes begin to fail or the beauty goes out of his voice. He knows then that the moment for him to make for the showers has finally come. Yet as much as we realize this, we never really believed that it could happen to Bing, but it has, and it is not a pleasant task to have to chronicle it. The decline of Bing Crosby as a singer is a deep and abiding bereavement.

Around Broadway they used to say that Bing came on prehistoric, which was the big street's quaint way of stating that he hit you like a caveman when he went to work on a popular song. They don't say this any more. For if they concede his vast popularity and magnificent showmanship, they are also aware that his voice is no longer there. Bing just doesn't sing very well any more. Indeed, in certain recent instances, he has sung badly. His Philco radio show made its debut to a healthy Hooper rating of 24. Two weeks later it had dropped to a dangerously low 12.4.

Some months ago, an orchestra leader who had idolized Bing for years was assigned to accompany him on a recording date. Far from proving the thrill that he had looked forward to, the session turned out to be a deep disillusionment.

"Poor Bing can't sing any more," he said sorrowfully a few days later. "He was like an amateur. He was so bad I'd purposely fluff notes so's he'd have to go back and try again. I'd say, 'Gee, Bing, I'm sorry but I fluffed it,' and I'd hope this time he'd make it." This is not an isolated opinion. (Continued on page 110)

"Crosby's losing

his voice . . . on the

down-grade . . ." says George

Frazier in Salute Magazine

(reprinted at left).

And those are fighting words

to Billy Rose. So, if

someone will please hold

his coat . . .

■ Will somebody please hold my coat?

In a recent issue of the magazine, Salute, George Frazier has crawled out on a limb and announced the decline of Bing Crosby.

I should like to saw that limb off.

In substance, Mr. Frazier sighs, "Bing doesn't sing very well any more. His record sales, although still sizable, are steadily declining. Two weeks after his radio debut this year, his Hooper rating had dropped to a dangerously low point. His latest movie, *Blue Skies*, is getting the once-over-lightly."

Mr. Frazier intimates it's time for the champ to make for the showers. He finishes on a melancholy note: "It may be Bing will make a comeback. But history is against it."



you can't say that about bing!

by
billy
rose

Before we leave the Old Groaner shuffling wistfully down the road into the sunset, let's do a little homework. Let's look at some figures.

I have assembled my facts without the aid of a Ouija board. They come from the file cabinets and ledgers of Decca Records, Paramount Pictures, and the Hooper agency. I think they will prove the reports of Der Bingle's demise have been greatly exaggerated.

In 1946, Decca sold 12,000,000 Bing Crosby records in the United States alone. This not only topped the sale of Crosby records in any previous year, but also exceeded the number of records any one human voice has sold in any one year since Edison invented the talking dingus.

According to Jack Kapp, bossman at Decca, Bing's version of "South America, Take It Away" has sold over 1,000,000 platters. His recent recordings of "Sioux City Sue" and "I Can't Begin to Tell You" are already crowding the seven-figure-mark. "White Christmas," his old piece of vocal mistletoe, sold better in '46 than in any year since it was made. Total now, 3,000,000. His "Blue Skies" album clicked off another million discs. His "St. Patrick's Day" come-all-ye's this Spring rang up another million.

I stopped in at some of the record shops in New York and talked to the boys who sell them.

Milton Gabler, who owns the Commodore Shop on 42nd Street, is gen-

erally recognized by the "cats" as the Grand Panjandrum of swing music. He says, "Nobody can do to a song what Crosby can. Vocally, he's as good as ever—maybe better."

Lou Blum, his manager, says, "The rumor that Crosby's through is a lot of malarkey. He's selling better than ever. We sell about 200,000 records a year. Almost 20,000 of these are Crosby's. That's about twice as many as Sinatra and Como, and three times as many as Andy Russell."

The manager of the Arcade Music Shop, quoted in Frazier's article, seems to have changed his mind. He says, "We sell about 3,500 records a week. Bing is still way out in front—about 8% Crosby; (Continued on page 95)



THE OTHER BOYS WERE JUST

FINE, BUT JIMMY SENT JUNE HAYER DOLLS, BLACK OLIVES,

AND A COCKER SPANIEL—SO

WHAT COULD SHE DO BUT MARRY THE GUY?

By Abigail Putnam



That's sister Evelyn at the left, but the young lady in the middle is *not* a sister; she's June's and Ev's mother! Junie's in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?*



Although they've only been married since March, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Zito are already involved in one of those triangles. Only this time the third party is their jealous cocker spaniel, who was a 1945 gift from Jimmy to June.

Sweet Heart

■ It was Saturday on an outdoor set of *Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay*. All afternoon Robert Karnes had been proposing to little June Haver, all afternoon she'd been saying no, no, no. Now and then Junie couldn't help smiling to herself. In a way, it was so much like real life—in a way, so different—

At the end of the day Mr. Herbert came up. That's F. Hugh Herbert of Corliss Archer fame, who's directing the script he wrote for *Scudda Hoo*.

"Anything you'd like to do the next four-five days?"

"Lots of things if I didn't have to work."

"You don't. Looks like we won't need you till Thursday."

The blue eyes flew wide. "Oh, wonderful! Maybe I'll go down to Laguna with Evvie, and paint."

. . . Maybe she would, thought Junie, driving home. And again maybe she wouldn't. Maybe, maybe— (Continued on page 92)



Two-year-old Stephen Andrews looks like Daddy's little angel (above), but that cherubic expression is just a cover-up for his sinister underground activities—like smashing lamps and china.

The Andrews boys pleaded for a cocker spaniel, promising to wash and brush him faithfully. "Ah, kids!" sighs Dana.



DANA ANDREWS' KIDS

ARE NO ANGELS, BUT THEY DO

HAVE MANNERS. EVEN

BABY STEVE SAYS "SORRY"

AFTER HE WHACKS

HIS MOM WITH THE FIRE POKER

By Cynthia Miller

family Circle

Mary and Dana returned from the *Boomerang* location in Conn. with a "dream couple" they found to keep house for them. While waiting for *Memory of Love* to start, Dana slicked up his boat, the "Vileehi."



Kathy, who's 5, is passing through the hero-worship stage—object, Dana. "Six months ago," he shrugs, "she wouldn't even say hello to me." Next to Dana, Kathy loves sailing on the family's 55-foot cutter, "Katherine."

■ Stephen Andrews, who is two years old, weighs a fast thirty-five pounds, and has the face of a cherub, picked up a fire poker and beat his mother soundly over the head with it.

His mother, who, by some miracle had not been knocked senseless, turned to him. "Stephen," she said, "you hurt Mommy."

Stephen beamed. "I sorry, Mommy."

There are times when the Andrews' wonder what they're rearing. As their very tactful maid put it, "I've never seen a child with so much energy!"

One day, a while ago, when the nurse was off, Dana decided to take Stephen and Kathy out, so Mary could get some sleep.

They went over to Jimmy Kern's. Jimmy's a director at Warners. The Andrews' used to live right next door to him, so they're old friends.

Dana and Jimmy sent Stephen, Kathy, and Jean and Christy Kern upstairs to play, while they talked.

About twenty minutes later, there was a horrible crash. (Continued on page 128)



LOOK WHAT HAPPENED WHEN

YOUR MODERN SCREEN REPORTER WISHED

ON A STAR! SHE GOT A DATE WITH THAT MAN

MADISON—AN EVENING ON THE TOWN—AND

ORCHIDS FROM GUY'S GIRL, GAIL RUSSELL!

By Christopher Kane





Christopher Kane, writer, and Guy Madison, actor, plus two drinks inside 'em from a previous meeting at the swank Beverly Hills Club, tackle lobsters at The King's.



Gugat waves the violin bow, as Christopher and Guy wave their chassis to rhumba rhythm at Ciro's. (Guy's in *Honeymoon*.)



Grauman's Chinese Theater attracts all sightseers—and Guy and Christopher stared and gaped just like regular tourists. Only Guy's a native Californian—Bakersfield!

star light, star bright...

■ Albert Delacorte looked at me speculatively, over the airplane ticket he held in his hand. "Maybe you'd like to go to Hollywood, and interview movie stars?"

I acted disinterested. "Oh, I don't know," I said, casually twisting his arm till he dropped the ticket.

Then I picked it up and said goodbye. And all the way out to the Coast, I painted myself little rainbow-colored dreams.

The minute I got off the plane, I breathed deeply, and set out for the corner of Hollywood and Vine. I was going to wait there for Clark Gable to come by in purple bathing trunks with his name embroidered on them.

He never came, and after a while, my feet began to hurt. I gave up the idea of waiting for Gable, finally, and decided I'd wait for Lana Turner instead. She'd be wearing dark glasses, and a tight white (Continued on next page)

Papa Sankar, proprietor of the Charočka, provides food for the soul as well as the stomach: Russian caviar and gypsy melodies. Guy got along fine, singing with Papa, but he couldn't quite handle that potent vodka!

**star
light,
star
bright...**



Everything was Hawaiian at the Beverly Tropics: leis around their necks, bamboo background, and chopsticks. If only Guy were as adept at chopsticks as bows and arrows . . .





Selecting lobsters from The King's chef got Guy thinking about nature—so that night they drove to moonlit Sportsman's Lodge, way out in the country.

sweater. They tell me now that she was in Mexico, at the time. Anyhow, she didn't come either.

Nobody passed but a lot of other tourists like me, and when it got dark, I went on over to MODERN SCREEN's Hollywood office.

"If this is Hollywood," I announced coldly to Maggy, the lady-genius who runs the place, "I'll take Times Square. There at least you've got a fighting

chance of running into Mrs. Roosevelt."

"What did you expect?" Maggy jeered. "Clark Gable in purple tights?"

I confess my laughter sounded forced.

The next day, I started working, and stopped worrying about glamor. Henceforth Christopher'd keep her eyes on her daily bread.

Then I met Gail Russell. She's not bread; she's cake. Working was a pleasure.

After the interview, we sat around talking.

"Do you think Hollywood's exciting?" she said. "Have you been anywhere, or seen anything?"

"My typewriter," I told her sadly. "You know, it's different, with you. Going around with Guy Madison—"

I thought, at the time, that she had a funny look in her eyes. But I didn't know what it (Continued on page 126)

Van Heflin's relaxed on the outside, but tense on the inside—except when he's kibitzing in on daughter Cathleen Carol's phone calls. Then he relaxes completely; her gurgles and coos break him up. Like her mother, Cathy's a redhead.



It's true love, all right, when you still speak to the Mrs. even after she goes gin on you. Frances, a former actress, knows how Van feels when he sounds off on "the theater."



■ The scene was definitely on the passionate side.

Van Heflin had Lana Turner in his arms. He held her close. He said, throatily, "And perhaps that's why you love me, Marianne. You've hated me because I saw too much of your real self."

Lana's eyes looked searchingly into Van's.

"I found," she half-whispered, "that when you were with me, all was well."

"Cut!"

Lana and Van looked at the director.

"We'll do it again," he decided.

A young man from Indiana visiting on the set laughed.

"Isn't that tough? Now that Heflin guy's got to make love to her some more—say, I wonder what those two are saying to each other now."

Too bad he couldn't have heard the dialogue between scenes. It went like this:

Lana: Look, Van, I've got a bone to pick (Continued on page 71)



"An actor," says the star of *Green Dolphin Street*, "must combat the general belief that he is a little boy who never grew up, or a screwball with a healthy desire not to work for a living." Van toasts (with beer) those who really understand actors' woes.



CALL HIM MISTER
(HE'S NO LONGER LIEUTEN-
ANT!), CALL HIM
HAM (HE'LL NEVER BE CURED!),
BUT UNLESS YOU SMILE
WHEN YOU SAY IT, DON'T CALL
HIM JOHNSON!

By Carl Schroeder

van **heflin**,
that
is . . .

No matter how he slices it, life for
Pete Lawford always comes out on the bias—
sunny-side, funny-side up...

by Kaaren Pieck

everything with trick



endings

With *It Happened In Brooklyn* making the rounds and *Good News* completed, Peter is a happy lad. Here, he hedge-hops at new home he got his folks for Christmas.



Maybe it's not a romance, but it's a wonderfully daffy friendship between Peter and Lana Turner. They each think the other's humor is hilarious.



Ava Gardner's one of Pete's favorite dancing partners, but she's not his own true love, either. Who is? Peter isn't talking . . . just yet.



Pete didn't get far with his request for a private phone number. Fans keep calling.

■ With trick endings, everything happens to him.

He goes to a prize-fight. A lot of people go to the fights Friday nights. But he gets a bonus. He's sitting downstairs at the ringside, see, with these two friends—Sid Luft, and Artie Goldstein—and suddenly he feels something slippery on the back of his neck. It gets worse steadily.

He turns around, with his collar swishing, and there's some big, beefy guy in the balcony talking to his date. And casually pouring a bottle of beer across the iron rail.

"What the—!" says Mr. Lawford, with restraint. He shakes Artie's arm. Then he shakes Sid's arm. "Some-

one," he says, "is pouring beer over me."

Sid yaks. "He's just trying to put a head on you!"

So all night long, he went around smelling like an old brewery, and elderly ladies who passed him in the street wondered what his tragic story was.

He was beginning to wonder himself.

His life is all like that. Once he asked Evelyn Keyes for a date. Evelyn Keyes is beautiful, ravishing, alluring and other good things.

Lawford thoughtfully analyzed the situation. This couldn't be a drive-in, juke-box business. This must be dignified, sophisticated and perfect. A small intimate dinner, with Sid and (Continued on page 115)



john lund life story

HER NAME WAS

MARIE, AND THE MINUTE HE SAW

HER HE KNEW SHE WAS

THE ONE AND ONLY.

BUT HE DIDN'T

MAKE ENOUGH MONEY

TO DATE HER—SO

HE MARRIED HER! (Part II)

By Ida Zeitlin



Marie complains he's careless as a small boy about his clothes. "And I'm a lazy correspondent, too," John volunteers proudly. But of *Perils Of Pauline*, he boasts, "Even Betty Hutton admired my boundless energy."

■ If you were filming the love story of the John Lunds, your background music would come from *Up in Central Park*.

On their first impromptu date they went to the zoo. John proposed while rowing Marie around the lake. There was, however, an interval between the two occasions, marked on John's part by the struggle *not* to propose. As an-

nouncer for CBS Television, he'd been supplied with a stack of plushy business cards. But for groceries he was getting 25-per-week, and you can't eat business cards.

So he grabbed a chance to go on the road with Phil Baker in *Charley's Aunt*, which proved a mistake all around. Back to New York and nothing-a-week, marriage seemed more than

ever an elusive dream. So, as he plied the oars and Marie trailed her fingers through the waters of Central Park Lake, he said: "Will you marry me? Though I must be out of my mind to ask it."

"You're the love of my life," said Marie, "but no."

"Why not?"

"Because if I said 'yes,' you'd go home and (Continued on page 106)





NEW YORK, DALLAS,
CHARLESTON—WONDER-
FUL CITIES, ALL. BUT THE
PLACE THAT MADE THE
MITCHUMS MISTY-EYED IS
AN OLD MILL
POND IN DOVER,
DELAWARE—WHERE
THEY FIRST MET

By Virginia Wilson



Little Chris was badly burned last year when he fell into a gas heater. But he had to heal fast, so as not to lose his touch at marbles. Nickname's "Little Mitch."



When he's not acting, Bob helps Dotty with the housework, usually to the accompaniment of classical music from the phonograph. "Frankly," he says, "I'm a whiz at dishes."

■ The road ahead lay silver and straight in the cold light of a Texas moon. Wind from the prairie breathed ice cubes through the half opened window of their new convertible.

"For heaven's sake, shut it, honey," Dorothy said, snuggling close to her husband's shoulder. "I thought it was supposed to be warm in Texas."

"It isn't warm anywhere on a cold night," Bob observed absently.

Dotty giggled. "I suppose that makes sense." She turned and looked at him suddenly. "Bob, are we really on our way to New York, or is this just something I'm dreaming?"

"It's real. If it isn't, it's sure an expensive dream, the price I shelled out for this car."

It was a 1942 Buick, and they had picked it out to-

gether. That was on the day that Bob had come home from the studio at noon.

"Hi, kid," he'd said, running his hand over her smooth dark hair. "Want to go along while I buy a car?"

"Bob, honestly? How come?"

"We're going to New York, honey, the island of Manhattan. We've wanted to take a trip for a long while, and now the studio has given me time off for good behavior. We're leaving tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! But—but . . ."

"Don't talk so much. Gotta buy a car. Something nice and inconspicuous, so nobody'll notice us."

Nice and inconspicuous! So what did they end up with? A fire red convertible.

"Gosh, I like that!" they'd said in one breath, and then they laughed at each other (*Continued on page 103*)



Little Mitch, Mitch, and Big Mitch—otherwise known as Chris, Josh and Bob Mitchum—admire Chris' art work. Josh prefers weight lifting.



SUNDAY MORNING

FOR DEANNA DURBIN MEANS

TOSCANINI AT ONE

ELBOW, DICK TRACY AT THE

OTHER, AND JESSICA

ROMPING ALL OVER THE HOUSE.

by Nancy Winslow Squire



Since Jessica's birth, Mr. and Mrs. Felix Jackson spend few evenings at Mocambo's. Busy making *Something In The Wind*, Deanna looks forward to Sundays at home.

■ Jessica Louise Jackson was one year old on Friday, February 7th, 1947, and the week before was a tough one for her mother.

Mrs. Felix Jackson, who is a very cute, curly-red-headed girl, had gone shopping to buy a dress Jessica could wear to her party.

If you've ever shopped for one-year-old's dresses, you know what she went through.

The salesgirl would say, "Gee, Miss Durbin, this blue one's awfully pretty," and Deanna would sigh.

"But the pink one's even sweeter."

And the white one had French knots that would melt a heart of stone.

She ended up buying all three, naturally, and when she got home, she (Continued on page 101)



Love can play funny
tricks sometimes. But Kathryn
Grayson and Johnnie Johnston
are praying that this old black magic
feeling will last forever and ever.

BY JEAN KINKEAD



Let this be for Always





▲ Kathryn and Johnnie are so much in love, they can afford to be practical. The money they earned on their record-smashing in-person tour will pay for house furnishings—with a new piano thrown in.



▼ Hit song of their tour was "Time After Time," from her pic, *It Happened In Brooklyn*. In Chicago, she forgot the words, so Johnnie sang his own lyrics, plus hers—which were very sentimental.



▼ At the Capitol Theater in N.Y., Johnnie's parents dropped into "Grayson's Inn" (her dressing-room) for lunch. Johnnie, who's now making *This Time For Keeps*, vows that's just how he feels about Kathy.



◀ Rabid who-done-it fans, they spent hours between shows reading Dell Mystery Books together. Impatient Kathy started this one alone, leaving Johnnie several chapters behind. Solution: they tore book in half!

■ "Look, Johnnie, there must be other ways of making money in a hurry—" Kathryn Grayson paused on the hike to her dressing room.

Johnnie grinned. "We could rig up a gadget and print ten-dollar bills in the cellar." Kathryn closed her eyes at him the way she does when she's annoyed, and they plodded on.

Broken-down elevators and four-flight hikes were only half the fun on the Grayson-Johnston personal appearance tour. There were also blizzards (four), laryngitis and acute, hideous homesickness. How come they let themselves in for such a deal? For the oldest and corniest and soundest reason there is. They are in love. They want to get married. They need the dough. They'll buy their piano and living-room sofa with the haul they made in Cincinnati. The good folks in Hartford, Conn., are paying for their dining-room furniture. If you ask them was it worth it, they'll tell you in their best duet style—"well, yes."

The lowest ebb of the trip was in Chicago. They arrived there in a snowstorm on Christmas Eve, feeling like orphans of the storm. They both missed Julie so much it hurt—she's Johnnie's five-year-old—and Kathryn kept thinking of the beautiful, fat, lonely Christmas tree standing in her living-room. M-G-M gave them (Continued on page 120)

Can he help it if
 he's a walking ad for famil-
 life, a character
 out of a corny radio
 serial? For Bill
 Holden, life—with Brenda
 and the kids—is
 beautiful.

By LETITIA LE PAGE

"The way he plays, it should be called *goodminton*, not badminton," grumbles Brenda. Bill's also a hunter, loves to sneak away from *Blaze Of Noon* set and shoot game. The prize of his gun collection's a Springfield rifle he won from Sterling Hayden.



Poor Westy! His maw pushes his face in, and the family police dog hurts his dignity: the hound bowls him over with kisses when Westy comes home from nursery school.



Could be Bill's discussing his latest picture, *Dear Ruth*, with ten-months-old Scott, but more likely they're planning a fishing trip for 1957. Playing with Scotty gives Bill a chance to exercise; since his recent N.Y. visit, he's used to an active life.

■ It was raining, but that didn't bother the kids outside the broadcast studio. Moccasined feet made restless jitterbug patterns on the wet pavement.

A little redhead, about thirteen, came pelting up to the group.

"Hi," she said breathlessly.

"Who are we waiting for?"

"Bill Holden," they told her.

She looked baffled.

The other girls laughed. "He's been in the Army for three years. Your mother wouldn't let you go to pictures before that, so you don't remember him. But he's terrific!"

The stage door opened then, and the mob went into action, flourishing autograph books. The young man who came out wore a gabardine raincoat. He had blond-brown hair and serious eyes and a quick smile.

"Take it easy, kids," he said. "Who's first?"

Two girls came forward. They were taller than the others, older. They wore high heels instead of moccasins, and nylons instead of bobby socks.

"Do you remember us, Mr. Holden?" they chorused.

Bill stared at them.

"I'm sorry," he said regretfully.

They weren't offended. They laughed. "We've grown up," they told him. "The last time you saw us, we were bobby sox-ers. Remember, we threw packs of Philip Morris into your taxi because you smoked so much."

He remembered, then. Everything that had happened before he went into the Army Air Force, however, seemed to belong to the far-distant past.

He wished suddenly then that Ardis were with him on this trip to New York. Ardis had gone to dramatic school here, when she was Brenda Marshall. She had friends she wanted to look up, (Continued on page 118)



life can
be
beautiful



He's at war with himself, wanting
sometimes to talk, sometimes to dream.

Will Betty Hensel be the girl to understand
these needs—and become Mrs. Cary Grant?

by Florabel Muir

special
Hollywood
correspondent

Cary, Cary, quite contrary...



With *The Bachelor* And *The Bobbysoxer* finished and *The Bishop's Wife* almost completed, Cary takes his best girl—Betty Hensel—to Santa Anita. While there, Cary signed dozens of autographs, although he'd vowed not to after a recent episode.

■ Although Cary Grant had been playing the field while pretty Betty Hensel with the light brown hair was back home in St. Louis for that two months' visit, this handsome couple took up where they left off when she returned to Hollywood late in March. Now their friends keep wondering if wedding bells will be ringing before the harvest moon starts shining.

There, on the very graceful Hensel hand, the big diamond ring Cary gave Betty at Christmas time flashes in the eyes of any girl who might be sending covetous glances in the direction of the actor who has a way of going to the heads of maidens passing by. But Betty continues to deny that the expensive bauble is an engagement ring and Cary is just as noncommittal. In fact, he is the most noncommittal person I have ever met.

I cornered him in his dressing-room at the Samuel Goldwyn studio, where I found him taking lessons on the harp for his picture, *The Bishop's Wife*. As he ran his strong, graceful fingers over the strings, he dodged my questions with an adroitness I have seldom encountered. We talked for hours and it might as well have been about cabbages and kings for all the lowdown I got out of him on his love life. When I finally asked him the status of his love life, (Continued on page 116)

■ Shooting was over on the set of *To Each His Own*. The harassed prop boy was packing up his equipment. From the music department came sounds of symphonic inspiration, soon to be cued into the scenes.

In one corner of the huge sound stage, Director Mitch Leisen welcomed his cast and crew for the customary end-of-picture party. Mitch called for attention, and somebody pulled a backstage string so that the curtains spread away from a dais which had been hurriedly erected. Standing there was a life-sized gold Oscar.

"I thought," Mitch said to Olivia De Havilland, "that since you are going to win it anyway I might as well present it to you now."

Olivia gazed at Oscar in pop-eyed astonishment. Oscar gazed at Olivia. Then, fantastic as it seemed, he relaxed from his rigid pose, opened one blue, obviously human eye and winked!

So far as I know, this is the first time that Oscar has ever actually come to life. Of course, there are those, including Olivia De Havilland, who say that this was all just another priceless gag of Mitch Leisen's.

I am not so sure.

The role of Miss Norris in *To Each His Own* was Olivia De Havilland's strictly personal achievement, from the moment she first read the script until she stood on the stage of the Shrine Auditorium on a certain evening in March, and accepted the award.

"Charley Brackett took me to luncheon one day early in 1944," Olivia remembers, "and told me the story of the picture. Perhaps I might not have been so enthusiastic if I had read it in cold type. But Charley brought the whole thing to life.

"At that time, the picture was called *A Love Story*. I was enthusiastic about the simple title and the basic story quality. I wanted to do the film at once, but I was tied up in a lawsuit which had to be settled before I could go to Paramount.

"It was not until a year later, that I began *To Each His Own*. I had done tests with John Lund, who was perfect for his part. (Continued on page 122)



Since winning the Academy Award for her performance in *To Each His Own*, Olivia De Havilland has read 29 scripts. Next role will be that of a mentally ill girl in *Snake Pit*. Joan Crawford, whose dressing room is next door, sent Olivia roses.

blessed event

HE'S KIND OF STIFF AND STAND-OFFISH INSTEAD

OF BEING CUTE AND CUDDLY, BUT LITTLE "OSCAR"

IS OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND'S PET BABY!

by George Benjamin



Taking long walks together is a favorite pastime of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Goodrich. Here, Marc oils Livvy's sun-burned back after their three mile trek in the desert.



Olivia and Marc are handholders—even without the cameraman's prompting. They're going to Peru soon, where Marc will do research on that country's lost civilization for a new book. Olivia gets jealous of all his fictional heroines!

gay blade



Like his master's new picture, Punch is on the *Home Stretch* as he races out of the Wildes' pool; Cornel's entering a couple of local fencing matches in preparation for the 1948 Olympic games; he was on the 1936 fencing team.

■ When Claire, the cook, first set eyes on Punch, she determined that that was *all* she was going to set on him.

You couldn't have lured her to pet the beast for fifty thousand dollars. Punch is a French poodle who looks for all the world like a Persian lamb coat with a head on it, and Claire had never even seen a French poodle before, let alone such a big black one.

"You'll love him," Cornel assured her. Claire said nothing. Nobody was going to tell her she'd love a creature like that.

One week later, she loved him.

But the Wildes' problems weren't over by any means, because eventually Pat and Cornel thought Punch needed a playmate.

"How about a nice Great Dane?" Cornel said thoughtfully. "They're wonderful dogs."

(Continued on page 109)



The star of *Forever Amber* takes his wife, Pat, to the Academy Award presentations. Cornel will stay in costume for his next pic, too: it's *Royal Mail*, an 1840 swashbuckling epic.

HE'S SO RESTFUL ON

VACATIONS, THAT WILDE GUY,

BOUNCING FROM

FENCING TO GARDEN-

ING TO SWIMMING TO WREST-

LING WITH HIS DOG—

NO WONDER PAT'S GLAD WHEN

HE GOES BACK TO WORK!

By Irene Greengard





The Fords, who like everything western-style, helped launch the Hitching Post Theater, which features hoss-operas only.

■ The headwaiter at the Town Casino in Buffalo, New York, gave the phone receiver a puzzled frown. The long distance operator said Beverly Hills, California, was calling.

"Hello," came an anxious voice. "Is the show on? Is Eleanor Powell dancing now?"

"Yes, sir," replied the table captain. "Just started."

"Then just go away now and leave the receiver off, will you? And when she's through I'd like to talk to her."

The headwaiter shrugged. Some California nut, he thought. But it was his nickel. He laid the receiver on the shelf, propped the booth door ajar, and went back to the supper room.

Three thousand miles away, Glenn Ford slumped

happily down on his spine in a big club chair and listened. He could hear the music of "Clair de Lune"—a little far off but that was it, all right. In his mind he could see Ellie doing her dance.

Almost an hour went by before he snapped out of his long-distance reverie. An excited babble of voices first and then *the* voice—the one that had been away a whole, long, lonesome week.

"Hello—"

"Ellie—how are—I love you—I heard the show—you were wonderful!"

"Honey," broke in Eleanor Powell to her husband, Glenn Ford, "you can pick the *darndest* times to call! I'm out in the hall in a phone booth, a hundred people are watching and listening. It's 14 below zero here and (Continued on page 123)

Time on my hands

Glenn filled in part of the time Ellie was away on her p.a. tour with an appearance on "Suspense." Aboard her train, Eleanor tuned in eagerly—to static. Glenn's now in *Man From Colorado*.



WITH ELEANOR AWAY,

GLENN FORD HAD LOTS OF

TIME ON HIS HANDS.

TIME TO WRECK PETE'S DIET,

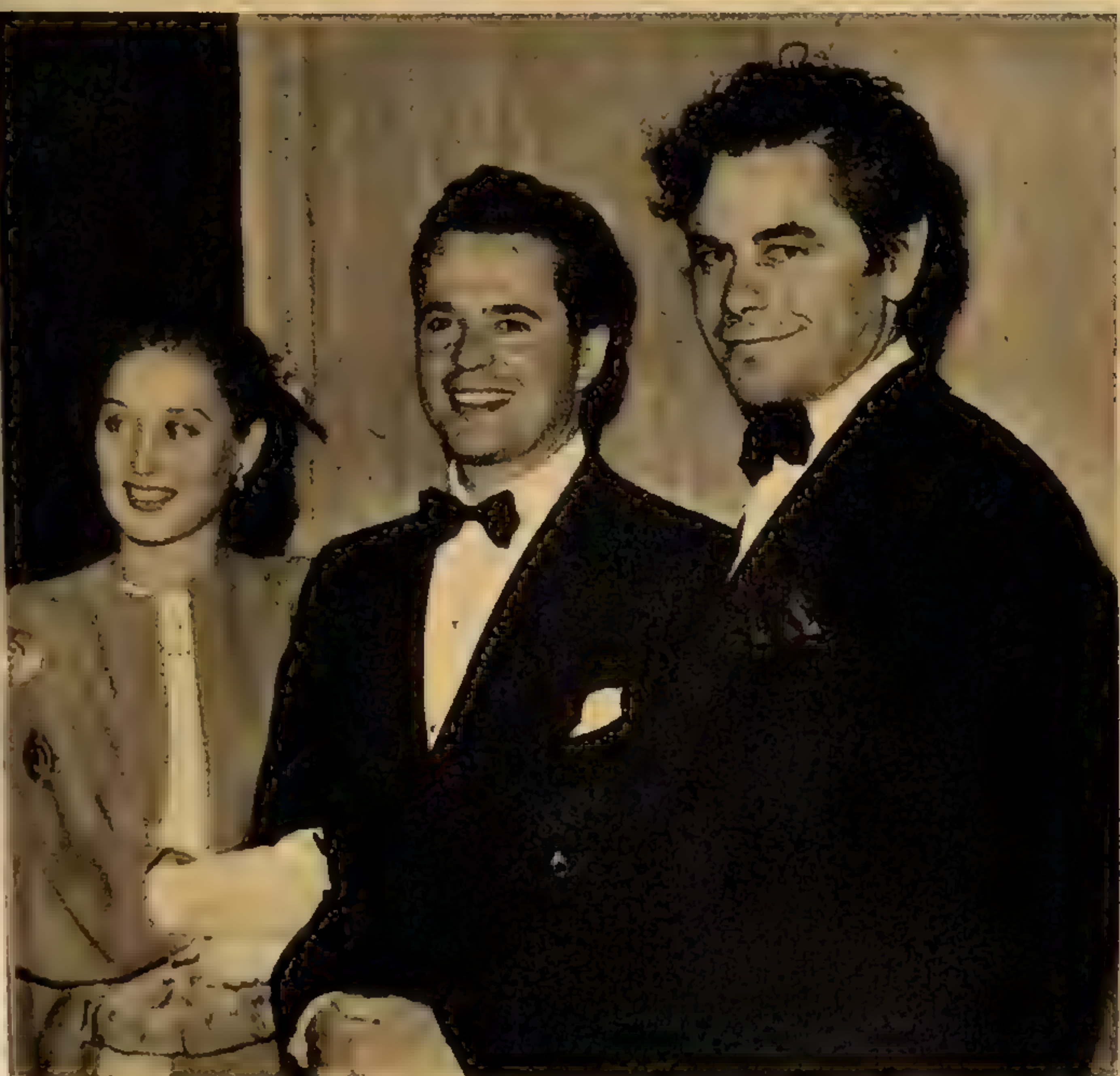
BURN UP THE LONG-

DISTANCE WIRES—

AND GROW A COLONNA

MUSTACHE!

By Kirtley Baskette



While Eleanor was in the East with her dancing act, Glenn attended the Academy Award show with the Larry Parks.

It's hard to say who behaved worse, with Mom gone. Peter burned out the radio, but Glenn bought red window blinds!



By Jack Wade

best year of his life



■ It was 2:15 in the morning. Fredric March remembers the time to the minute. A party was going on—tentatively in his honor. A very subdued party. Or at least subdued until 2:15. Irving Berlin and his Ellen. Playwright Robert E. Sherwood. Other notables, all sipping their drinks with the profound pre-occupation of people who are waiting.

"It's a cinch I won't get it," Freddie told his wife at about 2:14. "Sam Goldwyn's team can't get everything. They'll have to give the best male performance Oscar to someone else."



At that point, it certainly looked like Freddie had something there. The award for film editing, music scoring, screen writing, directing, the Thalberg Award to Goldwyn, two awards to Harold Russell, the handless veteran, finally the award to *Best Years* for the best picture of 1946. That made eight. *Gone With the Wind*, supposed to be the greatest picture Hollywood ever turned out, collected nine. Fred March slumped a little—felt all of his 49 years suddenly. Fifteen long years it had been since he won his first and only Academy Oscar—back in 1932 for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Those—he reflected in a flash, were his best years. What could he expect now that he was almost out of the Hollywood picture, now that—let him face it—he was really more of a character actor when he made a movie—than a romantic star? Then it came—award number nine—*The Best Years* again—tying the *GWTW* record. "For best male acting performance—Fredric March in *The Best Years of Our Lives*! (Continued on page 111)



"It's smart to be RIGHT!"

ALEXIS SMITH

ALEXIS SMITH
starring in
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS
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GOOD NEWS—By Louella Parsons

(Continued from page 10)

leave. So she fixed me. After this telegram, I won't dare say anything about going home."

Ginger Rogers and Jackie Briggs were on hand and seemed to be having the time of their lives. They love to dance—and together. I never see Ginger on the floor without thinking of those wonderful, gay, dancing movies she used to make with Fred Astaire. We could use more like them today. Ginger and Jackie are still madly in love and don't care if the world knows it.

When the four birthday cakes came in they created quite a stir, what with four people making wishes and blowing out candles. It was a pretty sight when they lowered the lights and just the birthday cake candles illuminated the large room. In sentimental moments like this, I notice that Gregory Peck always goes over and joins his wife and they hold hands. That's pretty nice, if you ask me.

* * *

Tyrone Power is always the gentleman!

The reason he didn't accompany Lana Turner to the Academy Awards is because he thought his appearance would embarrass her. He was sporting a two weeks growth of beard and long hair for his *Captain From Castile* role.

But he wanted to see how pretty his girl friend looked in her new party dress so he arranged cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at his house and sent her along in his car to present one of the winning Oscars.

* * *

Can't seem to get off the subject of the Awards this month—but then that's natural, isn't it, when that's our biggest event? I'm in the middle of a flying trip back East right now, and I'm very surprised at all the "inside scandal" about the Academy Awards flying around—not counting the already well pub-

licized Fontaine and De Havilland unsisterly act.

Questions hurled at me were: Was it true that Frank Sinatra had refused to sing when he heard he was subbing for Bing Crosby? That I wouldn't know because Frankie doesn't call me up to tell me these things.

I also heard that Judy Garland was miffed and nixed singing one of M-G-M's top hits because she was pouting with the studio. Well, neither Frankie nor Judy are the healthiest people in the world and both are addicted to colds. I prefer to think last minute illness was the cause of their absence and not spur-of-the-moment pique. Judy, I'm sure, is not feuding with Metro. She calls that lot "home" and has just signed a new long term contract.

Another query was: Why was Joan Crawford dining with Greg Bautzer in Palm Springs on the very night she had been asked, as last year's winner, to present the Oscar to the new Queen?

All I can say to this is that Joan says she suffers pangs of agony at the thought of appearing before large crowds. Remember, she was so nervous she made herself ill and couldn't even accept her own Oscar last year? About three days before this year's Awards she conveniently slipped away. A lot of people say they can't understand Joan's shyness when she used to win cup after cup dancing the Charleston and Black Bottom in crowded night clubs. That's one I can't answer. But I must say the East made much more of these "moments" than we, who are so close to the picture, did on the Coast. Apparently, gossip—like far pastures—gets greener and fresher away from home.

Wonder why someone, preferably a style expert, doesn't have a little talk with Anne Baxter about her clothes? She dresses in such

a matronly fashion. A woman sixty years old could wear the evening gown I recently saw adorning the very nice chassis of Miss B.

It was dark blue lace, high at the neckline, with long blue lace gloves of the same material. The color and the style certainly were not youthful and Anne is one of our youngest stars—in her early twenties, in case you don't know.

* * *

If Janet Blair doesn't know it now—I hope she reads it here that absolutely NO ONE said anything to hurt her feelings at Cobina Wright's party.

What happened is that she left, dissolved in tears, when she thought she heard Edmund Goulding, the director, and Bill Dozier refer to her as an "upstart." What they really said was "starlet." Neither Eddie nor Bill would think of saying anything uncomplimentary about her. They are both gentlemen—and as a matter of fact they had been admiring Janet. I know. I was sitting with them when she THOUGHT she heard a cutting remark.

Eddie was all for getting her and bringing her and her husband back to the party when he found out the reason for her strange behavior. Bill was for sending flowers and explanations. At least, everyone was very upset, including Cobina, Sr., who prides herself, and rightly, on giving parties where everything goes off well.

With the exception of this incident, Cobina's soiree was a delightful affair.

Among the guests were Charlie Chaplin and his young wife, Oona, who so seldom go anywhere. Of course, everyone was talking about Charlie's picture, *Monsieur Verdoux*, and begging him to show it.

I was fortunate enough to be numbered among the few who were invited to the projection room, a few nights later, to see the new comedy. I had to swear I wouldn't print a word until the picture is released—but believe you me (and no matter what your opinion is about the private affairs of Chaplin) it's hilariously funny. But shhhh—mustn't say another word.

A perfect dream boat floating around at Cobina's was Diana Lynn. Of all the young stars in Hollywood I think Diana has the most chic and style. Now THERE'S a girl who knows how to wear clothes. Her dress was black and white with a red sash—sophisticated but youthful.

* * *

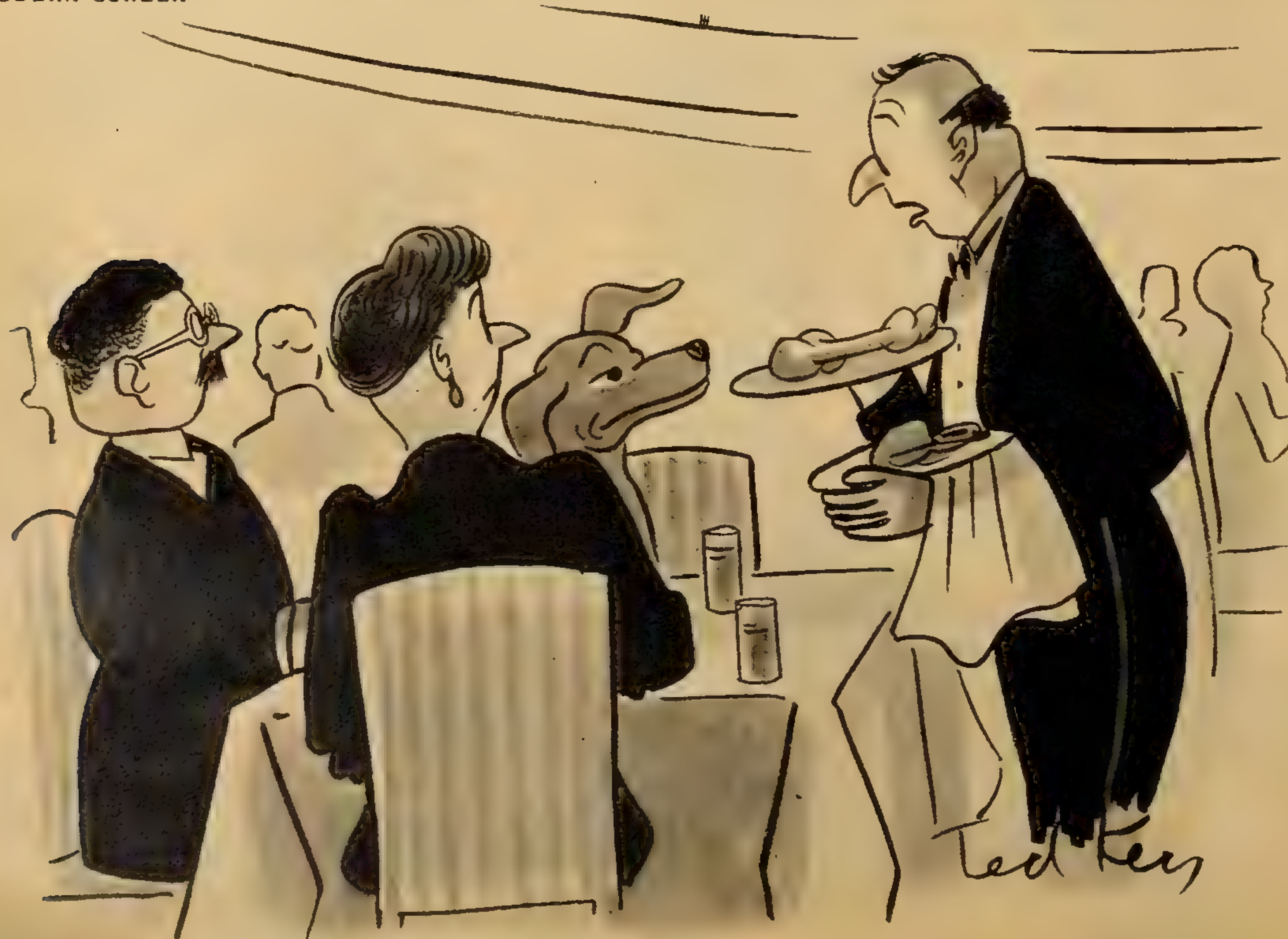
I think you fans who write me from time to time saying that you like to get word now and then about the old timers as well as the newcomers, would have had a big thrill if you could have seen some of them taking a bow at the Academy Awards.

I'm referring particularly to Richard Dix and Dick Arlen and Buddy Rogers who looked as handsome as any of today's heroes when they came out in the spotlight. And what's more—they looked just as young.

* * *

Next month, I'll have more news and gossip of the big town for you. See you then!

MODERN SCREEN



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Right away, your skin looks brighter and clearer! Feels smoother. Have a 1-Minute Mask every time you want to look your best!



The Lady Iris Mountbatten, great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, has recently been visiting in New York and Palm Beach. "Almost as soon as I arrived here, I borrowed a delightful beauty trick from

my American friends," Lady Iris says. "To refresh and smooth my skin before going out, I now *always* have a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. I've never known a facial treatment to show results so promptly! My skin looks clearer and finer-textured right away!"



It's a lovely foundation cream, too!



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"STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN"

(Continued from page 14)

I don't do that very often.

Admittedly, heaven is a tricky subject to deal with in a film aimed at millions, because the millions have a million different versions of what heaven must be like. One man's heaven is another man's poison, and a bobby-soxer's notion of the celestial stamping ground—Sinatra, Van Johnson and a juke box—unquestionably would revolt the soul of the housewife who expects the next life to be populated with Fanny Farmers and Mary Margaret McBrides, or the baseball fan who expects to encounter Leo Durocher and Dixie Walker on the first post-mortem cloud.

But no one can quarrel with the hereafter set up by J. Arthur Rank in *Stairway To Heaven*. It is virtuous yet relaxed, stern but capable of understanding the mortal bemused by living. It even permits humor and debate. Small wonder that such flesh-and-blood beings as David Niven, Kim Hunter and Roger Livesey find that the bridge between the fields of England and the clouds of The Unknown—the Stairway—is not so high or so difficult to cross as they had thought.

Here is a picture that demonstrates what has been demonstrated before and will be again, although perhaps by England and other countries more often than Hollywood: the fact that a fine picture is an assemblage of ingredients, not a "vehicle" for a star. Many in *Stairway To Heaven* deserve stardom, but here they are just well-cast actors. The writing is excellent, the story is imaginative, the fantasy is clear; the direction is splendid.

David Niven, who manages a complete naturalness seldom achieved by the California brand of glamor boy, plays the hero of the fantasy—an aviator who should have died on a foggy night over the Channel but didn't because his heavenly guide got lost in the beastly English weather. Kim Hunter is the girl who falls in love with him and fights all the powers in the clouds and all the unknown terrors of her love's dream-filled mind to keep him earthbound. She is something to watch too. She is an excellent actress but she really looks like a girl. Someone you might meet. And both she and Mr. Niven are surrounded by jewel-like performances by Marius Goring, Roger Livesey, Abraham Sofaer, Raymond Massey and indeed every member of the cast.

As I've been saying to my friends, have you seen *Stairway To Heaven*? You must.

HOW ARE THINGS IN GLOCCA MORRA?

Frankly, we couldn't tell you, because no one, as far as we know, has ever met a movie star in Glocca Morra. (Confidentially, there's no such place.) But whether you live in Portland, Maine, or San Diego, California, surely you've bumped into a film celebrity at least once—and we want to hear all about it. In fact, we'll pay you \$5 for each letter we use in our "I Saw It Happen" feature. The rules are simple: Your letter must be short, legible and tell a TRUE, unusual story about the time you met a movie star in person. Read our "I Saw It Happen" boxes to get the right slant, and mail your entries to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

JEWELITE BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC

RITA EXPLAINS . . .

(Continued from page 28)

they made up the first time as man and wife. I'd walked in on the very last scene. It was all over. Under her bleached and bobbed platinum curls, Rita Hayworth grinned wearily. "And for a second wedding present," I observed, "he makes you a dramatic actress. Happy?"

Rita nodded. It was a silly question. And Orson was still courting Rita as he never courted anyone before, since they kissed and made up—and went right to work.

There's a rock, El Morro, in Acapulco Bay down in Mexico, that's a spot of forever Hollywood. Orson had all the barnacles that scratched and the sea anemones that stung hacked off until it was smooth and soft as a rock can be. All because Rita had to climb on that rock and lie down for a scene. He hired the Olympic champ swimmer of Mexico to hover just out of camera range in every ocean shot in which she appeared to scare away hungry barracuda. When they plunged into the jungles to shoot, he hired a bodyguard of fierce Pancho Villas complete with mustachios, bull bandilleras and blunderbusses to scare off snakes and alligators with designs on a hunk of Hayworth. Orson followed Rita around in person, bearing oils and unguents every time she had a brief encounter with the tropical sun. He had special rope-soled shoes flown down from Hollywood so she wouldn't slip and smack her sacroiliac on Errol Flynn's yacht deck when it rolled.

get that story . . .

The reason I had tracked Orson and Rita down on the set the day they completed *Lady From Shanghai* was because I had gotten a phone call from Al Delacorte back in New York.

"Can you pierce the Wall of Steel that surrounds Orson and Rita," Al inquired, "and give an inimitable Hopper sketch of their home life?"

I repeated that to Rita. Her hairdresser said, "Please, Rita, I almost stabbed you. Don't shake so!" Rita was laughing, a little bitterly, it seemed to me.

"Our Wall of Steel," scoffed Rita, "is either a sound stage or a sun reflector—and as for our home life—just look around. It's this set."

"Sometimes," sighed Rita, "we have breakfast together, but it's usually dinner for Orson. He'll work 24 hours straight without eating. Then he comes home and wants three steaks and a couple of pies. Steaks for breakfast—pies—ugh!"

Orson and Rita lived—at odd hours—in a small, ranch type house out in Brentwood. Rita bought the place for herself and baby Rebecca after the last time Orson left his happy home. It wasn't exactly a match for the little love nest they started housekeeping in when they first married. That was something you'd have to see to believe.

A Los Angeles sports promoter owned it. He'd built the Pan-Pacific Auditorium, a showy sports arena in Hollywood, and he must have told the architect, "Now build me a house to match."

It had neon lights—honest—and three or four floors. A swimming pool with a tropical island in the middle. Mirrors and glass and colored lights everywhere and—well—I won't go on. That's where Mr. and Mrs. Orson Welles started housekeeping. Orson used to broadcast his radio thriller-chillers from the first floor. Rita reclined in her bed up on the third and listened in. Where career left off and home life started, I'm sure she never exactly knew.

I was out there once when Orson was



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broadcasting. Radio people swarmed all over. The only touch of domesticity that crept in that evening was a cocker pup of Rita's, who wandered into Orson's temple of art and darned near busted up the broadcast before they could shoo him out!

It took more than a puppy to break up the marriage of Orson and Rita the first time—and the second time, too. It took the most uniquely exasperating driving temperament that ever hit show business. People who work with Orson often idolize the guy like GIs worshipped Ike Eisenhower. But they can't stand him long. He consumes them. No one can keep up with him—let alone a wife.

I also know, of course, how warm-hearted Orson Welles can be when he wants to. Years ago, before I had a column, before Orson came to Hollywood and set it on its ear with the picture they dared him to make, he charmed me where a mother is always charmed easiest. My son, Bill, had ideas then that he wanted to be an actor. He's reformed now—he's a business man. But then Bill promoted himself a walk-on job in the Katherine Cornell Broadway production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Orson had a big role. He had no idea who the shy, awkward, hopelessly unactorish kid was. But he took him under his wing; couldn't have been more kind and helpful.

Okay. Orson's charming, appealing, sweet when he wants to be—and also exhausting, temperamental and mad. So what made Orson and Rita separate in the first place? And then, what made them come back together again? I asked Rita all this, rapid fire, sticking my inquisitive nose—leave it to me—directly into the confusing business. Rita answered them all with one shrug and a couple of sentences. "We're in love, Orson and I," she said. "It's as simple as that."

Begging Rita's pardon, I don't think it's quite an "simple as that." Nothing about O. Welles is simple, not even love. He's as complex as a jig-saw puzzle. Rita Hayworth knew that when Orson first found himself smitten and went a'wooing. He had a tough time getting a date, believe me, because Rita was scared. She didn't want any more domineering mates. Her first husband, Ed Judson, had bossed her around and made her life pretty miserable. Orson's genius made Rita shy as a mouse, when Romance peeped around the corner.

she stood him up...

Orson wrote her fan letters at first, from South America. When he got back, he called her up, almost every hour on the hour. She hid out, finally made a date, and stood him up! Did that discourage Welles? Not a bit. He came back for more, and then rashly Rita agreed to go out for dinner and this time kept her word. They went to Chinatown and ate chow mein. When Orson told her good night, she was in love, lost in the spell that Mister Influence wove like a web.

Rita was set to make *Cover Girl* then, a very swell musical you'll remember. It was a big production for Columbia with Technicolor and tricky dances. They'd borrowed Gene Kelly from M-G-M; rehearsals were starting. Time was a-wasting and big money, too. That's why Harry Cohn shouted "No" when Orson wanted Rita to stooge for his magic act in the tent show he was putting on for GIs in Hollywood. But Orson said that was the thing for Rita to do. So she did it. For a hard-headed show girl like Rita, that was love, or hypnotism or something.

Orson could have used any one of a dozen willing stars in Hollywood in his USO carnival act. Marlene Dietrich stepped in when Rita finally had to go to work, and filled the bill beautifully. But Orson is selfish. Nobody counts but Orson

once he takes off on an airy flight of genius. But that's the kind of a daffy divinity Rita Hayworth fell for and married.

Well, at least, she *does* have a child! Little Rebecca, "Becka" as she's already named herself, looks exactly like Orson, black curls and all. But she's Rita's darling. Every gurgle and gasp and baby memento has been recorded in a huge picture book Rita keeps.

For all Orson loves his little Becka, Rita knows that nothing else in the world really matters to him once he's lost in one of his creative trances. Not a wife or a baby or anything except those ideas buzzing about in his brain. One week-end during shooting, Rita talked Orson into a trip to her beloved Mexico. They went just to Rosa Rita Beach, across the border. But Orson hauled along his typewriter and rewrote the whole finish of the picture!

One of the fuses that set off their second marital blow-up was Orson's refusal to regard Rita as a human being and a wife. She was dog-tired after her exhausting marathon acting ordeal. After that last scene I saw, she begged Orson to go away with her for a rest. "Tomorrow," he answered, day after day, and whisked right in to the cutting room to pore over his precious film. He tomorrowed himself out of a wife at last. "I had to get away or I'd have collapsed," Rita told me. "So I walked out." How else?

Actually, this final split wasn't too different from the first one—when Rita had consoled herself with Vic Mature and Tony Martin, while Orson spent his time back East with the arty Broadway boys and girls—producing a play.

Oddly enough, that play he lost his shirt with on Broadway, *Around the World in 80 Days*, was what brought Orson back to Hollywood and a big factor, I suspect, in bringing Orson and Rita back together for a second try at love. To help finance it, Orson charmed Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, out of \$80,000, advanced against an Orson Welles picture job. When that went down the box-office drain, along with another \$300,000 of Orson's (and some other people's), Orson, flat broke, faced making a Hollywood comeback whether he wanted to or not.

a role for rita . . .

Orson brought his pet Mercury Theater actors out from New York (most of them have never made a picture before) and prepared to shoot. *If I Die Before I Wake* they called it then, and it was a man's picture tailored to Orson and his Mercury pal, Everett Sloane. Then, one night Orson went out to the house to see Rita and daughter, Becka. The next week his production was *The Lady From Shanghai* and the picture was Rita's. Orson rewrote it in eight days, gave her the co-star part. Then they announced their official reconciliation.

Rita was happy at first, working and learning from her favorite maestro.

They spent most of the time cruising around in Mexico on Errol Flynn's yacht, the "Zaca." And they acted like a pair of newlyweds.

One night, for instance, Rita was ashore while Orson was out in the bay doing some night scenes with Errol (Flynn was skipper—at \$750 a day on this job.) But Rita couldn't stand to be apart from her maestro even that long. So she trekked around Acapulco with Errol's wife, Nora, and rounded up a native Mariachi band. They found a fisherman with a boat and slipped out in the bay, circled the yacht in the dark, then had the guitars and swarthy crooners cut loose with a serenade. Then they climbed on board into their loving husbands' arms.

When Rita's birthday came up they were still in Mexico. Orson tossed a banquet for Rita at Las Americas Hotel with all the



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You'll beam with happiness when your mirror reflects your lovely Toni Home Permanent—deep, graceful waves, heavenly soft and so natural looking! No trick to giving yourself a Toni, either. Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. Takes only 2 to 3 hours, right at home... no sitting under a hot dryer. Your Toni is frizz-free and easy to manage from the start... lasts as long as a \$15 permanent. That's why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. That's why you'll want to get a Toni Home Permanent Kit today. On sale at all leading drug, notion and cosmetic counters. Consuelo, the twin at the right, is the one with the Toni Home Permanent. Did you guess?

De Luxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers
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Regular Kit with fiber curlers
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Refill Kit complete except for curlers
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Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE



Mexican big shots there, the really high brass of the land. They all toasted the lovely lady and that night on her pillow she found a diamond pendant from her thoughtful hubby.

Orson might be a lovable, livable husband, if he didn't have that spur of genius eternally prodding him out of all normal social interests. He has absolutely no relaxing interests to sop up his atomic energy.

His daughter, Becka, usually sees him on the gallop. Orson had to fly to Hollywood on business while making a street scene for *The Lady From Shanghai*, up in San Francisco. He flew down and flew back. "Did you get to see Rebecca?" Rita asked him.

"Oh, yes," said Orson. "Had a nice visit. She rode with me to the airport to catch the plane!"

Opposed to Orson's genius and dynamic qualities, Rita's really a very normal, unspectacular girl with simple tastes and normal yearnings. She's a model mother, both with Becka and Christopher, Orson's nine-year-old daughter by his first wife. Christopher is always welcome at Rita's.

I had hopes that this time the noble experiment of Svengali with Love would work. I hoped it more for Rita's sake than Orson's. After all, he's got his genius to keep him warm.

I hope, above all, now that she's had a taste of the astral spheres of acting, Rita won't be spoiled for her musicals, whether *The Lady From Shanghai* hits or misses the box-office bus. That would be a shame; Rita has such a wonderful, adoring public for her songs and dances, her pretty face and figure. And it could happen. A friend of mine who knows Orson as well as I do, maybe better, was laying odds that if Orson stuck around long enough, Harry Cohn would lose his musical queen.

I, myself, might place a cautious bet that if Orson sticks around where Rita is very long, or vice versa, he'll have her back in his spell and there'll be kissings and makings up and a third inning of Svengali vs. Love. That guy Orson is Dick Tracy's "Influence" without the glass eyes, and he's still the father of Rita Hayworth's child.

But if Rita and Orson do try it again, I'd like to suggest a good text for that needle-point sampler they may want to hang over their mantelpiece.

It's an old gag we used to plant around Hollywood—only in this case I wouldn't be exactly kidding—and it reads, "Danger—Genius at Work!"

MODERN SCREEN



"You might at least hold the picture!"

VAN HEFLIN, THAT IS . . .

(Continued from page 40)

with you about Vana, that daughter of yours.

Van: What about her?

Lana: This dressing her in overalls has got to stop, that's all. Everytime my Cheryl goes over to your place to play, she comes home demanding that I get her some overalls.

Van: Well, why don't you?

Lana: Because, I want her to wear dresses now. It's all right for you to make a tomboy of Vana if you want to.

Van: Now look here, that Cheryl is pretty much of a rough-neck when she wants to be.

Lana: That's what I'm afraid of . . .

Director: All right, let's do it again. Remember, Lana, this is the supreme moment.

It was, too. They are saying all over Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that this love scene between Van Heflin and Lana Turner in *Green Dolphin Street* will start more hand-holding in theater balconies than spring fever.

Some fun!

I talked to Van a little later. "Is making love to Lana Turner such nice work?" I quizzed him.

"Sure," he told me. "It's pleasant, certainly, but Lana is a neighbor of mine, and we are in love with a couple of other people. That visitor from Indiana has got to give us credit for some pretty good acting, as well."

The "other person" in Van Heflin's life is his pert, intelligent, red-haired actress wife, Frances Neal, whose Petty Girl figure belies the fact that she has two strapping youngsters.

Talk about your Hollywood romances, there are none that match the fictional quality of the Van Heflins!

Back in 1940, Frances Neal was cutting quite a figure as a model and stage actress. She was one of the more beautiful sights to be seen of an April afternoon around 58th Street in Manhattan, as she walked home in the wind from rehearsal to her room at the Barbizon.

boy almost meets girl . . .

Of an identical afternoon, a tall (six foot, one inch) attractive guy likewise put his shoulders to the spring wind, and wound up in the apartment building next to the Barbizon. Van Heflin, then as now, knew a pretty girl when he saw one, and was not too absorbed in his pursuit of acting opposite Katharine Hepburn and other queens of the theater, to miss seeing the red-haired girl.

In fact, although he didn't know her name, Van saw her often, usually at Ruby Foo's and the drug store across from the Barbizon. Before he managed to wangle an introduction, she was gone and so was he—to a wonderful oasis called Hollywood.

Frances worked at RKO and Van at Metro. There are some eight miles between. The tall man no longer saw the red-haired girl and he missed her. The feeling was vice-versa, but they weren't suffering. In fact, they were each interested in a couple of other people when they met two years later at a dinner party.

They talked. They forgot the dinner. Van forgot to ask for her telephone number.

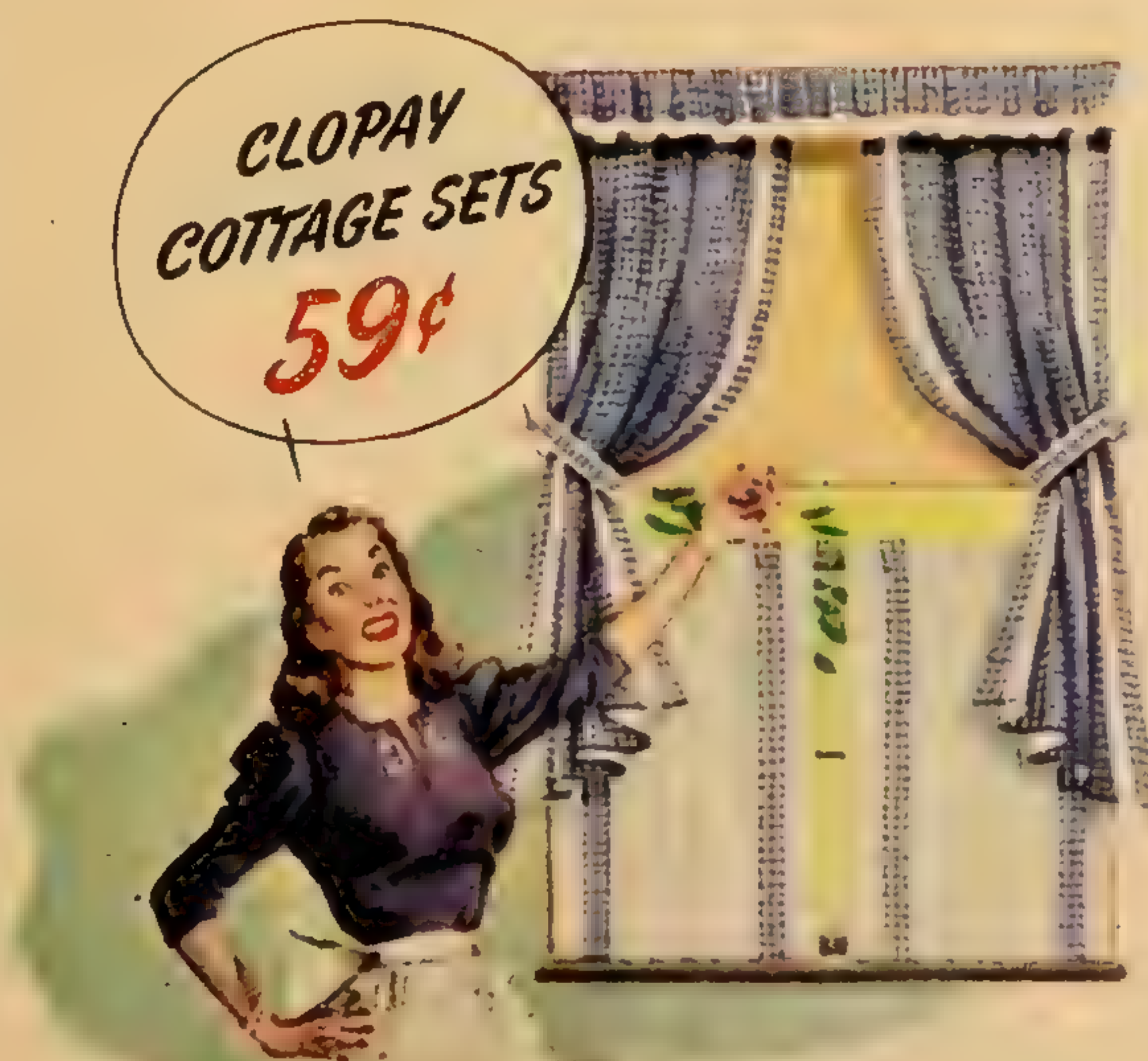
Two days later, Dorothy Pasternak, wife of movie-maker Pasternak, gave Frances Neal a ring. Would she like to come out to the ranch for a weekend? Frances couldn't possibly. She had a couple of dates. That was too bad, Dorothy said,



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3 fragrances: Spring Morning, Garden Bouquet, Forest Pine
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because they had another guest, a nice young actor from New York called Van Heflin.

"Well, look," Frances said quickly, "I wouldn't want you to be stuck with an extra man. I'll just cancel my other dates."

The next evening after a ranch dinner, Frances and Van sat down in front of a roaring fire to make conversation with the other guests. Somehow, the others disappeared. They talked about the things folks do in Oklahoma, where Van came from and Texas, where Frances came from. They discovered that the male parents of both were dentists.

At six o'clock in the morning, the Pasternaks came downstairs for an early morning ride and discovered that neither Frances nor Van had thought about sleeping. Van had to go into town for a radio rehearsal, and he took off again without asking for Frances' phone number.

Two days later Frances received the phone call she had by then convinced herself was not coming!

"This is Van Heflin," the voice said. "I'm taking my mother to dinner tonight. Afterwards, along about nine, I wonder if you'd like to go for a ride."

Frances thought she would.

At ten minutes after nine, Van loomed through the door. He looked at her reflectively for a moment. Then—

"Will you marry me?" he asked.

She didn't exactly say "yes" or "no" for a week. She never did exactly say "yes," and so they were married three weeks later at the little Congregational Church in Westwood. At ten o'clock in the morning, Dorothy and Joe Pasternak were there. Also Frances' mother and father, Van's mother and Cleatus Caldwell.

In the afternoon they drove to Del Monte for their honeymoon, and on the way Van said something funny to Frances.

"You know," he remarked casually, "you remind me a lot of a girl I used to see every now and then up around 58th Street in New York."

Which was natural enough.

Van Heflin still isn't aware of what a superlative actor he is. In spite of that Academy Award for *Johnny Eager* and consistently knockout performances in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, *Possessed*, and *Dolphin Street*, he is still an actor in search of himself. In his personal life he has obviously found himself at last, but that has been a long pull. It goes back five years. On the morning of November 19th, 1942, the doorbell rang and a Western Union messenger boy said, "I've got a telegram here for Lieutenant E. E. Heflin." (Van's real name is Emmett E.)

Van had mentioned something about holding a reserve commission from way back, but it had skipped Frances' mind.

HOW MANY CAN YOU NAME?

SOS—how many slogans can you name that begin with those same danger-signaling letters? Here's one we'll bet you never heard before: SUPPLIES for OVERSEAS SURVIVORS. And right now this cry for help is the most urgent SOS of all. For there are still 1,500,000 hopeless victims of Hitler's Europe who may die tomorrow or next week or next month—unless we help them live! That's why the Joint Distribution Committee, here in the U.S.A., is collecting food stuffs, clothing, medicines, layettes, household and comfort items, books and even toys for immediate distribution abroad. Please send your contributions to the Joint Distribution Committee, Inc., 270 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Remember: the supplies you give will help them live.

Over his coffee and breakfast roll Van gave her the news.

"I've been reactivated."

"You've been what?"

"Don't worry, honey," Van laughed, "it's no worse than a kick in the head."

There's a place called San Luis Obispo. Also a rough, tough joint called Camp Roberts. Men who have been there don't forget it. And there are some around who will remember a guy who was officer in Field Artillery. A good gent, but sort of nervous, along toward the end of training particularly. He managed to get hold of an undated pass because his wife was having a baby. All he had to do was fill it out and scam.

That's what he did when Vana Heflin was born.

Then he came back to Camp Roberts, got hurt and went to the hospital. They put him in limited service and he was sent to Culver City, which is close to Hollywood. It burned him up, even though he was glad to be near Frances and the tyke. What the hell, people might start calling him a Hollywood Commando, and that was a bad name.

Back in those days Fort Roach was considered a large joke, and not until the war was over did the people find out that some men who never got out of there did great work for the Air Corps. Anyway, in January, 1943, Van took off for Panama with a unit to do a jungle training film. When he came back he still had the itch to really get into it.

He did. Combat camera crews were being organized. He went over, attached to the 9th Bombardment group. He got around in France and Germany, before and after D-Day.

Frances received a letter on the 10th of December, 1945, saying he thought they were going to hang around in Germany for quite awhile; either that or he'd be on his way to China. Later the same day, a telephone call came from New York. He'd been assigned a special courier job, and after going on to Washington he'd be home. He was, on December 13th, his birthday.

The next night he broke out a bottle of Cognac and we all sat down to an extended session of Blackjack.

what's in a name? . . .

I remember slipping and calling him Van Johnson once during the course of the evening.

"You unprintable word," Van said, and grinned.

There was no getting around a certain friction that had to come as the result of a similarity of names. Now it can be talked about without anyone getting sensitive. Van Heflin had been away about three years. Van Johnson had become a smash hit at the box office, and all the power of a great studio had been focused on getting him the right pictures.

Van Heflin had dropped out of sight before the Oscar reputation cashed itself in. There were other actors coming back from the army, and the studios were not set to get them moving all at once.

So Van Heflin got a little sore. Certain little groups of Hollywood jerks who talk more than they think, needled the situation. A prolonged feud might have resulted, except that Hal Wallis came along with *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, a picture filmed at Paramount. Van Heflin and Van Johnson are no longer in painful proximity. When *Ivers* was previewed, heads and attitudes cleared.

The whole thing was so simple. The two guys didn't look alike or act alike. The conflict fell flat on its face. So flat that when I bumped into the two Vans at a party given by Atwater Kent, the two were talking together without sneering under-



Are you sure of your loveliness—sure the deodorant you now use gives you complete protection 24 hours of every day? Be sure—switch today to safe, new Odorono Cream.

New Odorono Cream safely stops perspiration and odor a full 24 hours

Wonderful, new wartime discovery gives more effective protection than any deodorant known.

New Odorono Cream not only protects your daintiness a full 24 hours, with the most effective perspiration-stopper known, but . . .

It gives you the exclusive extra protection of HALGENE . . . The new wonder ingredient that checks perspiration odor.

Just think! One application of new Odorono Cream in the morning keeps you dainty—all day and night.

Does not irritate. So safe and gentle—can be used after shaving.

Stays soft and smooth down to

the last dab. Never gritty. (Even if you leave the cap off for weeks.)

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*Full 24 hour protection
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It's as easy as falling in love . . . to keep your hair satin-smooth with plastic Du Pont Combs! Careful of your curls, thoughtful of your scalp, yet strong, strong, strong! You'll want every gay color—you'll need a complete comb wardrobe. Du Pont quality—10 to 50¢. At all good stores.



Du Pont Combs

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

neath or feeling uncomfortable.

To many people, Van Heflin still is a question mark on the Hollywood scene. This is because, beyond his powerful *Ivers* role, his work has not yet reached the public. Frankly, I think it's taken a little too long, because there is a stature about Van Heflin, both in his work and private life, that motion pictures have too long lacked.

It's nice to know a guy who is not interested in how sweet are the uses of publicity. An actor who has long range plans for career, home and family, and can't be swayed by eight items in a gossip column.

Van Heflin is a strange one. He has two children, but it's hard for him to assume the role of the acrobatic father who tumbles on the floor with the kids and spouts baby talk. On the contrary, he talks to his newest offspring, Cathleen Carol, age eight months, as though she had just finished a highbrow thesis on *The Life and Times of Little Red Riding Hood*.

He's moody to the point of forgetting who's in a room; argumentative for the delight of mental conflict. He plots his career like a writer conjuring up an intricate story. He'll sit up all night, as well, helping a friend work the kinks out of dialogue, and the next night spend the same amount of time worrying over whether or not he can draw to an inside straight.

He's a lad who is human to the point of being able to look interested even while not signing an autograph. An honest guy who says, "Fight with Frances? My boy, the arguments we have are incredible, but you'll never hear the neighbors talking about us. They live out of earshot."

"I can be a problem," Frances offered. "I do the darndest things on the spur of the moment."

"You sure do," Van agreed. "And so do I."

That reminded them of a beauty they'd been through awhile back. Just like a married couple, they've forgotten what set it off. Van didn't talk to Frances for a couple of days. Or maybe it was the other way around. Then they packed up and went to Big Bear in the mountains. They spent five days walking in the woods and sitting by the fire, reading. It was close harmony.

"And do you know what?" Van asked. "We had a great time—until we discovered the simple life was turning out to be a hell of a bore. We got into the car, went to Las Vegas, and I proved how smart I was. I bucked the dice table and dropped \$200."

"You can't take that loss off the income tax. Frances suggested I get it back by asking the business manager for a cut in my allowance."

"For once I had to agree."

Jinx Falkenburg . . .

star of NBC's top radio program, "Hi Jinx!" She poses for our "How To Have a Wonderful Vacation" issue in a three piece playsuit designed to have fun in. It's crisp red and white seersucker frosted with eyelet—and that flounce on the skirt is definitely new. Under the skirt there's a cute pair of pert straight-cut shorts. Playsuit comes also in blue checks. Sizes 10-18.

By Korday \$10.95.

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To find out where to buy these fashions, please turn to page 90.

modern screen
fashions



● Take to the woods in a white ruffled blouse—not a thing on your shoulders but a smitch of eyelet, laced with black ribbon. The skirt is red or blue seersucker, with a flirty ruffle up the back. Jinx Falkenburg demonstrates what this sort of thing does for a girl.

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How to have a wonderful vacation



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**in a Mexican
blouse and
vivid playskirt**



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Blouse, 10-16.....	\$2.98
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**WHERE
TO BUY**
See page 90



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How to have a wonderful vacation

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**in a romantic
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By Susan Shane. \$12.95.



WHERE
TO BUY

See page 90



How to have a wonderful vacation



Pose for a picture (for your boyfriend's wallet) in striped seersucker with eyelet. Rose or green. 32-38.
By Lee Knitwear. \$5.98.

Make your entrance on the beach in the cutest of all beachcoats. It's flared white Sanforized twill with red ric-rac. 12-18.
By Boreva Sportswear. About \$5.98.

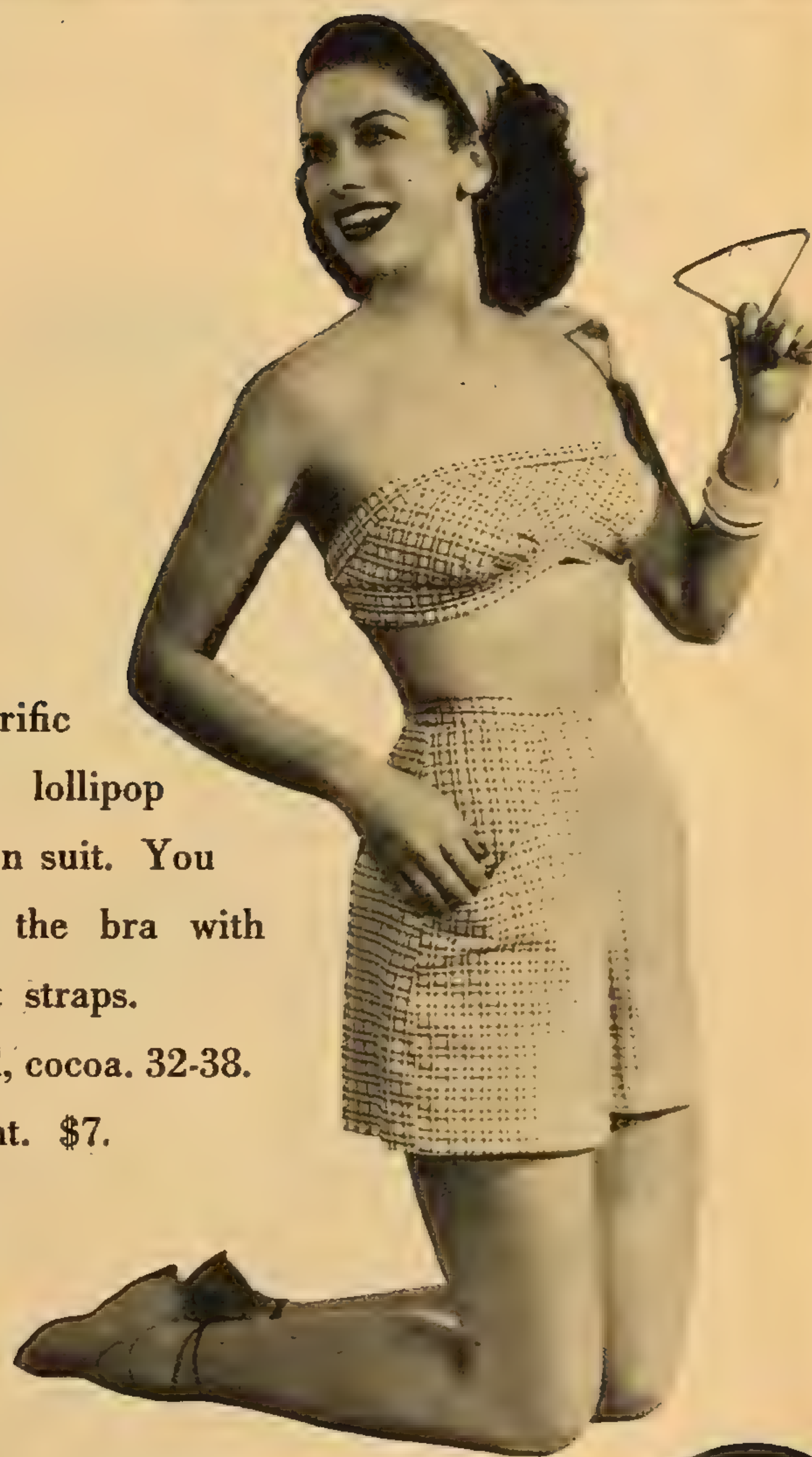
(POSED BY JINX FALKENBURG)

PLAY ON THE BEACH

**in a bra-top suit
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white beach coat**



Play beachball in
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lastex, siren
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plaid cotton suit. You
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Gold, coral, cocoa. 32-38.
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WHERE
TO BUY
See page 90

GO TO TOWN in a vivid cotton print

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By Peerless Casuals . . . \$10.95



How to have a wonderful vacation

WHERE
TO BUY
See page 90

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MAXINE
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Need a pair of sunglasses? Here's a pair with specs appeal in the frames. They're made of plastic and slant upward to give you that wonderful Chinese-y look. White is especially nice with a sunburn, but they do come in red, flesh, or natural too. All packed in a clear plastic carrying case to prevent scratching. Made by Grantly. To sell for about \$1. Order from Macy's, N. Y.



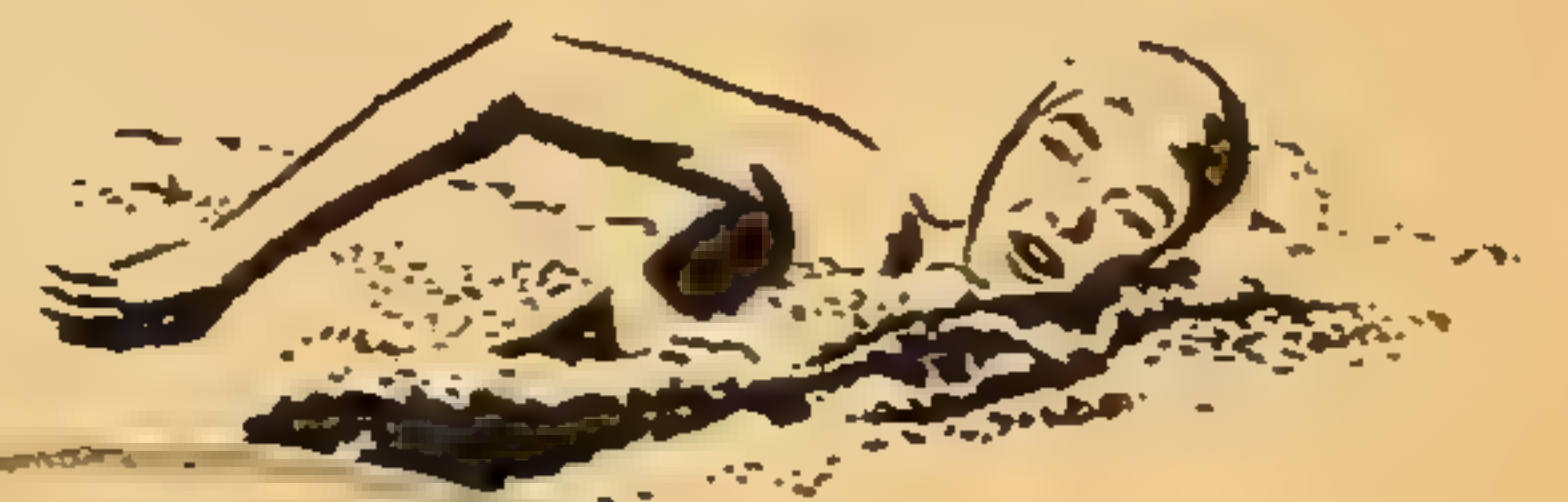
This bra has been made with great care and precision for the girl with a small bust. Two adjustable buckles gather together the elastic insert under each cup to make it appear fuller. Sizes 30 to 36. The cup size is important—AA for the very small, A for the small, B for the average. It's by Lucille Garden. In nylon it's \$2.50, in broadcloth \$2. Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.

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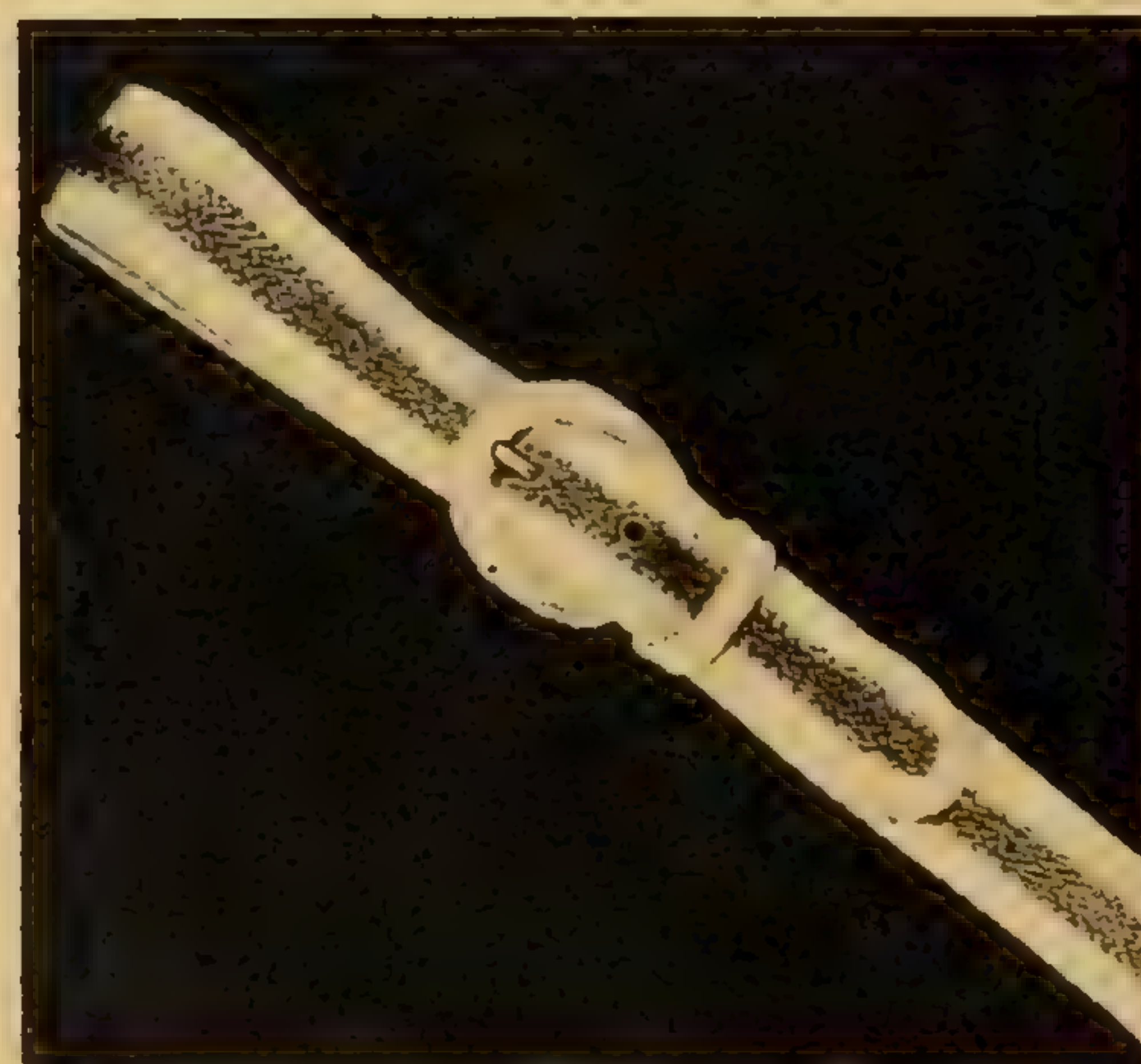
BY MAXINE FIRESTONE



A metal case to hold your lipstick and brush—even has a handy mirror. Choice of six luscious shades. By Henry Rosenfeld. \$1.50, plus tax, at Arnold Constable, N. Y.



Isn't this the cutest party bag? A shiny white plastic with gold stripes, zipper closing. Washes like a hanky. By Garay. About \$3, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.



A belt to match our favorite bag. Plastic in white and gold. Wear separately or together—you can't go wrong! By Garay, \$1, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.



What pretty shells! Matching pin and earring set, gold or silver finish. Tailored, expensive looking. By Ernest Steiner. \$2 each, plus tax, at Gerlou, 501 5th Ave., N. Y.



Pottery ash trays with "thank you for a lovely evening," any saying up to seven words, or initials. Blue or beige, \$1. Town & Country Gifts, 906 Madison Ave., N. Y.



Stuff your all into this plastic beach bag. You can also use it as a beach pillow (just unscrew the tube and blow). Blue, green or clear. About \$4, Saks-34th St., N. Y.

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JORDEAU INC. NEW YORK



day for beauty!

ALWAYS BE BATH
FRESH. THAT'S THE WARM-
WEATHER HINT TO
KEEP YOU CHARMING AT WORK,
HOME OR RESORT!

by Carol Carter,
Beauty Editor

■ Beauty in a bathing suit is a better sign of summer than an overflowing thermometer or a noisy robin. Anne (Trail Street) Jeffreys poses in designer Frances Sider's suit to prove that summer has come to MODERN SCREEN! And Anne gives us good grooming hints for sun-time. "Summer beauty," says she, "begins with the bath!"

Because heat is intense and activities are more highly geared, your body demands daily cleaning. When a-tubbing, use a pure, rich soap to work up a froth of de luxe suds. A long-handled brush will help you get at the hard-to-reach places on your pink-and-white self. Fragrant oil, crystals or bubble bath soften water, make richer lather.

Bent on all-day daintiness? Treat yourself to a generous splash of zesty cologne after toweling. Incidentally, we girls may buy all our bath toiletries to match. Cologne, bath oil, toilet water, sachet and such delights, all are fragrantly in tune! In their pretty packages they also make the ideal gift for a week-end hostess.

Bath-time insurance is very important. A deodorant protects against unpleasant odor. An antiperspirant checks the flow of perspiration, keeps underarms cool and dry. And the men in your family will be grateful if you leave the jar or bottle handy for them.

By now your summer bathing regime (plenty of soap, fragrant toiletries, perspiration check) assures you of complete daintiness. Do continue the theme by slipping into only the freshest of undies. Let your clothes avoid all trace of mustiness, soil or stain. Home dry-cleaning helps on this count. One particularly good cleaning fluid and its companion "spot and stain remover" are wonderful wardrobe aids.

Beach-side clothes reveal more of you than does your usual garb. You will look smooth, I assure you, because daily scrubbing leaves skin firm, scale-free, unblemished. As an extra skin-beautifier try this: about once a week give yourself an all-over massage with a creamy skin lotion. If elbows and heels are sand-papery, slather them with a rich cream.

Butterscotch to bisque, whatever the shade of your tan, suntan oil or lotion will keep you scorch-proof in the sun. And remember that basic daily bath to keep you beautiful in the sun!

* * *

Be your own make-up artist. The 12-page booklet, "How to Use Makeup" tells about application methods, "tools," even camouflage of facial defects! Send 10c with your name and address to: Carol Carter, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



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 Genius designed this bottle that won't tip, tilt
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and in a word it's *naylon* by La Cross

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Can you tell...
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Quite a difference here! One of these summer wash dresses costs \$17.95 . . . and the other, \$45. More than twice as much!

But the interesting thing is that both dresses look equally crisp, fresh and appealing—because they've been starched with LINIT*!

You'll find LINIT Starch gives a fresh, smooth, soil-resisting finish to all your things. Get a package today. Follow the easy directions on the box.

It's the shell pink dress that cost \$45.



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"Finishing touch"

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LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton look and feel luxurious as linen. Use LINIT to restore the charm of a fabric's original finish—for curtains, blouses, accessories, children's clothes, men's shirts. In fact, all your washables.

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

LOUIS JOURDAN, who will be the hottest thing in films when his American-made film, *The Paradine Case*, is released, was born in France 25 years ago, has blue eyes and dark hair, and stands an even 6' in height. He married the lovely Quiqui in France when the war ended. Has no fan club, and can be reached at Selznick Studios, Culver City, Calif.



Welcome back to STERLING HAYDEN, who returns to the screen after war duty, in *Blaze Of Noon*. He was born in Montclair, N. J., on March 26, 1916. Is 6'5" tall, weighs 212 lbs., and has blond hair and blue eyes. Divorced from Madeleine Carroll. Write him at Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, where he will next be seen in *The Sainted Sisters*.



You've seen ROBERT ARTHUR as Roz Russell's son in *Roughly Speaking*, and Kent Smith's boy in *Nora Prentiss*. He was born in Aberdeen, Wash., June 18, 1925. Is 5'8" tall, weighs 140 lbs. and has blue eyes and brown hair. He's unmarried. Can be reached at 20th-Fox, Beverly Hills, and his next pic is *Mother Wore Tights*.



Ed S., L. I.: The tune *Allyson* kept playing in *Secret Heart* was Chopin's *Nocturne, Opus 27, No. 2*.

Patsy Taylor, Hollywood: Your favorite comedian, Jan Murray, was born in N. Y. C., 29 years ago. He's 6' 3" tall, weighs 193 lbs., and has blue eyes and black hair. He's married, and has one son. If you'd like a photo, address him c/o *The Vanity Fair*, B'way and 49th St., N. Y.

Shirley Madans, Bronx: Sandra Swan, 1101 S. 6th Avenue, Ponca City, Okla., has the *Barbara Lawrence Club*; Stan Jacinski, 9023 Plainview Ave., Detroit, Mich., has Jack Buettel's; Mary Downing, Rte. No. 9, Box 265, Houston, Texas, has Billy Daniel's, and Dorene Granade, P. O. Box 22, Tarzana, Calif., has one for that lovely new starlet Helen Gerald.

I haven't spring fever when it comes to your letters, so send lots of them with your questions and self-addressed, stamped envelope, to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SPECIAL OFFER

SUPER-STAR INFORMATION CHART—1946-'47 (10c)—A new better-than-ever edition of the chart that's a 32-page pocket encyclopedia of exclusive, fascinating data on the private lives, wives, hobbies, used-to-be jobs, latest pics of all your favorite stars. 100 additional names never before listed! Please send 10c in coin to Service Dept., MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.



BLONDES Who Wash Hair This Way *Stay Light SAFELY*

New Shampoo Made Specially for Blondes Brightens Dull Hair

To help keep light hair from darkening, wash it with BLONDEX, the new 11-minute blonde shampoo. Its rich, cleansing lather instantly removes the dull film that makes hair dark, dingy. Gives hair lovely lightness and lustre. Safe for children. For sparkling, extra highlights, follow your BLONDEX shampoo with BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE. Adds the tiny touch of color often needed. Both cost little. Get BLONDEX SHAMPOO and BLONDEX GOLDEN RINSE at 10c, drug and department stores.

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Here it is time for your annual two weeks with pay. Or, if you're in school, two whole months of leisure . . . you lucky thing. So our theme for this issue is "How To Have a Wonderful Time on your Vacation."

Now we'd be the last to deny that good duds have a great deal to do with good fun. After all, that idea is practically our life work. But, nevertheless, we feel that *one* way to be sure you have a wonderful time on your vacation is not to make too much fuss over your clothes. Planning's one thing—stewing's another.

If you could have seen the girls *we've* seen . . . knocking themselves out with six weeks' shopping—for a two weeks' trip! Getting into a dither hunting down one precise halter or belt they *had* to have. Flying into a panic that they wouldn't be able to change their costumes at least three times a day. Rushing out at the very last minute for one more evening gown—just in case. Result? Result—they arrived too exhausted to have any fun. And while they were upstairs trying to decide which of their five pairs of shorts to wear—the girl who only brought *one* pair was down on the tennis court snagging all the handsome men!

Smart travelers have always known that the thing to do is travel *light*. Certainly you want clothes to cover every occasion—and certainly you want to look as pretty as possible in them. But you can do that with a mere half dozen costumes . . . as we think we prove in this issue:—

Start off with a three-piece playsuit (the one Jinx wears on page 75). This gets you all set for anything active that calls for shorts—and it gives you a midriff playdress for casual fooling around. When you want to be slightly more covered up—climb into one of our Mexican blouses with a full playskirt. These are rugged enough to take any kind of antics from picnics to hikes—and yet feminine enough to sit around on the hotel porch and look alluring. Add a bathing suit and beach coat, a romantic date dress, and a little street dress for running into town. If you think you'll need it, pack one evening dress which you can vary with jewelry and such—and possibly a light topcoat—just in case it's chilly. That adds up to from six to eight costumes. What more could you possibly want? And that way your heart is as light as your traveling bag. And—the total clothes bill is nice and light too!

Have fun!

Connie Bartel

The
Austinair
styled by
Tommie Austin



Now it's Dan River's de luxe woven gingham plaids for your fagoted favorite! Crystal-cool white plaided in pink and green, blue and brown, green and black. Sizes 12 to 20. Under \$13

Mail Orders will be filled through nearest Tommie Austin retailer. Give second color choice, or write Dept. M for store's name.

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Skintees
FOR THE GIRL
WHO RATES DATES

**FITS
LIKE
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SKIN**

Smooth, sweet and neat—these lovable, rinsable knit panties give you alluring figure magic calculated to snare your best beau. What do SKINTEES have that you can't find in ordinary panties? An original system of sizing based on your own hip measurements—in inches. SKINTEES can't bag, bulge or ride. Next time you buy, don't say 'panties'—say SKINTEES.

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I, too, crave beautiful contours like the SKINTEES Girl. Send me your FREE booklet on FIGURE CONTROL.

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BY MARTI OF HOLLYWOOD



Now sunglasses join your glamour gallery...

with a whole galaxy of flattering fashions.

Choose *several* styles and colors, for Hollywood

says a sunglass wardrobe's the latest thing!

Beautiful! Safe! And so very inexpensive!



Grantly

Sunglasses

WHERE YOU CAN BUY THE

HAVE A PICNIC

Three-piece seersucker playsuit worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 75)

Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Loeser's

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co.

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th

Red leather playshoes worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 75)

Boise, Idaho—C. C. Anderson Co.

Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.

New York, N. Y.—Macy's

St. Paul, Minn.—The Emporium

Dotted swiss off-shoulder blouse worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 76)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus

Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs Store

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Striped seersucker skirt worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 76)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus

Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.

Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs Store

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Dotted swiss blouse with square ruffled neck and sleeves worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 77)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus

Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.

Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs Store

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

Butcher rayon skirt with lacing down front worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 77)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus

Denver, Colorado—The May Co., Downstairs Store

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller, Downstairs Store

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

MEET YOUR DATE

Plaid cotton dress with deep hem flounce
worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 79)

Birmingham, Ala.—Pizitz

Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus

Detroit, Mich.—Frank & Seder

Memphis, Tenn.—Bry-Block

St. Louis, Mo.—Sonnenfeld's

PLAY ON THE BEACH

Sanforized twill beach coat worn by Jinx
Falkenburg (Page 80)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus

Denver, Colo.—The May Co., Downstairs
Store

Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Brothers

St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller,
Downstairs Store

Two-piece striped seersucker bathing suit
worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 80)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus

New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th

Two-piece "Lollipop" plaid cotton bathing
suit worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 81)

Boston, Mass.—Chandler & Co.

New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co.

Two-piece satin lastex and jersey bathing
suit worn by Jinx Falkenburg (Page 81)

Dubuque, Iowa—Roshek Brothers

Fresno, Calif.—Fresno Dry Goods Co.

Los Angeles, Calif.—Smart Togs Shop

Portsmouth, O.—Bragdon's Dept. Store

GO TO TOWN

Plaid cotton button-down front dress worn
by Arleen Whelan (Page 82)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh

Cleveland, Ohio—The Higbee Co.

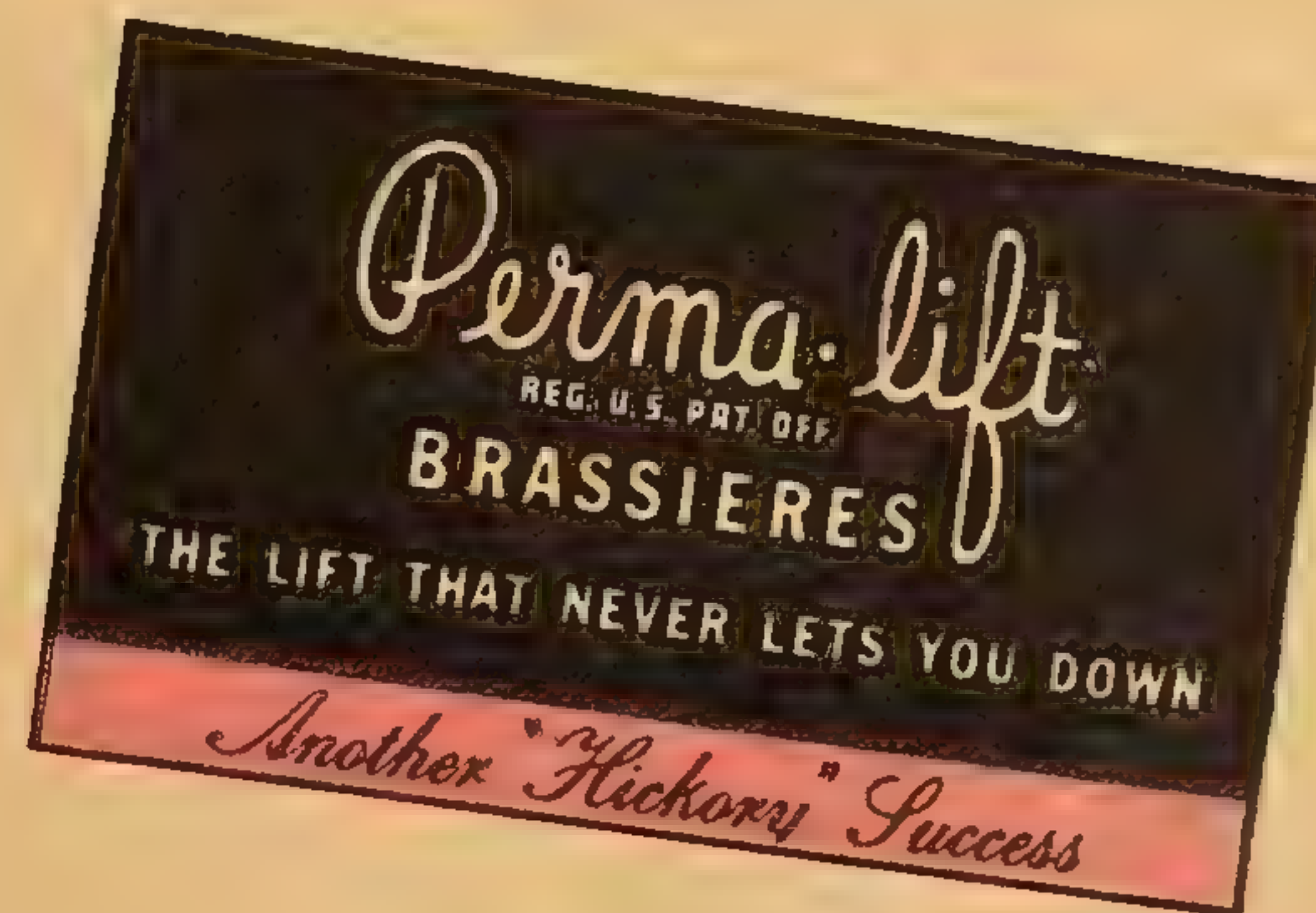
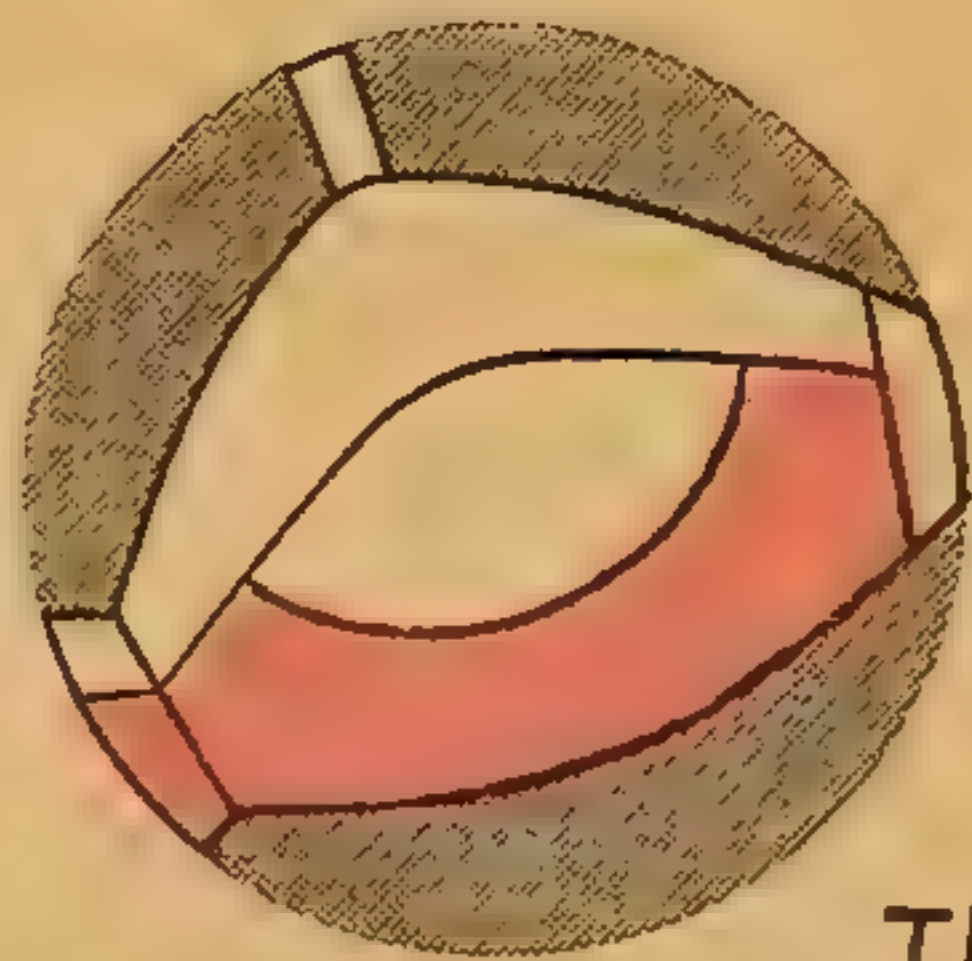
Milwaukee, Wis.—Schuster's

New York, N. Y.—Stern's

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Gimbels



THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

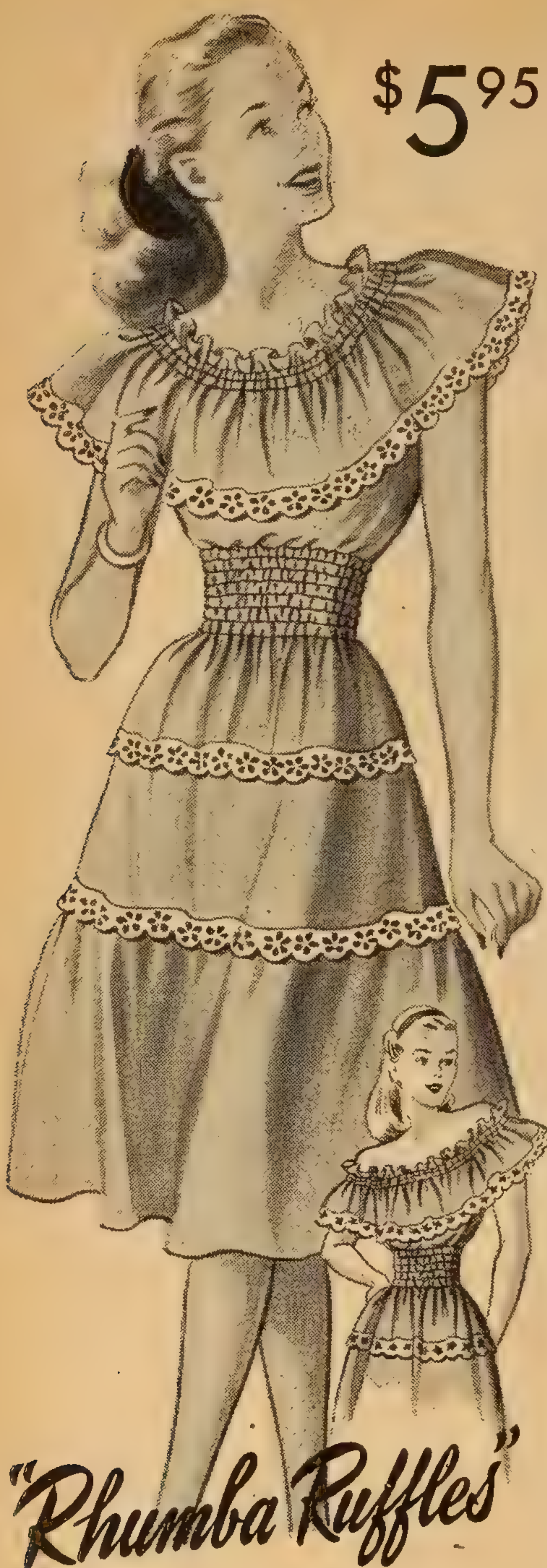


There's magic in your "Perma-lift"* Bra—the magic of comfortable uplift. In a "Perma-lift" Bra, the specially constructed cushion insets at the base of the bra cups gently support your bust from below—never lose that support thru ever so many washings and wearings. Your favorite corsetiere has a "Perma-lift" Bra for you—smartly styled in lovely new fabrics—most styles 1.75 to 3.50. • For a real comfort thrill, you'll also enjoy a new "Perma-lift" Girdle. No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays.

*"Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. STEIN & COMPANY (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

SECRET HEART

(Continued from page 33)



\$5.95

"Rhumba Ruffles"

WEAR IT TWO WAYS!

A rhumba number that is out of this world! Ruffled elastic neckline can be worn on or off-the-shoulder, in the South American way. Exquisite Rayon Crepe with white eyelet lingerie trim. Has full swinging skirt and wide elastic shirred midriff. Colors: Powder, Pink, Aqua, Maize. Sizes 9 to 15. **\$5.95**

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Send me the "Rhumba Ruffles" Dress. On arrival
I'll pay the postman \$5.95 plus postage.

SIZE—9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐

Indicate 1st & 2nd color choice

Powder ☐ Pink ☐ Aqua ☐ Maize ☐

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STATE

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Between her and Laguna rose a pair of brown eyes that she'd first met in St. Louis six years ago. . .

She'd just been signed to sing with Ted FioRito's band. She was fifteen, and dressed it. When she showed up with her chic, dark-haired mother, the fellows took it for granted that their new vocalist was the pretty brunette.

That's what the boy in the swing thought, as the two walked past toward their cottage on the grounds of the Meadowbrook Country Club. His gaze followed them. Whoever the little blonde was, he didn't like her. Stuck-up, he decided. Jimmy was seventeen. This was his first big-name engagement, too, and his first trip away from home.

At rehearsal he discovered that he'd made two mistakes. The little blonde was the singer, and she wasn't stuck-up. June discovered that the dark slender boy in the swing was Jimmy Zito, that he blew a terrific trumpet, and that the eyes she'd glimpsed in passing were even deeper and softer at close range. They had their first date in Texas. Went to an amusement park and rode The Whip. Pretty soon it was, "Mother, d'you mind if I go with Jimmy and get some ice cream?" or "Mother, Jimmy wants to take me horseback riding—"

The summer ended. Dot and Evvie had closed the Rock Island apartment and joined their mother and sister for the trek to Hollywood, where the band had bookings and Ted had his eye on a movie contract for June. At first it looked hopeful; then it didn't, but by that time Evvie was crazy about Beverly High, and wanted to stay. Before the band left, June was going to Beverly, too, satisfied to let the career simmer for a while. Only thing she hated was saying goodbye to Jimmy.

It was then, as they walked with his arm around her, that Jimmy first asked June to marry him. But, of course, they were much too young. "I'll write every night, though," she promised, and at first she did. And from wherever the band went, came little surprises—funny dolls, woolly animals, and—a big joke between them!—cartons of black olives, because June was mad for them. And on Valentine's Day he always sent an orchid . . .

time to grow . . .

But June was still in the process of growing up—which to every girl means the thrill of romance and attention. And if you're a girl to whom Hollywood has suddenly flung its doors wide open, the glamor's intensified. You work hard but it's exciting work, and you meet all kinds of new and exciting people. One night she had a date with a young man highly placed in movie circles. When she got in, Mother was sound asleep.

"Wake up, Mother! What d'you think happened? Our very first date, and he proposed!"

Mother rolled over. "Are you flattered by that? Go to bed, hon."

Suddenly it made the whole business comical. Giggling, she kissed Mother's ear and went off to bed. . .

But if she wasn't dazzled, she was certainly interested. There was Vic Mature. Bob Hutton. Bob Stack. John Duzik. And Dave Rose, though Dave was different. Gentle and understanding, you could talk to him about anything in the world. He was like part of the family, the only one of her men friends with whom Mother ever exchanged Christmas gifts.

Yet, through all this, Jimmy was far from forgotten. True, she no longer wrote every night, but she never missed an opening of whatever band he was with, and while he was in town, she'd always concentrate on Jimmy. Mother had the welcome mat out for all their friends, but Jimmy was something special.

"I believe you love him like a son," said Dot.

"Never thought of it that way, but I believe I do."

She wasn't, however, the kind to go around picking husbands, any more than the girls would let their husbands be picked. When Jimmy asked again, the answer was still no, though June's eyes were warm with affection and regret.

"I'm not grown up enough. I'm too busy working. I've got to be sure I'm in love."

It was October, '45, and June was in Chicago for the opening of *The Dolly Sisters*. Later, they were going to the Pump Room to celebrate. She'd see Jimmy there. He was playing with Les Brown's band.

writer's cramp . . .

Through the nineteen months of his service in the army, she hadn't heard from him once. "I just don't understand it, Mother."

"I do, dear. You know he was never one for the limelight. You're in pictures now. Your name's in the papers. They've got you going out with this one and that. In the army, kids don't make very much. Guess he figures he can't compete."

"What's money got to do with it?"

"Maybe nothing from your point of view. But a lot from his."

In Chicago, she looked for a message at the hotel. Plenty of messages, but none from Jimmy. Well, never mind, he'd have to be at the Pump Room, she'd see him there.

And she did. Across a crowded dance floor, he smiled from behind the trumpet and that was all. No attempt to come down to their table between numbers, no special warmth in the smile, nothing to hint that he'd ever cared two cents about her.

The party over, she and Mother went up to pack. June was abnormally silent.

"What's wrong, honey?"

She burst into tears. "Jimmy, that's what. Not even to call. Not even to come over and say hello or goodbye."

Even Mother couldn't rationalize that one. "If he doesn't care enough to say hello or goodbye, you'll just have to take it." Then, as in a movie, came the rap on the door. "Who is it?"

"Jimmy!" He entered, grinning. "I'll probably lose my job. Just walked off the stand to come up and say goodbye."

June flew at him. "Why didn't you write?" she was demanding, as Mother slipped out and closed the door behind her . . .

In July, Les Brown opened at the Palladium. Dave Rose, who knew all about Jimmy, asked not only June, but Evvie and Mother as his guests. They stood in the doorway, looking for their boy, but all they saw behind the horn was a face with a mustache. It couldn't be Jimmy. Then, from under the mustache, came a thrilling cadenza. It was Jimmy. Who else played cadenzas like that?

"It's got to be a bet," moaned Evvie, "or I'll never forgive him."

As they moved toward their table, the

number came to an end. Jimmy stepped down, his eyes on June.

"What're you trying to be, Methuselah?"
"I've got things to tell you."

So Dave said, "Run along," and they sat at a little corner table with a bottle of ginger ale, while Jimmy explained that he had to make himself look older because, come winter, he was organizing an 11-man band of his own. Frank Comstock, Brown's arranger, was all set to do some arrangements for Jimmy, too.

"And we're coming out to rehearse right after Christmas, because our first bookings'll be on the West Coast."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Jimmy."

Of course, she meant the band. He didn't dare hope that maybe she meant something else, too.

Anyway, they came out in January. Once more June concentrated on Jimmy. But more soberly this time and with clearer vision.

In February she appeared on a Bob Hope broadcast. She'd been tense and on edge and, after all the excitement, she felt let down. People crowded around, lavishing compliments and praise. They were kind and, of course, she was grateful, but what they said just wasn't true. No one could be that good.

Jimmy waited in the hall, cool, matter-of-fact. "You were okay, baby. Let's go get something to eat."

show business . . .

She tucked her hand under his arm and felt wonderful. It was like moving out of a hothouse into fresh air. To Jimmy, the broadcast had been just another job. They talked the same language. Too much of anything embarrassed them both.

"One thing I'm sure of," she told herself that night. "I'll never marry anyone else till he does."

A few evenings later they were all up in her sitting-room, razzing Jimmy about his mustache, for a change. Catching Evvie's eye, June broke into the lingo they keep on tap for exchanging secrets in front of other people. Her sister disappeared, to return with razor, shaving cream and a towel over her arm. "Come on, Mr. Zito, you're having your mustache trimmed."

"Over my dead body—"

"You talk to him, Mother."

"Not me. I remember what my grandmother used to say: kissing a man without a mustache is like eating eggs without salt."

Jimmy eyed her thoughtfully. "Mom, d'you care if I marry June?"

"No, why don't you?"

The small blonde whirled on them both, arms akimbo. "Hey, do I have anything to say about this?"

They discussed it seriously, too, but June couldn't bring herself to say more than maybe. "I don't want to do anything in a hurry."

"In a hurry! I've been asking you for six years. For six years you've been giving me silly reasons why you couldn't."

"They weren't silly, Jimmy. I'm not 21 yet, and you're only 23. Maybe—well, maybe when the picture's finished in June. I want a real honeymoon. I want to walk down the aisle in my bridal satin—I've had it a long time, Jimmy—and the rose-point lace Mother picked up in New Orleans—just think, it's 125 years old."

As they drove home, Jimmy said, "You know, honey, I have a feeling we'll never get married."

"Why, Jimmy?"

"Oh—just a feeling. You'll meet somebody else. I'll meet somebody else—"

That's how matters stood when the director gave her four days off.

At home Evvie was dressing to go out. "I'm having dinner with Jim McNamara and another couple at The Sportsman's

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Lodge. You and Jimmy care to join us?"
"Well—I'm not sure—maybe we'll meet you there."

It worked out that they were bowling along the highway and talking about nothing remotely related to marriage. Then suddenly two words from Jimmy's companion struck him dumb.

"We'll elope."

He continued driving for another minute or so, then drew carefully over and turned the ignition off. "Now say it again."

"We'll elope."

"I don't believe you."

"All right, you'll see. Let's go to The Sportsman's Lodge and find Evvie."

... Scene shifts to the Havers' guest room, occupied for the time by Dorothy, Bill Flynn, her husband, and month-old baby Kathleen. Dot was home with the folks to recuperate from the baby's birth. Mrs. Haver was adoring her granddaughter when the phone rang.

"It's June, Mother."

Something clicked in Mrs. Haver's mind as she picked up the phone. "Where are you, June?"

"Sportsman's Lodge."

"Are you planning to get married?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Just a feeling—"

"Get ready, Mother. We're going to Las Vegas."

... In the dining-room at Sportsman's Lodge, someone handed Evvie a folded cocktail napkin. The note had been written with eyebrow pencil. "Evvie," it read. "Be home by 11:30. Las Vegas. June."

Ev caught her sister and brother-in-law-elect on the run. "Are you kidding?"

"No, we just talked to Mother, everything's fine. Finish your dinner and be home by 11:30."

Evvie stood still till the car disappeared round a bend. "Dinner, she says!"

Upstairs, the girls were helping June dress.

"Forgive me, Dot, for getting married when you couldn't come?" June said.

"On one condition. Be as happy as I am."

Jimmy paced the hall, assuring himself that pretty soon he'd wake up. Down the stairs came June in her mink coat, smiling.

"Will it scare your mother if the phone rings this late? Then let's call her."

They put the call through to Chicago; they talked to his mother and sister Carmen; they hung up. Jimmy mopped his brow. "Now I believe it," he said.

... At 8 they were in Las Vegas. At 8:30 they stood before a justice of the peace. Till then Jimmy had been the shakier one. Now his voice was firm.

"I take you, June—"

Hers was a whisper. "I take you, James—"

Over her finger he slipped the ring his mother'd given him when he first left home. Then his arms went around her. "Hello, Mrs. Zito," he said in her ear.

They went to El Rancho for breakfast, whooped over a magazine Evvie'd picked up. JUNE HAVER—BACHELOR GIRL, read the coverline. June wanted to know, had anyone cried at her wedding?

"Not me," declared Mother. "I was too busy watching my son-in-law steal the scene from you."

"Not me," said Evvie. "I kept looking at my foot. Felt a runner coming."

They phoned the studio, and Grandmother, and Jimmy's folks again. They sent Ted FioRito a wire, signed: "Your two kids." At home they found messages galore, a beautiful telegram from Mr. Zanuck, roses from Jimmy's mother to "my darling daughter and son."

June drew her husband upstairs to the sitting-room.

"Let's turn on the radio. Whatever it plays, will be our song from now on."

"Even if it's corny?"

"It won't be."

She turned the dial. Softly over the air came the notes of *The Warsaw Concerto*.

"I suppose you know who did the proposing, Mr. Zito? Me. Shall I tell you what I promised myself last month? That I'd never marry anyone else till you did."

"I was way ahead of you, baby. I made myself that promise six years ago."



Trumpeter Jimmy Zito kisses his bride, June Haver, after their marriage in St. Timothy's Catholic Church in West Los Angeles on March 26. They were married in a civil ceremony on March 9.

YOU CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT BING

(Continued from page 31)

Como and Russell, about 5%, and Frankie, fourth with 3-4%."

Fortune Magazine estimates Crosby's wax royalties netted him over \$600,000 for '46. Jack Kapp says Decca's initial sales of Bing's records for '47 indicate he will take home as much, or more.

It all adds up to this: Old Moon Faced and Starry Eyed is still top dog. George Frazier may not be buying Crosby's records, but George Customer is.

Now let's see how the poor old fellow with the receding hairline is doing on the radio.

Ten years ago, he was listed among the First Fifteen programs, with a rating of 19.6. As I punch this out, he is again among the First Fifteen with a rating of 21.7. And remember, we're not hearing Crosby in person. We're getting the transcribed show which the network wisenheimers insisted could not succeed.

Fortune Magazine points out that CBS and NBC, fighting the transcription experiment, "have crammed their Wednesday night shows with flashy programs in an effort to keep listeners from tuning in on Bing."

So far they have found that bucking him has been like trying to holler down a hurricane. When the Great Throat levels on a new song, 50,000 copies still move off the music counters the next day.

Uncle Sam and his missus like Frankie and Perry fine. But, judging by the ratings, the sitting, standing, running, jumping, song-singing champ of the world is still the man with the conservative Technicolor shirts.

Mr. Frazier quotes Frank Coniff as saying Crosby's latest picture is getting the once-over-lightly. I wouldn't know about that, but I figured the auditor up in the Paramount Building would. So I asked him. He ran up some figures for me. Here they are. They show the grosses of the Crosby movies released by Paramount for the past seven years. *Birth of the Blues*, released in 1941, is figured at 100%, and we take it from there:

1941 <i>Birth of the Blues</i>	100%
1942 <i>Holiday Inn</i>	175%
1942 <i>Road to Morocco</i>	211%
1943 <i>Dixie</i>	218%
1944 <i>Going My Way</i> (Highest grosser in 35-year history of Paramount)	
1945 <i>Here Come the Waves</i>	225%
1946 <i>Road to Utopia</i>	298%
1947 <i>Blue Skies</i>	421%

(With more play dates to come)

Laying statistics aside for the minute, let's not forget the little gold statue which stands among the paste pots on Mr. Bingo's office shelf. The Oscar signifies that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences thought his performance in *Going My Way* was the best-acting of any man in American movies that year. Not bad for a guy from Gonzaga who broke into show business with the Rhythm Boys, singing, "It's a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud."

Fortune Magazine, as you know, plays them close to the chest and doesn't go in for overstatement. I like its conservative estimate of Old Frog-in-the-Throat in its recent article—"Crosby is head man in every branch of American entertainment but sidewalk magic. First in films, first on the air, and first on the phonographs of his countrymen."

Declining, eh?

So is Mt. Everest! So is kissing!



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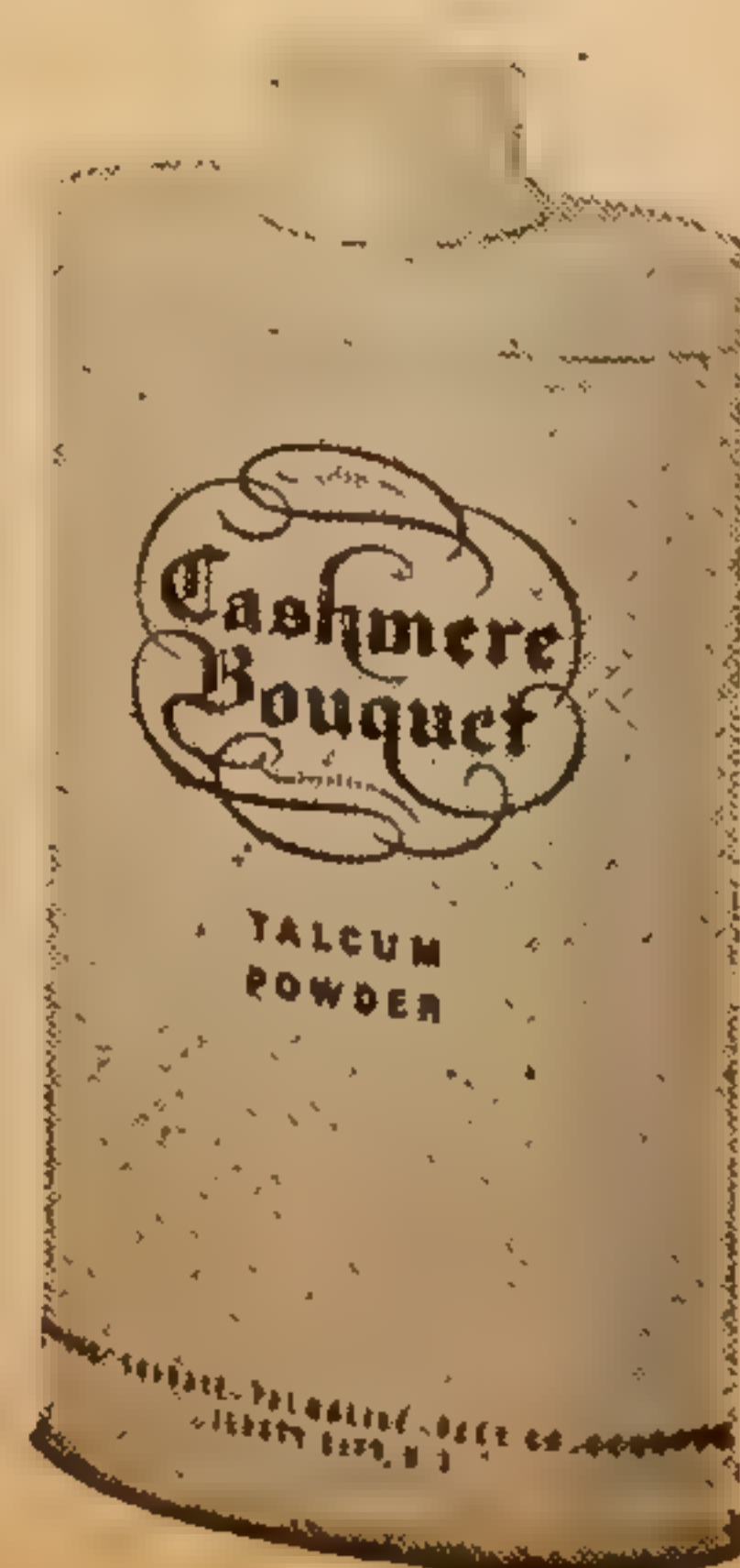
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POPULAR

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS ALL MAKE BELIEVE—*Hal McIntyre (MGM); Eddy Howard (Majestic)

Hal McIntyre's band (featuring Frankie Lester's vocal here) is one of a big bunch of stars' names that have switched to the new M-G-M label.

I TIPPED MY HAT (AND SLOWLY RODE AWAY)—*The Smoothies (Apollo); *Harry James (Columbia); Blue Barron (M-G-M)

I WANT TO THANK YOUR FOLKS—**Frank Sinatra (Columbia); **King Cole Trio (Capitol); *Perry Como (Victor); *Larry Douglas (Signature); Saxie Dowell (Sonora); Ink Spots (Decca)

Another hit by Benny Benjamin and George Weiss, the *Rumors Are Flying* team. Larry Douglas is a new name worth watching; I used to hear him on the *Gloom Dodgers* show.

MOON FACED, STARRY EYED—*Sarah Vaughan-Teddy Wilson (Musicraft); Freddy Martin (Victor); *Benny Goodman-Johnny Mercer (Capitol).

Remember way back when Johnny Mercer was guest vocalist on some old BG Victor records? Johnny has now returned the compliment by signing Benny up with his record company and singing on the first Capitol BG release. Poet Langston Hughes wrote lyrics for this and the other Kurt Weill songs in the new Broadway musical version of *Street Scene*.

TEA FOR TWO—*Joe Mooney Quartet (Decca)

However tired you are of the tune, here's a version to brighten up sagging parties, with special Mooney lyrics such as "Do you long for Oolong like I long for Oolong?" and "Up to their eyeballs in teaballs." Other side's listed under Movies. (CORPSE CAME C.O.D.)

HOT JAZZ

CHARLIE BARNET—*Cherokee; *The New Redskin Rhumba (Cardinal)

New versions of the Indian twin hits on Charlie's own label. Dig the trumpet work by the great Al Killian!

EDMOND HALL—TEDDY WILSON—*Quartet Album (Commodore)

Six pleasant sides, including *Where or When*, *Night and Day*, *Sleepy Time Gal*, by the Cafe Society partners, reunited for records. Which reminds me: if you get that Jerry Jerome Trio album on Stinson, the pianist labeled as "Fingers MacDigits" is friend Teddy again.

LIONEL HAMPTON—Hamp's Boogie Woogie Album (Decca)

STAN KENTON—**Concerto To End All Concertos (Capitol)

LENNIE TRISTANO—**I Can't Get Started (Keynote)

A sensational blind pianist from Chicago, with a strictly 1965 style. Warning: most people will feel about this record the way most people felt about Stravinsky in 1913. Which means someday you'll be glad you bought it!

FROM THE MOVIES

CORPSE CAME C.O.D.—Warm Kiss and Cold Heart: *Joe Mooney (Decca)

IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN—Time After Time: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor); *Jimmy Dorsey (M-G-M); **Sarah Vaughan (Musicraft); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Margaret Whiting (Capitol)

Sinatra Songs, Inc., have a flock of good discs of several hits from this film, including *Samie Old Dream*; *Time After Time*; *I Believe* and *Whose Baby Are You?* Looks like another good deal for Frankie.

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE—Beside You; My Favorite Brunette: **Bob Hope & Dorothy Lamour (Capitol)

Did you see the picture? Remember a song called *My Favorite Brunette*? That's right, I'm wrong—there wasn't one. But it makes a cute idea for a cute record tying in with the picture. *Beside You* was in the picture, very briefly, but Bob and Dotty make a lot more out of it here.

PERILS OF PAULINE—Poppa, Don't Preach To Me: *Phil Harris (Victor); Marion Hutton (Capitol)

RAZOR'S EDGE—Mam'selle: Art Lund (M-G-M); Dennis Day (Victor); Ray Dorey (Majestic)

Another song from a non-musical picture (more or less); from the French cafe scene. Nice arrangement on the Lund version.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Rhapsody In Blue: *Paul Whiteman (Signature). Somebody Loves Me: *Bill Harris (Dial)

P.S.: Thanks for the big bunch of mail on my "Sweet Vs. Hot" controversy. Was pleased to note that with only three exceptions, every single letter received said, "I like both sweet and hot music if played right." (Excerpts from winning letter are on page 108.)

PAPA FLYNN

(Continued from page 12)

a white-robed nun came in. Silently he followed her out, and the stares of the nurses went with him.

"It's a girl," the nun announced with a happy smile.

"And Nora," he asked her quickly, "how is she?"

"Nora is all right. She's just fine. Poor child, she did have a bad time of it for a while, but she's all right now, Mr. Flynn. Thanks be to the good God. And the baby is such a little beauty."

A minute later Errol Flynn was standing beside his wife's bed, holding and stroking her hand as she smiled wanly up at him.

"You're all right? You're sure?" he was saying.

"I'm all right, of course, darling. Oh, Errol dear, she's the very image of you. Just wait till you see." She had hardly said the words when another white-robed sister brought the baby in—Sister Rose, head of the Maternity Ward. She placed the quiet little bundle in Errol's arms, and he looked wonderingly at his new daughter.

"She's not red-haired like Deirdre," he said. "And her nose isn't flat the way Deirdre's was at first. Why, she has a nose like mine!" Slowly a grin widened on the face that has thrilled tens of millions on the screen. He gave the precious thing in his arms back to Sister Rose, and then he leaned down tenderly, and left a kiss on Nora's brow.

Downstairs, the nurses were excited and flustered. They were debating whether Errol was as handsome in the flesh as he is on the screen, and the verdict, not entirely unanimous, was that he was even more so. When he came down again, he didn't pause, but hurried to his car and sped away.

say it with flowers . . .

Not long afterwards a florist's truck drove up to unload armfuls of lovely spring flowers which brought a fresh fragrance to the room where Nora slept. Twice a day, thereafter, the florist's truck arrived, and twice a day Errol Flynn drove up in his roadster, always alone.

He had wanted to take a room in the hospital to be close to his Nora when her time came, but the scarcity of hospital space would not permit that. And it wasn't because Nora was Mrs. Errol Flynn that she got a private room. She was just lucky. Most mothers nowadays have to share a room with another, but Nora happened to arrive on a day when a single room was being vacated. It would have been easier for all concerned if the hospital had been able to put Errol up, for he hung on the phone all night. The doctor, who wasn't getting much rest either, finally advised him to go to bed and let others get their rest, too.

Nora laughed indulgently about Errol's jitters the day we had our long, cozy interview. She was propped up in bed on a rampart of pillows, and Errol's flowers made the room fragrant. She was really a proud and happy girl.

"What's the baby's name?" I inquired. "Rory," she told me. "I had decided on Rory long in advance, because it fits either a boy or a girl. As a matter of fact, I talked it over with Errol's father when we were on the yacht together, and he loved the name. Errol named our first Deirdre, but I named this one."

"She's really beautiful," I said. "Do you know what Errol told me the

(Continued on page 99)

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the fans



MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION • SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

■ PLAIN TALK: Say, clubbers, have we been giving you the impression it's FUN to run a fan club? Of course, it is! But as our good friend, Maym Sagert, able prexy of Jane Withers' Pals, cautions: "Don't forget to tell 'em it's hard WORK, too!" The plain truth is: not everybody who WANTS to pilot a club is CAPABLE of the job. Some clubs zoom along for a while on the prexy's enthusiasm. Then, bang! One fine day, he or she hits a rough spot, all the enthusiasm vanishes, and the club goes pfft! So, please, DON'T try to start a club unless you're going to be scrupulously honest with your star, your members and yourself. You must have the ability to organize your work, handle money intelligently, delegate tasks to competent helpers, and be diplomatic and courteous to everyone. Club dues must be acknowledged at once; inquiries and letters must all be answered promptly. You must keep a budget—being careful not to spend all the dues on the first journal. Keep a bank account for the club, if possible. Above all, don't demand too much of your honorary star. As Maym says, "Too many prexies act as if they own their star." If it does become necessary to disband your club, notify—in writing—all members, honoraries, exchange prexies, star, and other interested parties. And here's some advice to the stars: don't be indiscriminate about granting permission to everyone who wants to start a club in your honor. Usually, a single exchange of letters will reveal whether the applicant is sincere, intelligent and talented enough to direct the varied activities of a worthwhile fan club. There—we've spoken quite freely, but we know you'll agree that it just had to be said.

CLUB BANTER: Latest news of Hollywood Party (June 23-29) reveals 187 out-of-town prexies plan to be on hand for the convention-party—over 500 will attend, in all. Latest addition to the activities is an afternoon picnic and dance on a private estate. Address inquiries: Suite 707, 427 W. 5 St., L. A. 13, Calif. (see pic, page 8) . . . Just for the records, it's Gerry Kee, 522 Fairbanks Ave., Oakland, Calif., who now has the Alan Ladd Club Pearl Tice almost took over . . . the Sinatra Guild is off—but we hear something else is brewing at 1776 B'way . . . almost 100 mems attended Rise Stevens' tea at the Essex

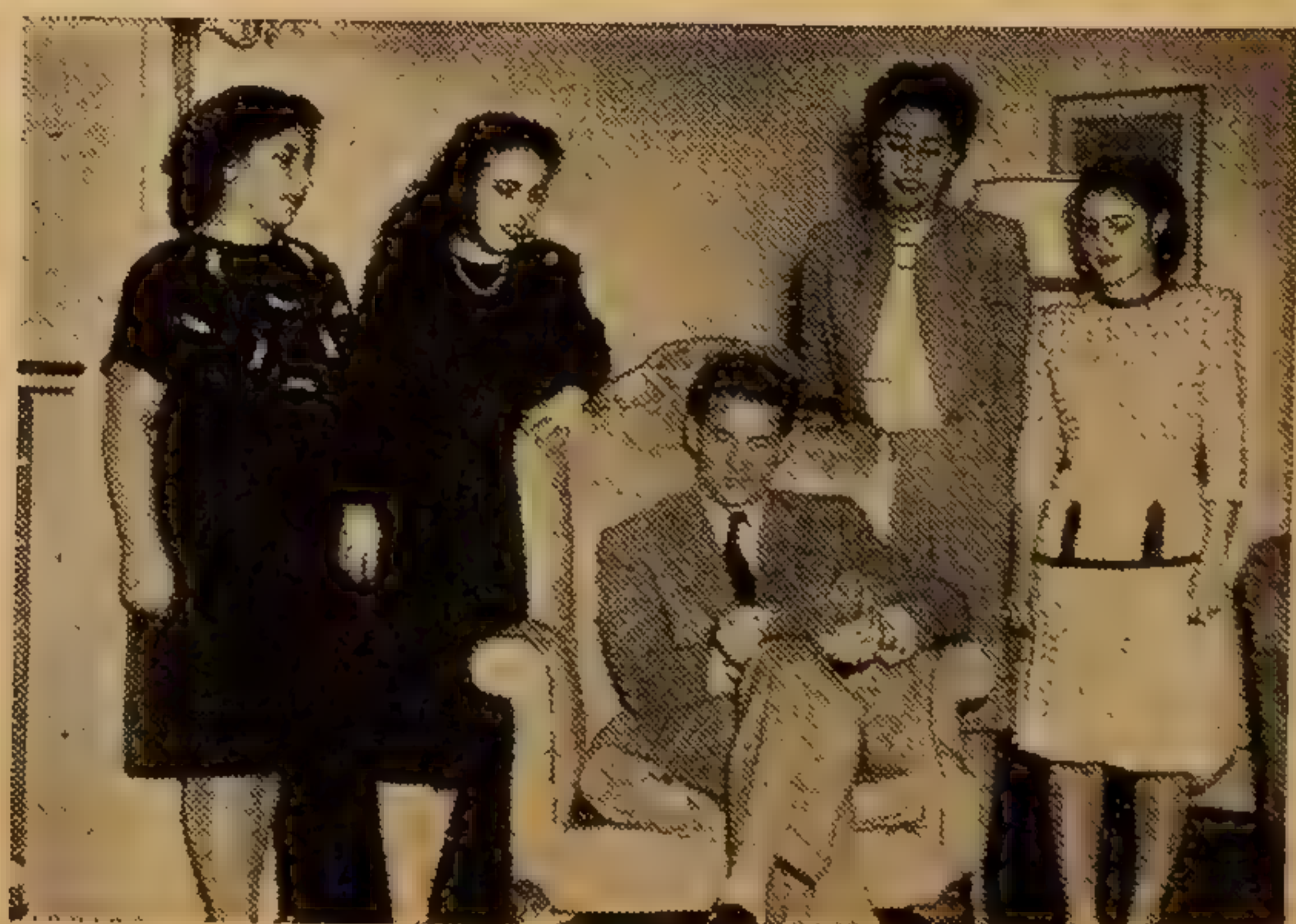
House . . . Louella Correia's Jack Owens Swoonsters snagged a nice hunk of publicity in the New Bedford Standard-Times . . . Bob Crosby's p.a. in Chi brought a slew of backstage visitors, including corro Leane Cook and prexy Isabel Lee . . . Thanks to the Bobby Beers Clubbers, Southern Music Company will put Bobby's pic on the cover of "My Adobe Hacienda" . . . Joyce Bronas, Eddie Ryan mem, is singing with Johnny Winslow's ork . . . the whole Don Richards clan will receive 4-leaf-clover charms from Don, with the name of his smash show, *Finian's Rainbow*, engraved thereon . . . Jo Rampino fixed it so her honorary, bandleader Al Lombardy, could guest-star on Dolores Craeg's "Between Us Teens" show for WINS . . . Terry Smith's Skippy Homeier bunch is starting a mixed choir . . . Nelson Eddy M. C. has inaugurated a scholarship in his (Continued on page 100)

TROPHY CUP CONTEST (Lap 4) Leading clubs: League 1: Nelson Eddy Music, 750; Dennis Morgan, 650; Shirley Temple, Dick Haymes Assoc., Ernest Tubbs, 600. League 2: Chas. Korvin, 750; Gene Kelly, Larry Douglas, Gloria Jean, 600; Rosemary DeCamp, Jeannette MacDonald (Farrington), 550. League 3: Sinatra (Wolfenstein), 850; Bill Williams (Demers), 750; Basil Rathbone, 700; Dick Jaeckel, 650; Carole Landis, New Stars, Sinatra (Beattie), Joe Cotten, 600.

This month's winners: THIS IS MY BEST, 100 pts. (Prize: Gift combo FABERGE's Tigress Perfume and Cologne) Paulette Dohrmann, Errol Flynn C., Betty Hammer, R. DeCamp C.; Jean Kurowski, Milton Berle C.; Dianne Morner, Johnny Desmond (Skoff) C.; Lorraine Wright, Bob Lowery C.; Lois Morton, Sinatra (Wolfenstein) C. CANDID CAMERA CONTEST: (First prize, 100 pts., beautiful TANGEE-Trip-Kit, for traveling) Barbara Finkelstein, Kurt Kreuger (Bobois) C. (Others: 50 pts., 4 Dell Mysteries) Dorothy Dean, John Lund (Cook) C.; John Fasel, Jr., Danny Scholl C.; John Schneider, Sid Caesar C.; Edna Lantz, Gene Autry C. BEST EDITORS, 250 pts. (Prize: Assortment wonderful POND's Cosmetics) 1. None qualified. 2. (tied) Shirley Gordon, DeCampaigner, and Diego Mangawang, Star Notes (Jane Powell). (Diego receives FABERGE Men's Cologne.) 3. Addie Gushin, En-Tyer-ly Yours (John Tyers). BEST ART WORK, 150 pts. (Prize: Year's subs to FRONT PAGE DETECTIVE, SCREEN ALBUM, 4 Dell Books) Everett Wolfenstein, Sinatra (Wolfenstein). BEST COVERS, 250 pts.: 1. None qualified. 2. Kaye Kapers (Danny). 3. (tied) Cotton Chronicle (Joe) and Soliloquy (Sinatra, Ling). WORTHWHILE ACTIVITIES, 250 pts.: 1. Haymes Assoc. 2. Johnny Coy (Sachs) C. 3. Lon McCallister C. BEST JOURNALS, 500 pts.: 1. Melody Trails (E. Tubbs). 2. Gloria's Gazette (Jean). 3. Swoontime News (Sinatra, Wolfenstein). PERCENTAGE INCREASES, 100 pts.: 1. No reports. 2. Rise Stevens M. C. 3. Barbara Hale (Carnahan) C. CORRESPONDENTS, 50 pts.: 1. Lorraine Ruthowski, Ronald Reagan C. 2. Nelda Clough, Chas. Korvin C. 3. Lauren Chase, Ginny Simms C.



Discussing plans for the Mason Club Federation at James' N.Y. apartment are clubbers Dorothy Hock, Leona Rosenthal and Jean Meyer.



Pierre Aumont hosted members Grace Weiner, Kay McGowan, Marion Daniel (prexy) and Isabel Macias at his Waldorf-Astoria suite.

(Continued from page 97)

second day?" Nora's smile was quietly radiant. "He said, and I quote: 'Oh, she's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.' And when I told him again that she was the perfect image of him, how he blushed! She has Errol's fine, delicate features already. And she's such a good baby. She doesn't cry or fret. Deirdre, incidentally, gets to look more and more like me. Her hair, which was red at birth, is even redder now. Rory has brown hair, and if it grows just a shade lighter, it's going to be very much like her father's. It even has the suggestion of a curl in it, like his."

While we were chatting, Sister Rose came in, and I couldn't resist asking her what sort of impression the famous movie star had made on her and the other nuns in the hospital. "I'm so stupid about those things," Sister Rose said. "I'll just have to admit that I had never even heard of Errol Flynn before Nora came to the hospital. As far as we were concerned, he was just another visitor." And believe it or not, St. Joseph's Hospital is only a few blocks from the Warner Brothers' Studio where Errol Flynn has been making history these past several years!

It's a different Flynn, however, that Hollywood is seeing these days. Marriage to a smart, sensible girl like Nora has done marvels for him, and she has proved herself to be a very knowing little wife who has most effectively hushed the mouths of those who predicted so freely that her marriage to the rampant Flynn could not possibly last.

She confided some of her philosophy of a successful marriage to me, and what she said showed that she has an uncanny understanding of this adventurous and romantic husband who has earned a reputation for swashbuckling both on and off the screen.

"I am not," she told me, "one of those girls who falls in love with a man because he possesses certain qualities and who promptly wants to do him all over when they're married. I've found a great deal of solid happiness as Errol's wife. I realized that a lot of his pals with whom he used to romp around Hollywood and elsewhere didn't want to see him domesticated. But what they never knew was that I myself would have hated that just as much as they. I wouldn't have him domesticated for all the world. I took him as I found him, because that's the way I love him. And I hope he never changes. When he wants to play, I want to be right there to play, too."

everybody loves a baby . . .

Just about all Errol's old friends have fluttered the white flag in surrender to Nora. They're ready to admit now that she's the one and only girl he really loves, and they're coming around with their hats in their hands. That goes even for doughty John Decker, Errol's artist pal and a very sagacious fellow. He and Nora were feuding before the last voyage of Errol's yacht, the "Zaca," had proceeded very far, but now they've joyfully forgiven each other, and some of the flowers in Nora's hospital room came from him. Most of the other boon companions of those more boisterous days and nights have been sifted out.

The day I saw her, Nora gave me even more eloquent proof of the new Errol that fatherhood has created. "How many babies do you want to have?" I asked curiously.

"Well," she answered, "I'd like to have a couple of boys to go with the girls. We're going to enlarge the nursery at our house on the mountain top and fence in the swimming pool. It does look as though we're getting set for a family, doesn't it?"

Not only that, it looks as though the marriage all Hollywood shook its head over is really set for life.

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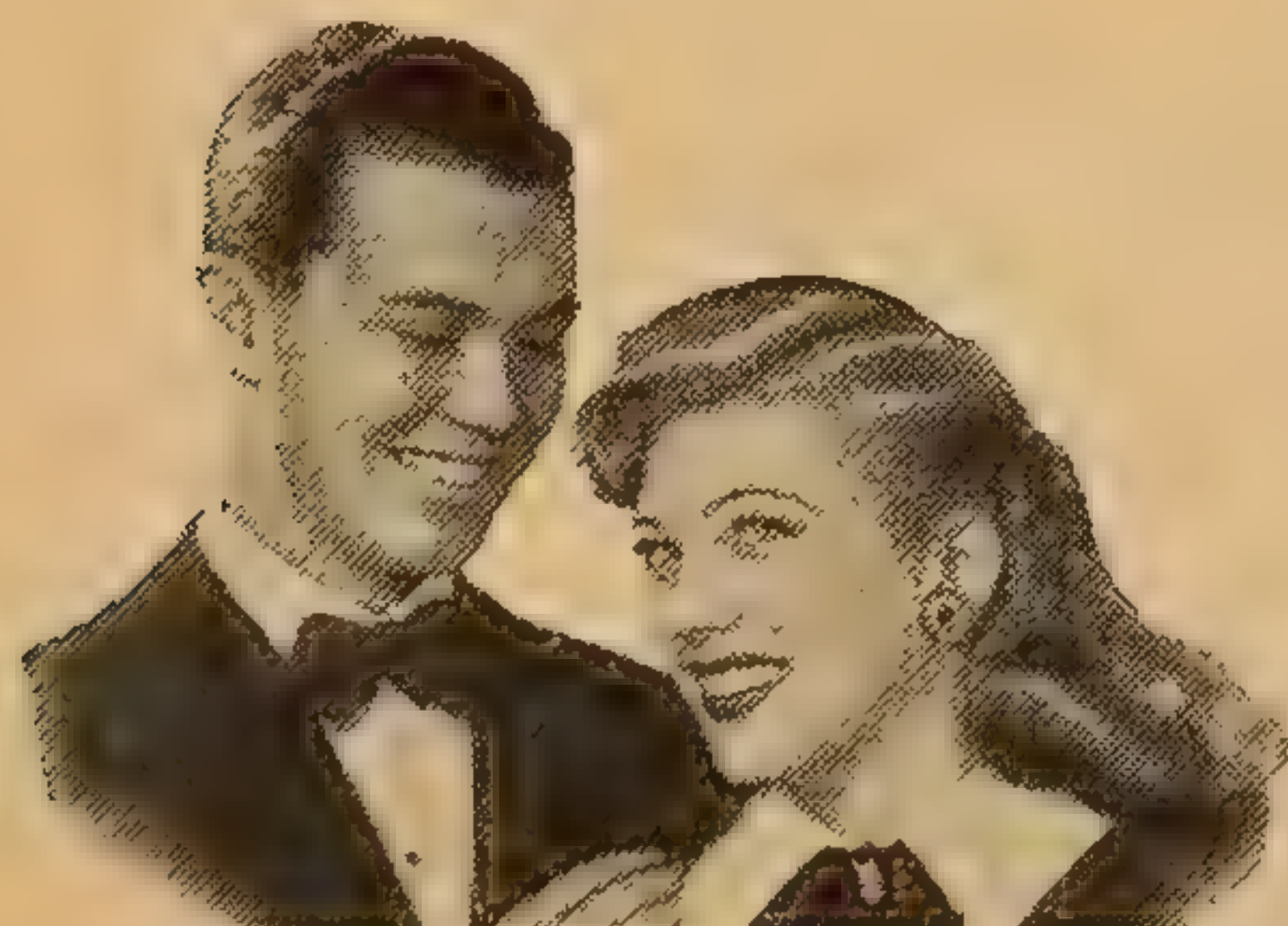
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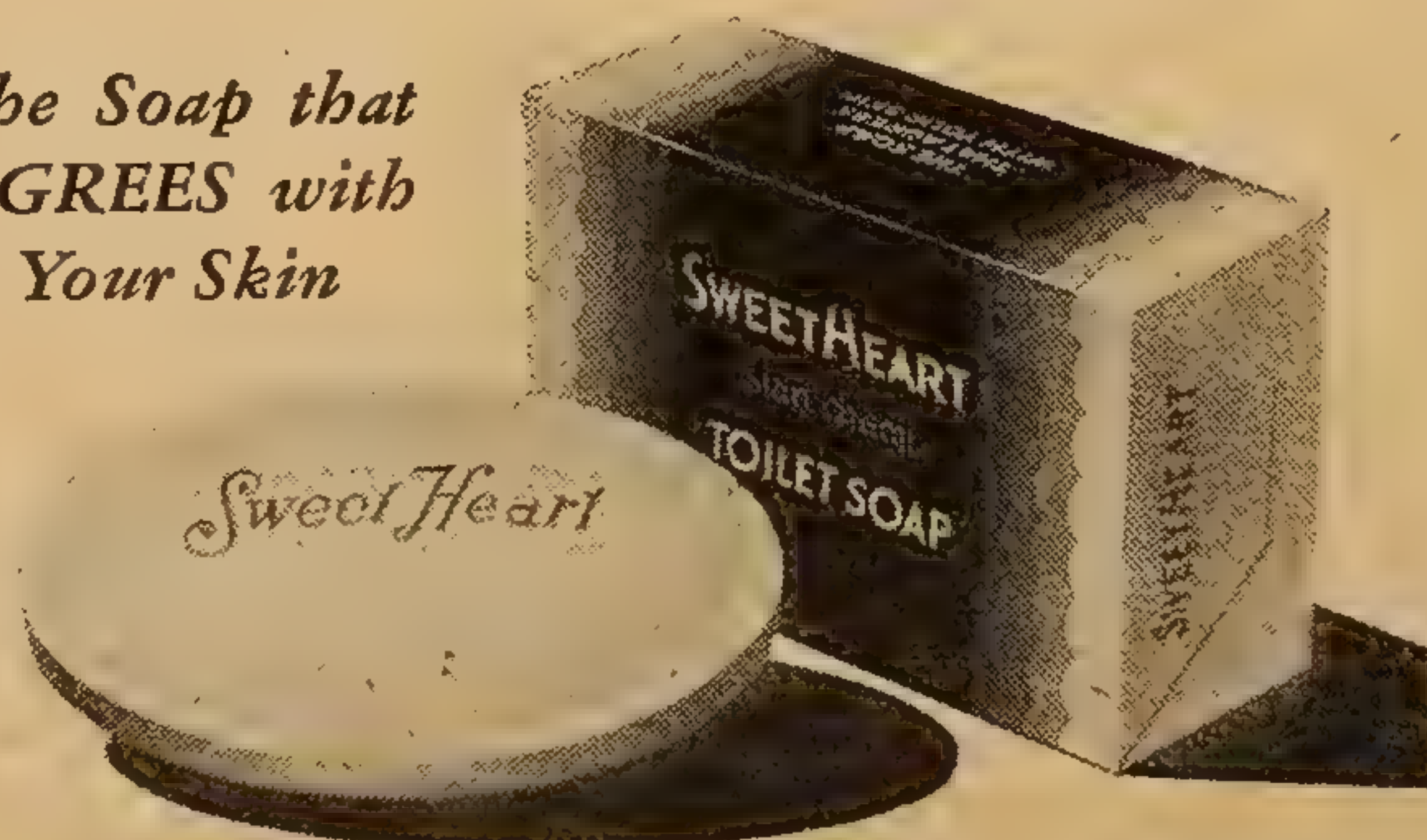
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For tub and shower, you can now also get the new, large bath size. SweetHeart's extra lather with its *floating lift* is marvelous for bathing.

THE FANS

(Continued from page 98)

name at the Juilliard School . . . Alfred Drake's cup-cakes are busy organizing theater parties to see him in *Beggar's Holiday* . . . Jordine Skoff's Johnny Desmond Club holds its bull-sessions over milkshakes, after the weekly Niagara Falls High basketball game. Eileen Sinnott's group for Desmo now boasts an active publicity committee . . . Mark Stevens will be the first star honored by Betty Petrie's Club Friendship . . . Edward Ashley-ites have adopted a French war orphan . . . N. Y. contingent of Larry Brooks' Club trekked up to New Haven for the opening of his new Broadway hit, *Brigadoon* . . . Barbara Ferry, of 814 N. Olive Ave., Alhambra, Calif., has a large collection of scrapbooks, which she's giving away free—just for the postage. Inquire about your favorites.

(Note: Over 160 clubs are now credited in our files with 50 points or more in the current Trophy Cup Contest. Lack of space prohibits printing complete scores. If you wish to know whether *your* club has any points—and how many—you can find out by writing to your club prexy or to MSFCA headquarters, 149 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16.)

Attention all prospective club prexies: As of June 30, no club will be accepted for membership in the MODERN SCREEN Fan Club Association unless it has a minimum of ten members—regardless of whether a letter of permission has been obtained from the star who is to be the club honorary. This does not apply to clubs *already* registered in the MSFCA before that date.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was in December, 1945, when Alan Ladd and his charming wife, Sue Carol, paid a visit to the Army Regional Hospital at Camp Robinson, Arkansas. They were touring the wards, stopping to chat with each of the wounded and bed-ridden heroes. Sue remained in the background most of the time, while Alan talked, signed autographs, and spread pleasure wherever he went. They approached one bed occupied by a veteran with his leg in a cast. Alan obligingly autographed the cast. Then the lad whispered shyly to Alan: "There's something . . . er, I mean . . ." Alan smiled. "What is it, fellow?" he asked. "I'll be glad to do whatever I can." The patient said, haltingly, still shyly, "I wish . . . I mean, I've always wanted to kiss a movie star . . ." Alan reached back to where his wife was standing and grasped her hand. She came up beside the bed, smiled at her husband, and with evident pleasure, planted a kiss on the lips of the bed-fast soldier—while Alan stood by, nodding approval. I don't think any GI was ever happier than that boy because of a simple and sweet gesture on the part of a movie couple.

Sgt. James Harte
Fort Myer, Va.

CALL ME MAMA

(Continued from page 48)

told her husband that though she'd bought Jessica three dresses, she still had no idea what her daughter would wear to the party.

As it happened she wore the pink one, and she looked a dream. It was a lovely party. There was a birthday candle, pink and blue and white, with Jessica's name at the base of it (it was one of those candles that lasts until the child is sixteen years old; you burn an inch each year, and the years are marked). There was a cake, too, and it was Jessica's first experience with cake.

Jessica's no dope. Her family had all it could do to keep her from jumping in, feet first. "Mama!" she said passionately. "Yes!" "Mama" and "yes" are about the extent of her vocabulary, but she has delightful inflections.

The maid, who was serving, kept gazing and gazing at the pile of presents on the table.

Finally, she shook her head and murmured, "I'm just wondering how you'll get a pony on that table, a few years from now."

Which almost broke up the party. Because Jessica undoubtedly *will* have a pony some day. There's a corral all ready for one, in the Jacksons' new house.

They bought Virginia Bruce's old home, in Pacific Palisades. It's a beautiful six-acre property over-looking the sea, and it was built before the war, of good materials. There were seven fireplaces, and a stable that the Jacksons have turned into a studio room. They put a fireplace in it and Deanna's already had a singing lesson there.

She's anxious for Jessica to sit in on a lesson, some time, and she spoke to her teacher, Al Prockter about it. "I wonder how she'd react."

"If the child has any ear for music," Prockter said, grinning, "she'll go screaming down the road."

At the moment, the child can't quite make it to the road, because she's just begun to walk.

Since she was five or six months old, she's navigated very efficiently by holding on to things, but a while ago, she actually got up and took a couple of steps toward her nurse, under her own power.

The nurse called Deanna at the studio, and she sounded so agitated, Deanna got frightened. "What, what, what?" she said. "What's the matter? What happened?"

the miracle . . .

"Sure, and Jessica's walkin'," the nurse said breathlessly.

One of Jessica's favorite people is a large Doberman Pinscher, who's very fussy about the company he keeps. He's grown up with Jessica, and he nibbles affectionately on her hand and protects her from all evil, real or imaginary.

His name's Bedouin, but everyone calls him "Beddy." He has a slight tendency toward cannibalism, but nothing the Jacksons feel is dangerous.

Every once in a while, a guest gets the urge to pet him, and Felix says, "All right, but I have to go with you." If the guest is bright, he doesn't argue.

Beddy's birthday was three days before Jessica's, and Deanna was considering a party for him. Next year both birthdays will be celebrated together.

Deanna just gets it all established in her mind that Beddy is the ideal dog for her, and then she goes to work, and meets Mr. Dozier, a big studio executive. Mr. Dozier looks at her gravely. "Just read where a

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Doberman Pinscher ate a five-year-old baby," he says.

Deanna has to dash to the telephone to make sure everything's okay. Mr. Dozier, who keeps a perfectly straight face during the entire proceedings, enjoys himself immensely.

Apart from Mr. Dozier's sad stories, Universal-International is pleasant for Deanna these days.

Sunday morning, Jessica's nurse goes out, and Deanna feeds the baby and plays with her and is generally blissful. There's a fire in the fireplace, the radio playing (Deanna's favorite is Toscanini), Jessica romping across the over-sized, four-poster bed, and Dick Tracy at one's elbow.

During the week, Deanna and Felix don't see much of their child. Deanna gets up at five o'clock, and by the time she's through work, and has driven home (the house is a full hour from the studio) Jessica's ready to go to sleep.

But Deanna's not a complainer. She quotes a line Gene Kelly made famous around Hollywood: "What you go through for a lousy fortune!"

Deanna figures you get what you pay for. She also figures you pay for what you get.

Deanna's mother and father live in Westwood, and she sees them all the time. Jessica went along to visit her grandmother and grandfather recently. It was her first automobile trip, and she loved it. She's the adventurous sort, and if her mother doesn't watch out, her grandfather will be taking her on her first airplane trip pretty soon.

Mr. Durbin, who's sixty-one years old, only discovered flying in the last year or so. It happened overnight. He knew this tailor, and the tailor had a son who flew. The son asked Mr. Durbin if he wanted to come for a ride, and Mr. Durbin said yes.

He liked flying right away. "But I couldn't ever learn."

"Don't be silly," his young friend said. When they landed, he pointed out a legless man who flew his own hand-controlled plane. "If that man can do it—"

Mr. Durbin took some lessons, and the next thing he knew, he'd got his license, and then, at Christmas, his wife gave him a two-motored, four-seater Stinson.

When they came over to tell Deanna and Felix about it, Deanna could hardly believe them. "My mother gave my father an air-

plane for Christmas," she kept murmuring to herself. "My mother is a most astonishing woman."

She's had further proof of that since Christmas. Mr. Durbin goes off into the wild blue yonder, and Mrs. Durbin waves goodbye gaily, and Deanna watches the whole tableau and hopes that when she's their age, she'll be that young.

One time when she stopped by to say hello, her mother announced, "We won't see you again till next week."

Deanna was curious. "Why?"

"We're flying to Mexico over the weekend," Mrs. Durbin said. "We're going down there to a dinner-dance."

Deanna enjoys flying, herself. She went up with Bob Cummings and his wife in his four-seater, and had a wild voyage.

Bob's a good pilot, and he was doing stunts to prove how safe flying was.

He cut the engine. "We can cruise around for hours, and not worry, even without any power," he explained. Her smile was strained. "It isn't necessary, Bob, really. I'm sure you can—"

He showed her a forced landing, and to her amazement, it consisted of one small bounce. She was enchanted.

She happens, incidentally, to be one of those revolting personalities who never gets airsick in the slightest. She once flew home from Salt Lake City—over miles of desert, through air pockets, and terrible heat—and everybody on the whole plane was ill except her.

She also flew down from San Francisco in a thunder-storm. The stewardess, who was trying to keep passengers from getting too nervous, approached her quietly.

Deanna turned a beaming face upward. "Isn't it exciting?" she said.

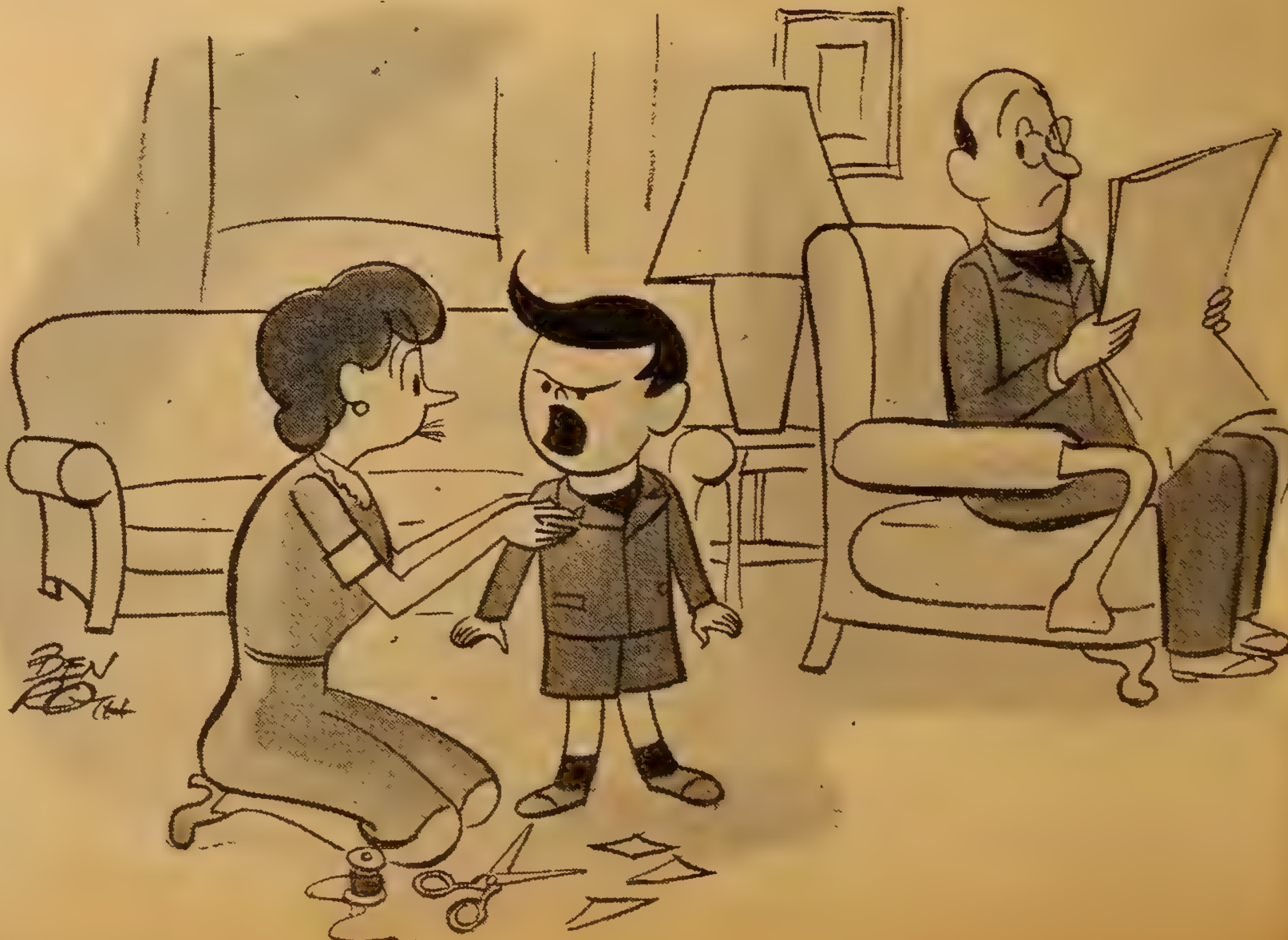
On the whole, she finds existence exciting. She looks back on Jessica's first year with pleasure. The first, tiny Christmas tree, the first steps, the first words.

There are Felix, mother and father, and pleasant work (she's making *Something In The Wind*, now) and no telephones ever ringing (because she can't get one).

There's a real Monet painting (of a water-lily) in the bedroom, and there's Dick Tracy, and a view of the Pacific to take your breath away.

And a funny little girl without much hair who says "yes" and "mama" to everything. But boy, has she got inflection!

MODERN SCREEN



"I don't want to wear Daddy's cut-down suits!"

HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 47)

and hooked little fingers and made a wish. They got the car—and the wish, because here they were driving through Texas.

Ahead of them, something dark moved on the silver strip of roadway.

As they drove closer, they saw that it was a boy and girl, hitchhiking. Neither of them looked much over twenty, Bob thought, as he brought the car to a smooth stop beside them. The boy wore no top-coat and the girl was shivering in a light suit.

They climbed gratefully into the back seat. "My father died," the girl told them, "and we're trying to get to Austin in time for the funeral."

Bob and Dotty like people, and talk easily to them. It wasn't long before they had the whole story. The boy and girl had married before he went overseas. When he came back he had been discharged as a psycho-neurotic, which made it a little tough to get a job.

"Nancy's been swell," he said humbly. She just acted as if everything was all right."

"And now it is," Nancy said, smiling at him, her heart in her eyes.

faith in the future . . .

Bob's gaze met Dotty's. It was good to see faith like Nancy's. Bob knew because Dotty had always had it, too. Faith in his abilities, encouragement when he needed it.

"Let's stop at this joint and have some coffee," he said gruffly, swinging in to a roadside diner.

They had the coffee—and hamburgers, too. Bob reached for the check, but the boy stopped him. "I'd like to pay for this," he said, opening his wallet. There were a few—a very few—one dollar bills in it.

"No, this is on me," Bob protested but the look in the boy's eyes silenced him. He remembered times when he had been as broke as that—and how proud and how stubborn he had been. "Let's divide it," he said. "Then we're each on our own."

The little blonde waitress in the neat blue uniform had been staring at Bob intently. She edged over to him now.

"Look, aren't you Bob Mitchum, the movie star? Could I have your autograph?"

Bob signed it on a paper napkin, conscious of the awed stare of Nancy and the boy.

"Gee," Nancy said, as they got back in the car, "I guess you must think we're dopes not to have recognized you."

"Just as well," Bob told her. "We got better acquainted this way."

It was almost three in the morning before Bob drew up by a tourist camp with a light over the doorway.

"I think Dotty and I will get a room here for the rest of the night," he said. "How about you kids? Can I get you one, too?"

"I guess we'd better keep on the road," Pete glanced at Nancy for confirmation and she nodded.

"But you won't get a ride this time of night," Bob told them. "Come on, I'll fix it up with them inside."

The kids stood by the car, their faces weary and white in the glare of the headlights.

"Come on in and we'll get two bedrooms," Dotty urged them. "Otherwise I'll worry about you all night and won't be able to sleep."

Pete grinned, his tired young face relaxing. "Okay, you win."

They got the two rooms, and Bob paid in advance for both of them. But in the morn-

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Improved, Concentrated Formula
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**"LOST" DAYS
CAN BE
SAVED DAYS**

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL

PERIODIC PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



MIDOL

RELIEVES CRAMPS

EASES HEADACHE

CHASES "BLUES"

ing when he and Dot got up, a note had been pushed under their door. Inside were two dollar bills, the price of one room. "We're getting an early start," the note said. "Thanks for everything. If everybody was like the Mitchums, the world would be a nicer place. Nancy and Pete."

Bob and Dotty drove on to Dallas—a wonderful place combining big city advantages with small town cordiality.

"I've got to buy some clothes," Dotty announced, the day they arrived. "I didn't have any time to shop before we left home." They decided on Neiman-Marcus.

"Come shopping with me," she begged. "You have such good taste about clothes."

Dotty bought a beautiful brown wool suit, with the new, very long jacket and lines as sleek as a yacht. When she emerged from the dressing room, she found Bob happily sprawled in a big chair while five gorgeous models paraded back and forth in front of him, clad in everything from playsuits to dinner gowns.

just looking, thanks . . .

"Just thought I might see something else you'd like, dear," he said hastily.

Dotty winked gravely at the models. "I'll bet you saw several things you liked. I hate to tear you away, but we'd better hurry. You know you have that personal appearance at the theater tonight. What are you going to do for an act, by the way?"

"Just talk to 'em," Bob said lazily. "Stand there on the stage and talk their ears off."

Dotty worried for the rest of the day. Audiences expected you to do something. Sing or dance or something. Didn't they? She wouldn't be able to bear it if Mitch got out there on the stage and people were bored.

"Take it easy, kid," Bob soothed her. "There's nothing to worry about."

And he was right. The Mitchum manner was irresistible. Dotty, standing in the wings, blinked back tears of pride as she watched Bob's broad-shouldered figure finally stride off to a deafening wave of applause.

"Honey, you were terrific," she whispered.

"I tell you, I like these Texas people. I understand them, and they understand me."

They hated to leave Dallas but New York was a long way off. They drove across country to Miami, then north to Charleston. "I want to look up some relatives of mine there," Bob announced. "A cousin named Alice Mitchum works for the telephone company, and her mother and father live just outside town. We'll take Alice to dinner."

Charleston was a lovely, sprawling old town of balconied houses, liveoaks and Southern charm, but the telephone company was shiny and modern and efficient. Dot waited in the car while Bob went inside to inquire for Alice.

She waited. And waited. And waited.

Meanwhile, Bob was having difficulties. When he went into the office, a sleek redhead looked up from the desk. Her gaze started at the cowboy boots he was wearing (they're his most cherished possession), went on to the tired GI pants tucked into them, and the old Indian blanket coat he always wears to drive in.

"I'm looking for an Alice Mitchum who works here. Relative of mine."

She fluttered long lashes, and smiled. "I don't know any Alice Mitchum here, but I'll look her up in the records if you'll just have a seat." She rose and undulated across the room to an inner office. The Mitchum eyebrow rose in its well-known manner, and Bob whistled quietly to himself. Not a tune, just a whistle.

She came back presently. "We don't

seem to have any record of an Alice Mitchum. According to this, we never did have an Alice Mitchum. You say she's a relative of yours. Is your name Mitchum?"

"That's right."

The redhead came closer. "Would your first name be Robert?" she asked in a longing whisper.

"As a matter of fact, it is."

From behind him came a collection of happy little shrieks. He whirled and found himself surrounded by the entire staff of the Charleston telephone company.

For the next half hour the city of Charleston had no telephone service. Dorothy appeared finally, and Bob grinned at her from the midst of his bevy of Southern beauties.

"Hi, Dotty. Girls, this is my wife."

"Pretty gals, weren't they?" Bob remarked when they got back in the car.

"Very. Which one was Alice Mitchum? The redhead that was clinging to your arm as if it was a life-preserver?"

"Funny thing. There wasn't any Alice Mitchum there. No record of her. Let's go up to the farm where her father and mother live, and ask them."

When the scarlet convertible turned into the country lane by the old white farmhouse, a flock of turkeys scattered, squawking loudly.

A small cheerful-faced woman came out of the barn carrying a pail. She stared uncertainly at Bob and Dorothy. "Good evenin'," she said politely.

"I guess you don't remember me," Bob told her. "I haven't seen you for fifteen years. I'm Bob Mitchum."

Amazement grew to delight in her faded blue eyes. "Ah do declare!" she said. "Young Bob. Ah do declare!"

Nothing would do then, of course, but they must stay to "supper." It was quite a meal—turkey and beaten biscuits and greens and cherry pie. As they sat down, Bob asked, "Where's Alice these days? I tried to find her at the telephone company but she wasn't there."

Mr. Mitchum stared. "Why, Alice don't work for the telephone company, son. She works for General Electric. Always did."

Dotty giggled wildly. "One big corporation sounds just like another to Bob. Never mind, dear—think of what a break

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My fiance (now my husband) and I wanted very much to see the show at the Chicago Theater here. He was in the Marine Corps at the time, though, stationed at Navy Pier, and had to be back promptly

at midnight. When we arrived at the theater, we saw a long line of people waiting to get in. I tried to explain our predicament to the head usher, explaining that if we could possibly get in to see the picture right away, we would get out on time. But the usher was unsympathetic. Ditto the theater manager. Suddenly, a young man, standing in front of a poster, spoke to the manager on our behalf, and asked that we be let in the side door. We were immediately taken care of. When I raised my eyes to say thank you to the man who did us this kindness, imagine my surprise to find myself gazing into the eyes of Gene Kelly!

Lucille Winston
Chicago, Illinois

the girls at the telephone company got!"

It was only one long day's drive from Charleston to Dover, Delaware, where they were to visit Dot's aunt and uncle. Dover comes as near to being a home town as Bob and Dot can claim.

"I want to be as sentimental as a valentine all the while we're there, honey," Dotty said, as they approached the city. "Let's go visit the old mill pond where we first met, shall we? Funny, I didn't like you a bit that first day."

Bob grinned. "You were just mad because I was rowing two other babes around. Next time, when I rowed you around the pond, it was okay."

Dotty changed the subject. "One of the first people we want to look up is that friend of yours who loaned you the two dollars for our marriage license."

"Yeah. I might even pay him back."

"Bob Mitchum, you mean you've never paid. . ." Dotty stopped then, seeing the laughter in Bob's eye. He is never happier than when getting a rise out of her with something silly like that.

Anyway, getting back to Dover was wonderful. Dotty's aunt and uncle gave a party for them at the Mapledale Country Club.

It was a fine party, but Mitchum got restless as he always does at anything but the most informal gatherings. He wandered over and got into a deep conversation with the bartender. Pretty soon he came back and cut in on Dotty, who was dancing with a local bank president.

"Let's get some air," he said. The next thing Dotty knew they were in the car headed for a little joint in Dover's Negro section. The music went through you like a blood transfusion when you opened the door. In half an hour, Bob was playing drums with the band, hotter than a stolen car. And Dotty was jitterbugging.

When they got back, eventually, to their own party, they found that their little expedition was frowned on.

"You've been away so long that you've forgotten white people just don't go into the colored section," a pompous businessman informed Bob.

an american's creed . . .

"I didn't forget," he said quietly. "It's just that I've always judged people as individuals, not as groups."

What you're supposed to do or say has never had much influence on Mitchum. He makes his own rules. When the manager of the local theater asked him to make a personal appearance, Bob said, "How much are you going to pay me?"

The manager stammered. It developed that he hadn't expected to pay anything.

"Okay. I'll tell you what I'll do. You know the club here for those kids who have been in trouble with the law?"

The manager knew about it, of course. He said it was a very worthy cause.

"Damned right it is. Those kids need help. They need money for their clubhouse, too. I'll appear at your theater for nothing, if you'll promise to give all the profits which are over your average take, to that club. Is it a deal?"

It was a deal. The kind of deal that's typical of Mitchum, who hates stuffed shirts, but would give you the shirt off his back. Who is frequently rude to important people, but is never rude to anyone unimportant. Who whistles at pretty girls but thinks that Dotty is prettier than any of them. Who likes to believe he's tough, but is a pushover for his small sons. Who drives three thousand miles across the continent to get to New York, and spends his first weekend there driving back to Dover, where it's more fun.

Mad? As a hatter! But what a wonderful guy!



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HALO REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR!

JOHN LUND LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 45)



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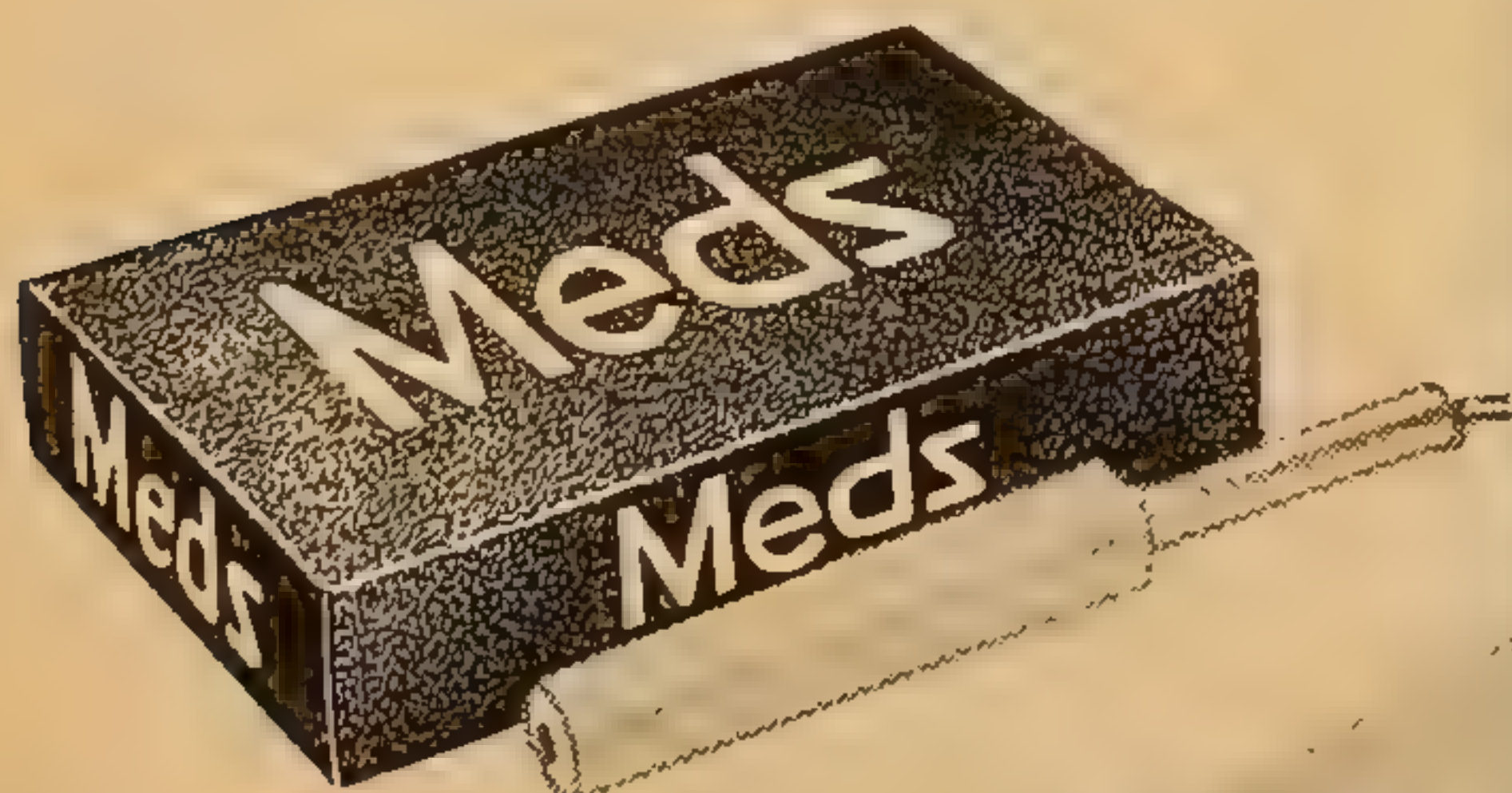
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City..... State.....

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worry—and I don't want you to do that." Being moderns, they didn't call themselves engaged. But by any other name, it felt as sweet. John had found his girl. All he needed now was the wherewithal for marriage.

It looked as if this might be provided by an agency called Air Features—the one outfit in radio that opened its doors to newcomers. Frances von Bernhardt, the director, gave him an audition and seemed pleased with the results. "We'll call you," she promised.

The first week John was hopeful, the second week fearful, the third week cynical. "Same old runaround. Way she said it, I was fool enough to believe she meant it."

"I wonder," said Marie, "if it could be your landlady."

John's landlady viewed the phone as a personal foe. She'd pick it up when it rang, wait till you got through talking, say "Yes, I'll tell him," and consider her duty done. Having heard nothing, naturally she had nothing to tell. A wire now—that was different. All you had to do was slip it under the door...

Half-way through the fourth week John found one there. It bore a request from Miss von Bernhardt to call. He called.

"Where've you been? We've left nineteen messages."

Life can be beautiful...

Through Air Features, Miss von B., and Martha Atwell, producer, he made his way to a comfortable niche in soap opera. Even succumbed to a fresh attack of the writing itch and sold a couple of comedy sketches. Wedding bells were about to peal for John and Marie, when the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor, disrupting their plans along with those of half the world...

Uncle Sam sent his Greetings. Eventually, a chest weakness kept John out of the service. Meantime he'd been shipped to Camp Grant, on an hour's notice.

"Look," they said, "you're by way of being a writer. There's this big army show—*Cheers from the Camps*. Needs a little touching up. Get out there and see what you can do with it."

Arriving at Camp Grant, he found that the show indeed needed touching up, since no single word had yet been written. It became a case of sink or swim. After a little floundering, John swam. *Cheers from the Camps* earned a citation as the best war program of 1942.

That was also the year of the wedding. It was obvious that they couldn't be together. John had to travel with the show. Marie had a special job with Irving Berlin's *This is the Army*.

"But we can get married," John pointed out.

His schedule took him to Baltimore for twenty-four hours. In Baltimore you didn't have to wait for a license. Marie got twenty-four hours' leave from the show, went down by the morning train and arrived at noon.

Their first stop was at a jeweler's, where they bought twin wedding rings. From the phone book they picked a minister, whose name appealed to them. He happened to be out. They climbed back into the cab, feeling a little flat.

"You kids want to get married?" inquired the driver.

He took them to a minister, witnessed the wedding, drove them to the station, and, being all of 22, left them with a fatherly blessing. After dinner at the

station, John said, "We ought to celebrate. Let's go to Washington." They sat for an hour in some terrible night club and rode back. Next day John put his wife on the train for New York, before catching the plane that flew him to St. Louis. Not till three months later did they meet again, when their respective shows landed them back in Washington. John overstayed his time, and was late for his next broadcast.

But *Cheers from the Camps* finally came to an end, and married life began in earnest. They found an apartment, Marie started sewing slip-covers and, as the star to top their Christmas tree, Leonard Sillman offered them both jobs in *New Faces*. After the second or third rehearsal, John allowed that he thought the material stank...

"You try and do better," challenged Sillman.

"I will," said John, and did, doubling once more as writer and actor.

Though the revue didn't run very long, it bore fruit for the Lunds. John was hired to play the heavy in *Early to Bed*. Marie was offered movie tests if she'd go to Hollywood. She said she'd rather stay with her husband and finish her slip-covers. They were finished and she'd started on the drapes when the phone rang one day.

Jane Broder was her agent. "She wants me to come up and meet a man from Hollywood," she told John. "I think it's silly. What do you think?"

"Oh—you and Jane are good friends. Why don't you go, just as a matter of courtesy?"

Two hours later a dazed girl walked through the doorway with an RKO contract. "Charlie Koerner signed me without a test. Wanted me to leave Friday."

"You're not—"

"No-o-o," she wailed. "I said I had to spend Christmas with my husband."

"Look, honey, this play can't run much longer. The minute it folds, I'll come out and join you."

long-distance marriage...

So, of course, the play ran and ran. And while it was running, John took on another job. The advertising firm of Barton, Barton, Durstine and Osborne offered him so much money to get in on the writing end of *Fashions in Rations*, the Billie Burke show, that he couldn't afford to turn it down. Again, they were stuck on opposite coasts—again they had to make do with letters, wires and phone calls. At the end of seven months, Marie had nothing to show for their separation but a couple of bit parts. The studio wanted to pick up her option, but without a raise. So she called John, whose play had closed.

"I want you here," he said. "But it's your career and I think you should decide."

"Then I'm coming home."

It was wartime. Reservations were tough to get, and she had to wait. But, at last, the precious ticket was in her bag, and the luggage packed. She was leaving next day. That night the phone rang. John. "Hang on to your hat, baby, here we go again. I'm bound for Hollywood with *Fashions in Rations*."

Having absorbed the initial shock, Marie decided to use her ticket anyway because heaven alone knew when she could get another. They'd have three days before he left, and he'd be back in five weeks. Meantime she could finish her drapes... Edith Van Cleve of the MCA Agency

had been sufficiently impressed with John's work in *Early to Bed* to ask him to sign a contract. He declined. Once and for all, he'd stick to writing. Acting was too insecure.

When she heard of his pending trip to Hollywood, she called. "Drop in on Taft Schreiber, will you, John?" Schreiber's the head of MCA in Hollywood. "He saw you in *Early to Bed* and liked you, too."

MCA's Hollywood office has an Old English atmosphere, which made a pretty solid impression on John. So did Mr. Schreiber.

Not knowing just how it happened, he emerged from the Old English atmosphere, leaving MCA behind as his authorized agents—to handle him as writer, director or actor.

When they sent him to Paramount a few days later to test for *Miss Susie Slagle*, he said weakly, "But I've got a job." When the whole thing fell through, he drew a breath of relief and shook the stardust of Hollywood from his feet.

Radio writers work under the intolerable pressure of a weekly deadline. They drink too much coffee, get too little sleep, smoke too many cigarettes. John was no exception. The routine began telling on him. When his contract came up for renewal, Marie begged him to quit for a while.

"I can't. They've been too decent to me."

"Then sign on a week-to-week basis. Give yourself a chance to let go if you can't hang on."

He was on that basis when Miss Van Cleve sent him to see Lindsay and Crouse, who were producing *The Hasty Heart*.

John was embarrassed by the poverty of his theatrical background, so he made it sound even sketchier, just to show them. "Well—call me if you want me," he concluded, and breezed out.

Next day Miss Van Cleve phoned the producers' office. "How did you like John Lund?"

"We liked him fine," said the affable Mr. Crouse. "I think we've got a part for him."

opening night jitters . . .

It was the part of Yank—which set critics whooping and brought movie offers from every major studio. But John couldn't know that yet. Between flu and the jitters, opening night found him in a fine fever. Marie was trying to get dressed.

"Where's my cough medicine?"

It was in his pocket. She gave her hair another brush.

"I can't find the aspirin."

She found it and tucked it into the other pocket. "Can I get dressed now?"

This condition, aggravated in John's case by the temperature he was running, is familiar to all theatrical people, and lasts till after the morning papers come out. John refused to read them. So Marie dove in, and lifted shining eyes from the first review she read. "Oh John, it's out of this world."

"That's only one. Read 'em all and tell me the worst."

There wasn't any worst. In the chorus of acclaim, young Richard Basehart and John were singled out. The Rochester kid, shoved into an amateur production of *Waiting for Lefty* because he could talk loud, had made the bright lights. He was hailed as the best young actor of the season.

Paramount was almost immediately hot on his trail for *To Each His Own*. He yielded to a combination of advice from his agent, excellent contract terms, and the lure of such names as De Havilland, Brackett and Wilder. Brackett and Wild-



"My husband became a grim stranger . . ."

Could this grim-faced man be my once gay, loving husband? What had I done to change him so? . . . Well, it seems I'd been careless in trusting to *now-and-then* care in my

feminine hygiene. "A sad mistake made by all too many wives," my doctor told me. Then he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



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er are to Hollywood what Lindsay and Crouse are to Broadway. As for Livvy, he'd always admired her work, and when he finished the picture, he admired her even more.

"I don't want to say nice things about her—sounds like I'm writing a feature story. But here are the facts. It was my first picture. Naturally I said 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir' and gave no trouble. But she gave less than I did. Everything happened to her: she got sick, she was evicted, the role was a toughie, she appeared in every inch of film—but never a peep out of her, and what a performance! If they hadn't given her the Oscar, I was preparing to put a hex on 'em."

John's now making *The Sainted Sisters* with Betty Hutton—his partner in *Perils of Pauline*—Diana Lynn and Sterling Hayden, and unless every sign lies, he'll be around town for a long time. Something of a pessimist, John was slow to be persuaded of that probability. Though he and Marie were being thrown from pillar to post, he was anti-house.

"I'm an actor now. Every two-three months an actor loses his job."

"You've got a contract."

"With options. Which are made to be dropped. Fred Allen had the right idea. He wouldn't buy anything you couldn't put on the Chief."

Marie heard of a little house in the hills off Cahuenga.

John said: "I don't want a house."

"Let's just look at it, darling. We can always leave it there, it's not going to chase us."

They went through it. "Not a bad layout," said John.

"Not a bad backyard to get sunburned in," said Marie.

He pulled out his checkbook. "Better go down and give them a deposit."

They're furnishing little by little, using gay colors, with Gauguin prints on the walls, because all their lives they've lived with boarding-house browns. Marie has a gift for decoration, for home-making in general.

take it or leave it . . .

She doesn't thirst after a career. If somebody offered her a decent part, she'd take it. But to go hat in hand, and ask—she doesn't care that much. John says it's up to her, but can be brought to admit that he's glad she enjoys domesticity. Apart from suits, she makes her own clothes, and they're honeys. Her husband has a way of eyeing a garment half done. "Is that how it's going to look? Because if it is, I'm not going to like it."

If he had his way, all her dresses would be either black or shocking pink. "It's the Goldwyn in me." California's also brought out the Beau Brummel in him. It used to be, "John, please buy another suit." "John, don't wear those old pants." Now his wardrobe's stacked with sportswear, and the Crosby influence is beginning to take hold. The other day he came home with a red-and-green plaid shirt.

Till their marriage, Marie never cooked anything but fudge. Since then, she's become an artist at the range, and takes a child's fresh delight in this discovery of her latent talent. "Isn't this a delicious roast?" she bubbles.

John can't generate enthusiasm, when prompted. "It's all right."

Marie giggles. "No gusher, he."

John limits her artistry by his distaste for onions and garlic. One day she fooled him—haven't we all?—and rubbed a touch of garlic into the leg of lamb. He ate it and came back for more. She knew she should have kept her mouth shut, but the impulse was too strong. "Notice anything different?"

"Uh-uh."

"I rubbed it with garlic—just a smidge." "Oh, that was the thing about it I didn't like."

It's John's persistent contention that he's lazy. His body may be indolent; his intelligence isn't. In the Paramount commissary, the livelier spirits beat a pathway to his table. He reads omnivorously, talks with the tongue of angels and has the kind of mind that acts like a spark-plug on others. He feels strongly about justice, which seems to him the element most lacking in human relations.

When John's not working, the Lunds revert to their stage hours—stay up half the night and sleep late next day. There's nothing set about their social habits. They'll go out four nights running or stay home every night for three weeks. John's the kind who doesn't like parties till he gets there, then he couldn't like them better. The people they see most of are Zan and James Larrimore, Charlie Brackett's daughter and son-in-law, and the Carrol Carrolls—he's the radio writer. They go to movies a lot.

They're putting off entertaining till the house is finished, but they do have one regular visitor, who sticks his head through the window at midnight, meows and goes in search of John. One rainy night he tracked mud across the new carpets. Understandably, this irked Marie.

"Oh, Puss with your dirty feet, go away."

"How can you talk to him like that?" John reproached her, and more than half meant it.

Puss stays till they're ready for bed, and has a snack before leaving. Once the milk happened to be low.

"Feed him that," warned Marie, "and there won't be any for breakfast."

"So we'll drink champagne." Stooping to pour the milk, John felt a kiss on the back of his neck. "What's that for?"

"You're a smart guy," said his wife. "You figure it out."

THE WINNER!

(The following excerpts are from the prize-winning letter in Leonard Feather's Sweet vs. Swing Contest. See page 96.)

Dear Mr. Feather:—

I personally like both swing and sweet music if they are played right. I don't believe that any musician can confine himself to one alone and positively ignore the other.

Just look at the record. Ellington is essentially a swing master, yet he continues to cop awards in the "sweet" department. Kenton—another jazz musician—has played sweet music, even if it was only used as a backing for Gene Howard's songs. Vaughn Monroe and Charlie Spivak are gaining a lot of fans—as are Boyd Raeburn and Buddy Rich.

Because Woody Herman broke up his band is no reason to say that swing is on its way out. If this were true, the money that Kenton is making now must all be counterfeit! It's true—the days when kids danced in the aisles to Benny's music are over—but today we have kids who listen and discuss swing, and—believe me—from what I've heard, most of them know what they are discussing.

As long as there are guys like Como and Monroe, sweet music will live. And as long as there are guys and gals like Mel Torme and Sara Vaughn and Kenton, swing will be right up there!

Lee Garber
Brooklyn, N. Y.

GAY BLADE

(Continued from page 58)

Pat didn't know any reason why a Great Dane wouldn't be lovely, until Claire stepped in again.

"I wouldn't cook for any Great Dane," she said flatly, clearly, and finally.

"Okay," said Cornel, "we'll mate Punch." Which they did. Now they have Punch's son, named Pogo, and they're going to get a brown French poodle besides.

Apparently, Claire doesn't care how many poodles they have.

Punch, being equally good-natured, wouldn't care how many cooks they had, either. His time is all taken up with serious chores such as swimming in the pool with Wendy, who is four years old, and whose hair is also black and curly.

Punch never uses a life-belt, so he's entitled to sneer at Wendy, who does, but he usually refrains. She's brighter than he is. And quick? Ask her father.

Her father was out tending his strawberries (the man is crazy on the subject) one afternoon, when he heard Wendy's voice. "Pottsy!" she was calling. "Pottsy, you come in here this instant! Do you hear me?"

Pottsy is Miss Potts, Wendy's governess, and Cornel, frowning, went in search of his daughter.

Having found her, he proceeded to read her a lecture. "Wendy," he said, "Miss Potts is a grown-up lady, and you're a little girl, and furthermore, you shouldn't speak that way to *anybody*!"

"Oh, I was just pretending," Wendy said. "I was pretending Pottsy was a baby, and I was her mother."

"It wasn't true," Cornel told Pat later. "But it certainly was fast!"

He's not too slow himself. Take, for instance, the deal he slipped over on 20th Century-Fox. Namely that if *Forever Amber* wasn't completed by such-and-such a time, he was to have a three-weeks vacation.

Such-and-such a time arrived, and *Amber* was still shooting, but Cornel got three solid weeks off.

He pulled out of the long black wig, and washed the Technicolor makeup from his face, and drove home beaming. Even the air seemed lighter than air should seem.

Pat grinned, when she saw him coming. "Darling, you look so happy."

"Happy?" he said. "Why should I look happy? Just because I'm going to beautiful Nassau with a gorgeous blonde?"

Nassau turned out to be heaven. The tropical sun, the sand, the bright, warm water—

the restful type . . .

Pat would lie on the beach and soak up the sun for hours. Cornel would lie still for a while, and then get up and move around restlessly, until she said, "All right, all right, go get your goggles."

He'd put on his water goggles, and dive into the sea to look the situation over. Or under.

He practically lived down there; he never got tired of watching the fish, they were so gaily colored. He'd come back and swear to Pat, "Those fish have been interior decorated."

By this time, Pat would be asleep, and he'd sigh. "Good-for-nothing woman." He'd nudge her. "I'm going to get some coral."

She'd open one eye. "That's nice, dear. Bring me back a necklace."

More sighs from Mr. Wilde. "No audience participation," he'd complain, going off to pull coral. In a week, his skin had peeled

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You *need not* worry about odor, for *Tampax* causes none. You *need not* worry about bulges and wrinkles caused by belts and external pads. The same applies to chafing. Also, you *needn't* worry about carrying a conspicuous box home from the store, because a month's supply of *Tampax* goes neatly into your purse!

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NO PINS
NO PADS
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And when disposal time arrives, *Tampax* has only 1/15 the bulk of "the other kind."

Wear *Tampax* in tub or shower—or while swimming. Pure surgical cotton. Slim disposable applicators. Three absorbency-sizes sold at drug and notion counters. Look for *Tampax* Vendor in restrooms throughout U.S. . . . *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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off right up to the wrists. It seems that certain varieties of coral sting, and he'd latched on to one of that kind.

"Now maybe you'll lie on the beach like a civilized human being," his wife said hopefully.

"What do you think this is?" Cornel demanded. "A vacation?"

All too soon, it was over.

Cornel came back to *Amber* and discovered he'd been given a brand-new dressing room as a surprise. It was one of those curve-topped trailers (quonset hut shape) and he thanked the authorities responsible, and tried to look delighted.

After a few days, somebody caught him moping around, and said, "What's the matter—don't you like the place?"

"Sure," Cornel said. "But, well, the thing is—I can't stand up straight in it!"

The guy laughed, and said, "Who asked you to be eight feet tall?" and went away to arrange for Cornel's little old flat-topped dressing room to be brought out.

He finished the picture using that. "Flicka gets it next," he'd tell interviewers. "They're building in a trough."

Cornel enjoyed the duel, in *Amber*. He fences magnificently, and during rehearsals, he had a chance to work with Fred Cavens, fencing master.

Say something to Cornel about how great he is with a sword, and he'll decry it. "Look at the job Glenn Langan did," he'll point out. "And he's left-handed, and had to fence with his right!"

Cornel's adept at accents, too. He had George Sanders' down so pat that when George wasn't around, Cornel would say his lines, and unless the sound-man was watching, he couldn't tell the difference.

It startled Sanders a couple of times. He'd be sitting in a corner somewhere, and he'd hear his own intonations coming at him, and he'd jump four feet in the air.

"Bit of a shock, old man," he'd admit to Cornel later. "They'll be billing you as the new George Sanders."

On the rare days that Cornel isn't working at the studio, he's working at home.

He gets up early, and if he isn't writing, he's likely to be gardening furiously. He has a strawberry patch and seven window-boxes full of strawberries, and where he picked up all the strawberry husbandry, nobody knows.

He tears ads out of the garden section of the paper until Pat gets desperate. "Darling, you *know* you'll never do anything about them, and they just litter up the place."

"I might do something," he says stoutly.

And he reads her a glowing description of a peach tree that will grow luscious golden fruit all summer.

"But do they mention which summer?" Pat says, and Cornel shakes his head.

"So young, so pretty, so cynical." To date, he's still tearing out ads, and he's still doing nothing about them.

The Wilde place is really isolated. It's up in the hills, and as you turn in at the drive, there's a small sign that says simply, "Country House."

Further along, there's another sign that says: "Drive slowly. Child at play."

The child, of course, is that energetic specimen Wendy, a sharp operator.

She goes to nursery school every afternoon, and recently she came home to Pottsy with a sad story. "The teacher punished me today," she said.

"Oh?" said Pottsy. "Why?" "I was running and yelling," Wendy said cheerfully. "And the teacher told me to stop, and I didn't."

Pottsy looked grave. "Will Mommy and Daddy like that?"

"Oh," said Wendy, horrified. "I'm not going to tell them!"

Wendy plays Pottsy and Claire against each other. When Pottsy's off, Claire takes care of her, and Wendy'll be having her egg, and she'll look up innocently. "Pottsy gives me pepper on my egg," she'll say.

She does the same thing with Pottsy, and since neither Claire nor Pottsy wants to be lesser in her affections, she gets pepper on her egg. She's not supposed to have pepper on her egg, and she knows it.

Her favorite pastime is serving the crackers when her mother and father have friends in for cocktails.

She points out the cracker each guest is to take, and beside her Emily Post is a wild-eyed radical.

Wendy's so strict on points of behavior that she reprimanded her father in ringing tones the afternoon he filched a cracker.

"You're not supposed to take one till last," she said.

He hung his head in shame.

Some day, when Wendy's old enough, Cornel's going to tell her his own foolish version of how he was discovered. "I was sitting at a soda fountain in Hollywood," he'll say, "and I was wearing white tights. And this man came up to me and said, 'Can you fence?'"

He'll keep a straight face telling it, too.

And when Wendy's even older, somebody's going to tell her a different story. "There once was a girl named Wendy," it'll go, "who had a terrific old man—"

THE DECLINE OF BING CROSBY

(Continued from page 30)

The owner of a record shop in Bloomington, Indiana, put it this way. "Honest to God," he said, "people just ain't buying his records any more. But what the hell, he made me a lot of money when he was good, so I can go right on taking as many Crosbys as I can get and keep hopin' he'll come back."

Bing became a big man years ago, and, as with Duse and Garbo and Bernhardt and Tonto, you never had to use his full name to establish his identity. Inevitably, the movies beckoned. It is no more than honest reporting to say that he was terrible in his first few pictures. Only the tunes he sang—"Please," "Down the Old Ox Road," "Learn to Croon," and others—lent him any validity at all. His acting was godawful. He persisted, however, and now, lo and behold, he has an Oscar on his mantel. Sinatra and Como and Haymes and all the other johnny-come-latelies have

Bing to thank for their picture contracts.

The years galloped by and, as they did, the Kraft Music Hall took on the aspects of a divine ritual in American homes on Thursday nights. Everything considered, that is as it should have been. It was a swell program—one of the best ever—and pervading it was the warmth of the Crosby personality. He had developed into one of the most relaxed entertainers in the world, with a unique talent for infecting his listeners with his own carefree attitude. He knew how to laugh at himself.

In 1943 a frail young singer named Frank Sinatra opened at a New York cabaret called the Riobamba and, almost immediately, it became apparent that Bing was going to have some competition in the vocal department. It is a mark of his greatness as a person that he encouraged Sinatra from the very beginning. This is a rare thing in show business. What

gossipers had predicted would become a feud grew, instead, into friendship. It is regrettable that the best records Bing Crosby ever made have not been released for sale to the general public. These are the transcriptions of a show which he and Sinatra put on for the armed forces' Command Performance. (Command Performance shows were recorded and then distributed to servicemen overseas.) Aside from the fact that these records are as delightful as any ever made, they are impressive testimony to Crosby's bigness. As a top-ranking star, he could not have been censured too harshly for refusing to appear on the same stage with a singer who was threatening his position as the number one male vocalist. Instead, he not only appeared, but went to extraordinary lengths to see that Sinatra was presented favorably.

It is difficult to say when the deterioration in Bing's singing began to set in. For my own part, I became acutely conscious of it in his Decca recording of *I Love You* (from *Mexican Hayride*). That, to my ears, was the first of a succession of progressively more inadequate Crosby records. His recent "Pretending" and "Getting Nowhere" are downright embarrassing. This is not an isolated opinion. It has, for example, been shared in print by John S. Wilson, PM's competent record reviewer, and Frank Conniff, the New York Journal-American's rising young columnist. A few weeks ago, Conniff, whose pieces are frequently sparked by some knowledgeable jazz criticisms, wrote: "In the wry tone of this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts-you, some of the charter members of the Crosby Chowder and Picketing Club have been hinting that the master has lost his touch. His current records, his latest picture, and his radio show are getting the once-over-lightly from all sides."

Jack Kapp, the head of Decca Records and Bing's mentor, is sensitive to any

criticism of his biggest moneymaker and peevishly insists that Crosby records continue to sell in great volume. What he fails to mention, however, is that their sales, although still sizeable, are steadily declining. The Arcade Music Shop in New York City, which is a beehive because of its location near a subway entrance on West 42nd Street, reports that it has been selling fewer and fewer Crosby records. Bing's most devoted fans are gravely concerned about his indifferent performances these days. Fred Robbins, who runs "The 1280 Club," a recorded program over New York's WOV, says "I get very few requests for Crosby these days. Mostly they come from couples who are celebrating an anniversary and want to hear him sing 'The Anniversary Waltz.' The guy flats too much. His last twenty-or-so records have been terrible."

To spot the cause of Bing Crosby's decline as a singer is a ticklish job. Neither he nor the people near him have made any adequate explanation as this is written. But the fact that opera singers and less strenuous vocalists go into their fifties with their voices unimpaired makes people wonder why Bing should have started slipping while still in his forties. The obvious answer is that opera singers take extremely good care of their voices. Bing never has. The ease with which he scaled the heights led him into careless ways. There would seem to be a good deal of significance in a recent dispatch from Hollywood which stated that he had given up pipe smoking. If this is true, it means that Bing, for the first time in his career, is worried.

It may be that Bing will make a comeback. But history is against it. So this then would seem to be the end of an era—an era that began back in the '20's—and no one should be blamed for feeling bad about it. In his time, Bing was a very special man and we are all richer for having had him sing to us.

BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE

(Continued from page 62)

Freddie let out a boyish whoop and the 15 years melted away like snow in June. He grabbed Florence, his wife, and kissed her. Next he called his brother, an executive of the Carrier Corporation. He was about to send a wire to Sam Goldwyn. But midway, he stopped. "Wait a minute," he said to Florence. "What's Harold Russell's wife's address—up in Cambridge?"

He dialed the operator and said "long distance."

In a few minutes Fred March, in the midst of his own triumph—which meant a very great deal to him—was making someone else happy. He was calling Harold Russell's wife, who, he knew, was alone in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and congratulated her on her hero-husband's honors in Hollywood.

The next morning, a Friday, March had laryngitis. The telegrams began coming in—at the Marchs' apartment on East End Avenue and at the Mansfield Theater. One wire, safely delivered by an intelligent Western Union runner, was addressed merely "Frederic March, Stage Hit, New York." It said, "CONGRATULATIONS. I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT. JUST A FAN."

There were more than 100 messages, and only one of them wanted anything from Freddie. This was a cable from Gabriel Pascal, a London producer, who asked if March and his wife would act for him in a new picture. The well-wishers ranged from "just fans" to Claudette Colbert,

Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. The telegram March prizes most was from the Winslow School, Racine, Wisconsin. This is the public school where Freddie went when he was Frederick McIntyre Bickel, 35 or 40 years ago.

But the telegram which summed everything up in one simple, neat statement was from Helen Hayes. It said, "IT COULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED TO A NICER GUY."

Being the kind of nice guy he is, Freddie is an old hand at passing the buck when it comes to accepting honors. In this particular instance, he's already sold himself on the idea that he "owes it all to Sam Goldwyn." Goldwyn, in turn, claims that Freddie owes it all to Fred MacMurray. And that's a story you can't top.

When Sam Goldwyn, the old fox of the studios, first read "Glory For Me," the novel by MacKinlay Kantor which became the story of Hollywood's prize picture for 1946, he immediately went into a huddle with himself about Al Stevenson and said "March." When Sam thinks something he does something. He phoned Fred in the East and told him the story, asked him to do the part.

"I don't think so, Sam," Freddie replied. He had good reasons—some stage commitments that would press him, and he really wasn't working hard at being a Hollywood star, anyway. Besides, the way Sam outlined the part, it didn't look like anything extra special. Five other Hollywood actors had equally large roles. It was

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Sam is foxy and he's known Frederic March a good many years. He said, "Read the book, and I'll call you again."

"Whatever you say, Sam," agreed Freddie. "But I'm afraid it's still 'no'."

Sam still couldn't see anyone but Frederic March as Al Stevenson because he knew Freddie was Al at heart. But he had to cast his picture. He called Fred MacMurray and offered it to him. Fred listened briefly, took a look at the book. He shook his head. "No," he refused flatly. "I don't like it. Not enough of a part." The way Mac looked at it, it was a definite step down.

Meanwhile, Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright, was tussling with the novel, trying to dramatize it into the movie screen story he knew it should be. That depended on the characters—and the character of Al Stevenson was giving him frustrated fits. Sherwood is a clever and talented dramatic craftsman; but there was good reason for his puzzlement about Al Stevenson. The character was a strange anomaly. He was a sergeant who had completed a terrific, tough war record. He was vital and young in heart, romantic, young enough to be a hearty pal to Dana Andrews and Harold Russell—but still middle-aged, old enough to have a twenty-year-old daughter.

Sam Goldwyn couldn't answer him, then—about who'd play Al—but in a few days he could. He called his first persistent hunch, Frederic March, again, and Sam Goldwyn is a hard man to refuse. "Look, Freddie," he suggested, "why don't you come along with me? I tell you this is for you."

The answer he got was, "I've read the book and I like it. I see possibilities to make that guy Stevenson live, Sam. Most of all, I think America could use a picture like this right now. I'll go along."

When Robert Sherwood heard that, he went to work. He knew Frederic March, too, the kind of man he was. Next morning he could tell Sam Goldwyn, "That did it. I know who Al's like now and what he does. He's Fred March."

Any actor who can have that positive an effect on a scenario and on a film, is no mere mime or face maker, no puppet or painted doll. Whenever Fred was around, he was acting himself, acting natural, ad libbing, improving the dialogue, adding

natural actions and reactions every time the camera buzzed. A good quarter of all the dialogue in every scene Fred March poked his face in was right out of Fred's own impromptu response to the scene situation—and almost always Director Wyler snapped the result into the movie.

It was Freddie's spur-of-the-moment inspiration to dance with the waiter when he got ossified at Butch's. To grab his daughter's date's martinis and toss them off when he got nervous. To mix a bromoseltzer and, in his jitters, start to drink the empty glass.

Fred March's honesty is the key to his character and the secret of his Academy Award. Because he projected every bit of his real self into that part without stint.

For years Freddie March has worried—as millions of males, particularly actors, worry—about his retreating hairline. It's a petty thing, but absolutely human—and what have I been saying about March? At any rate, Freddie swore softly whenever he looked in a mirror and saw his temples deepening. He was touchy about it.

But when he had to do a morning-after scene in *The Best Years*, he searched himself for something intimate and characteristic that a guy with the hangover glooms would do in the bathroom. Fred knew what he'd do. He'd lift back his thinning locks and gaze dismally at the hair that wasn't there. So when the scene came up—that's what he did, although it pained his normal male ego to have to do that before millions of people.

It was the hundreds of prosaic, honest, human touches like that—practically all injected by Fred March himself, that added up to his second Oscar and helped make *The Best Years* an Academy sweepstakes winner.

He brings that same understanding human touch to his work on the stage. And with equal results. Broadway has always been jealous of the movies' Academy Award system, and many attempts have been made to establish the equivalent of an Oscar to honor stage players, writers and producers. The newest prize, a piece of jewelry dubbed "Tony," was set up this Spring by the great wartime entertainment organization, the American Theater Wing, in memory of the late Antoinette (Tony) Perry, mainspring of the

Theater Wing and director of many hits.

March got a Tony on Easter Sunday "for distinguished service to the American stage"—the service being his masterful portrait of Clint Jones in Ruth Gordon's play, *Years Ago*.

If the designation "genius" belongs to any of our current crop of actors, certainly it belongs to Frederic March. But the exacting role of Al Stevenson in *Best Years Of Our Lives* called for qualities over and above mere histrionic genius.

Al Stevenson was a fine man. No acting in the world can produce the illusion of fineness! Understanding people, helping them in a way that never embarrassed them, was Al's forte. The story of March's sympathetic yet gracious relations with Harold Russell gives you a rough idea of the extent to which the characters of Al Stevenson and Frederic March overlap.

All through the filming of *Best Years*, Fred March used the understanding of GI psychology he sopped up in his camp shows all over the world to keep Harold Russell relaxed, easy and confident. He knew how much Harold's part meant to the picture. But it wasn't only that. It was a natural impulse to treat a guy who'd lost his hands for his country like he wanted to be treated, like Homer wanted to be treated in the picture—like anybody else. No pity, no curiosity, no avoiding the issue or pussy-footing around. March learned this in hospital tours during the war.

just be natural . . .

It's one of the hardest things in the world to do—as everyone around Goldwyn's realized, when Harold Russell arrived on the lot with his "hooks"—not to be too nice, not to give out with any sympathy for his handicap. Most everyone was a little guilty of that—they couldn't help it—except Fred. He walked right up to Harold, examined and marvelled at his artificial hands, tried to work them—brought the handicap right out in the open—even kidded Harold about them and got a grateful grin always in return.

In fact, Fred eased Harold into one of the funniest—but toughest—scenes to play in the whole picture by a wisecrack about his handles. That was the bar scene in Butch's—the one, incidentally, the Academy Award committee picked to show when they handed out the prizes.

In that scene, all the principal actors of *Best Years* came together for the first time at Butch's, so it was pretty important. Harold had some understandable nerves—it was early in the shooting. He was self-conscious, particularly, because when he picked up his bottle and glass of beer, his artificial grips made a clicking noise on the glass. The noise got his goat several times in the middle of a scene and then he forgot everything, and there had to be a "Cut."

I don't know whether Freddie March decided deliberately to do it, or whether it was just an instinct. That's what it sounded like—because right in the middle of the next take, when Harold's hooks clinked again, Fred cracked,

"Got 'em in high gear now, Homer?"

And right back came Harold with a natural GI guy's retort that certainly wasn't in the dialogue—"Naw—they're in overdrive."

Fredric March is still one of those plain Americans—despite his acting eminence and Hollywood-Broadway success. That's why he could play one and prove that such unimportant items as a retreating hairline, a few furrows in his face, and a fiftieth birthday coming up next August, really mean nothing whatever to an actor whose heart is young and whose mind is still growing. That's why Freddie March could prove to himself and to the world that—not fifteen years ago—but right now are the best years of his life.

MODERN SCREEN



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Claudette Colbert

Co-starring in "THE EGG AND I"
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EVERYTHING WITH TRICK ENDINGS

(Continued from page 43)

his wife, Lynn Bari. Later, a preview—Lucius Beebe couldn't have carried it off with more savoir faire. Until the foursome came out of the theater, after the preview, and stood waiting for the Lufts' car to be brought around front.

The attendant looked at them blankly. "No car like that in the lot."

Sid is a mild young man, but his car is a Cadillac. "What do you mean, anyway?" he barked.

"Your car ain't there, Mister, is what I mean," the attendant told him. "Who took it to park?"

Peter spoke up. "Some kid—he just jumped in and yelled, 'I've got it,' the way they always do."

"Well, he wasn't one of our kids," the attendant said. He said it with finality.

The chagrined Mr. Lawford turned to the beautiful Miss Keyes. She wasn't exactly tapping her foot on the ground with impatience, but Peter imagined that was the next step.

By the time they tracked down the car, they'd been in every police station in Los Angeles. Even then, they had to go bail the bus out, because the law had impounded it. Cops had seen this kid driving this big, sleek black job, and they'd picked him up because it didn't look quite right, and—

Mr. Lawford finally got Miss Keyes home.

"It was a lovely evening," she said charmingly, being the well-mannered girl she is.

A week afterward, somebody asked Peter how the date had gone.

"Oh, I made some impression," he said. "She turned around and eloped with John Huston, two days later."

Trick endings, all the time.

When he slips his feet out of his moccasins, in the M-G-M commissary, and slips them on again, a little later, he finds some happy-hearted little friend has filled them with soda-crackers. Everything with a crunch.

Or a ring, in the case of the telephone. His phone used to ring one hundred and fifty times a day, and Lady Lawford, who's never learned how to be rude to people, found herself spending three-quarters of her time explaining to some young fan how many teeth Peter had when he was seven and a half months old.

private number . . .

Moving into their new home, recently, the Lawfords breathed a sigh of satisfaction. New house, new phone number. Private number, too, by agreement with the telephone company. Nobody could get it.

Their first day in, the phone never stopped whining.

Peter came home from work, and his mother met him at the door, exhausted. "I really don't know what to do," she said.

He picked up the receiver and dialed Information. "Can you give me Peter Lawford's phone number?"

"Of course." The lady on the phone was ever so cooperative. "Just a minute, it's—"

And she told him. "Thank you so much," he said, hanging up, and plucking a grey hair out of his head. One hell of a confidential number that was.

One summer day Pete was wading out into the surf, when he glimpsed a woman following him. He went a little further; she came a little further.

She followed him until the water was up around her neck, and then he noticed she

was clutching an autograph book over her head.

"You got a pencil?" she said brightly.

It would have been a swell spot for an under-water fountain pen gag.

Sometimes, he wonders about autograph hunters. It isn't that fans aren't delightful people, but queer things happen.

Like the night he was with Frankie. Frank had on his usual bow-tie, and he and Peter were surrounded by kids. Suddenly, two of the kids took up stands on either side of Frank, and each one grabbed an end of his tie.

They yanked so hard, his feet almost left the ground, and he started to turn purple.

Peter beat them off. "What do you think this is, a taffy pull?"

Afterward, he kidded Frank. "Maybe this'll teach you to wear ties like other human beings. If you want to get ahead, why don't you model yourself after somebody like me?"

"Thanks," Frank said drily. "I haven't got the strength."

Peter does give the impression of a Mixmaster in full swing. Take a Saturday he spent not long ago—

He didn't have to go into the studio, and he had a date with Lana Turner for that evening.

Now any right-minded gent would simply sit back and think about Lana Turner until it was time to go get her.

Not Peter. He got up, and showered, and had breakfast, and kissed his mother good-bye. "Don't answer the phone," he said. "I'll see you later."

Then he went down to Van Johnson's—the Johnsons have a wonderful new tennis court—and dragged Van away from his coffee.

They batted the ball around for a couple of hours, and then sat down to rest.

Van got up presently. "Going to hop in the pool. Want to?"

"No."

Dead silence. Then: "Think I'll go down to the beach. I don't like pools."

Van watched him go, and wiped his brow. Imagine tearing off to the beach, when there was a pool at your disposal.

The energetic Mr. Lawford had, by this time, disappeared in his red car, and a cloud of dust. His red car is just about the most exciting thing that ever happened to him. Its mother was a convertible coupe, and its father was a sturdy station wagon, and it inherited the best features of both.

When he first acquired it, he was the

worst date in town. He was out with Ava Gardner this one time, and she was talking, and he was giving her half-witted answers.

People who go out with Ava Gardner generally do better than that, so she was beginning to get irritable. Not only was he giving her half-witted answers, but he kept getting up, excusing himself, and leaping out the front door.

When he came back after about the fourth or fifth time, Ava looked at him coldly. "Is there something out there I ought to know about?"

He shook his head, feeling sheepish. "It's the car. I just wanted to see if she was all right."

"She's doing better than I am," Ava observed.

But getting back to that Saturday morning—Peter drove away from Van's, and sped down toward the beach.

After a swim, he had lunch at a little restaurant, and then he figured he might as well go home. On the way he slowed down for a guy trying to hitch a ride. "Get in."

The car whizzed forward, top down, sun shining, air clean and warm. Peter had his radio tuned to the opera being broadcast from the Metropolitan in New York, and he felt great. He turned to his companion, who was fidgeting. "Don't you like opera?"

"Oh, sure," the man said. "I love it."

Twenty minutes later, he spoke again. "But could we switch stations for a minute? I want to know who won the third race at Santa Anita."

Trick endings, even to Bizet.

Peter got home late, as usual. He's always late, and he always thinks he's early, and he always acts hurt about the whole business.

"You're taking Lana to dinner?" Lady Lawford asked him. "You'll have to hurry."

He arrived at Lana's precisely forty minutes behind schedule, and she's not a girl men keep waiting.

"You're late," she said looking very beautiful.

"Nope," he said. "I'm Lawford." (This is borrowed from Mortimer Snerd, Charlie McCarthy's friend. He says "nope, I'm Mortimer," to everything.)

Peter gazed at Lana. "You're lovely."

"Nope," she said. "I'm Lana."

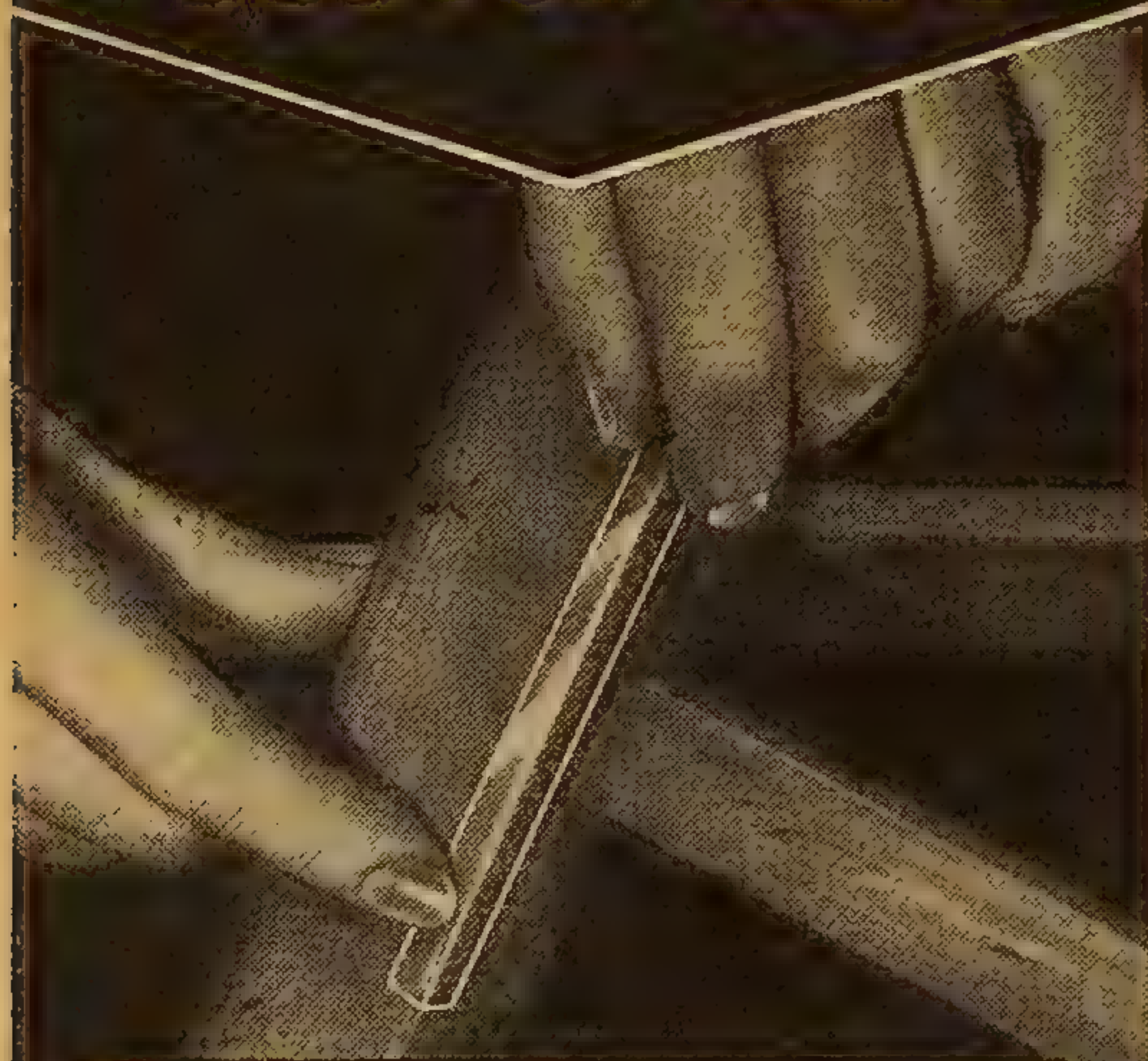
They were still giggling, half an hour later. They laugh all the time they're together, just because they're both young and good-looking and pleased with them-

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selves and the world. They have a friendship based on nothing whatever but slightly hysterical compatability.

They are not a big romance.

They went to dinner that night, and later, they danced, and much later, they stopped at a drive-in for hamburgers.

"I'm having onions," Peter said. "You'd better have onions."

Lana had onions and the waitress had a breakdown, and Peter had two chocolate malteds.

What a life.

The one concession Peter makes to being human is that he sleeps late on Sunday mornings.

He has a nice place to do it, too. The Lawfords' new house in Brentwood is small and charming. It has two bedrooms, a living-room, dining-room, den, a big flagstone porch, and a little garden and barbecue. Peter did every bit of the decorating himself. He has an uncanny memory for color.

When he and Keenan Wynn went East for a personal appearance tour, they stopped in Chicago. Peter walked into Keenan's room one morning. "How about coming out with me? I want to look for some lamp shades."

Keenan went along, and it wasn't until Peter was telling the clerk to send him two of those maroon and gray lampshades, that it occurred to Keenan that this was a highly irregular process.

"What makes you think they'll match your other stuff?" he asked him. "Nobody can carry color in his head."

"I can," said Peter.

When he and Keenan and the lampshades got home, he proved his point. The drapes and the shades looked as though

they had come from the same dye lot.

Now every time Keenan enters the house, he bows reverently to the shades, to Peter, and to the East.

Over at M-G-M, these days, Peter's making *Good News*. It's his first big musical; that is, the first in which he's sung and danced all the way through.

He comes home some nights so hoarse he feels like Gravel Gertie.

There's one number in French, that he and June Allyson do together, and Junie goes around wailing about it.

"His accent's so good," she tells people. "And mine's so awful. Why does his accent have to be so good?"

They explain it to her. "He never spoke English until he was five years old," they say.

"I don't care." Junie's off again, her small face mournful. "Why does his accent have to be so good?"

One of Peter's best friends at M-G-M is a little dancer named Jean Coine.

Now and then, in the commissary, Peter looks at her contemplatively. "I might even marry you someday," he says.

She flashes him a grin, over a bowl of soup. "I'll keep you in mind."

It goes that way. Cracks with your lunch, and crackers with your shoes, and beer on your head.

Some Saturday nights, when things have been almost too hectic during the week, Peter has a few of the kids out to the house for a quiet party. There'll be Keenan, and the Lufts, and Ava, and Marilyn Maxwell—

And you know what they like to do best?

Play word games!

Everything with trick endings.

CARY, CARY QUITE CONTRARY

(Continued from page 55)

he countered with that famous quizzical, bewildered-little-boy-smile which knocks all women for loops. And I may say about that time my resistance was low, too, and I'm not easily swayed.

"Now, now, Florabel," he remonstrated. "You know I'm not going to answer that question. How would you like to hear about the party we're getting up tonight to give Dame May Whitty some laughs?"

So I heard about the party and it gives you an idea of what a sweet, thoughtful guy Cary is. Recently Dame Whitty was saddened by the death of her husband, the noted actor, Ben Webster. Her outward show of courage doesn't fool her friends. Cary heard that Frederick Lonsdale, the playwright, had invited her to dinner at La Rue on the Strip. When she arrived, she had not one escort, but ten of the most charming men in Hollywood, all rounded up by Grant, who was there himself, of course.

After that I steered the conversation back to Betty. What did he think of her? What sort of girl is she?

"All women are angels," he said.

"Is Betty an angel?" I asked.

"I don't like to talk about any one else for publication. I would dislike having a girl tell the world what she thought about me, so I'll have to give her the same breaks I would want."

Around Hollywood, Cary has the reputation of being the man nobody really knows. Not because he is a recluse who walks alone, avoiding people. On the contrary, he probably has more friends than any other actor in the business. But he doesn't throw wide the portals of his innermost soul and invite those friends to speculate to their hearts' content on what is revealed

there. He doesn't give the appearance of being secretive at all. In fact, he seems so frank and open that he disarms you completely. You feel that he is telling all, but when you go away you realize how little he has told. However, under a rapid fusillade of questions, it is difficult to keep up one's guard all the time. I managed to get a few quick glimpses into the mind of this quite often bewildered fellow, clad in the armor of extraordinary masculine attractiveness in a world of prowling females. As everyone knows, such an armor has more holes in it than Swiss cheese.

Some people suspect that Cary is consciously playing hard-to-get. I know he isn't because he hasn't the guile called for to be either a Don Juan or a male coquette. I think he's going to marry Betty one day. I say that because I know that he has to have two qualities in a wife. First, she must be willing, and have the know-how, to create a home for him; second, she has to submerge herself in his career.

What must not be forgotten is that Cary has made two passes already at marital happiness and muffed both. He thought he had found what he was searching for in Barbara Hutton, the "poor little rich girl," whose life was so pathetically cramped by her millions that she couldn't possibly have had anything but a distorted view of any human relations. Previously, Cary had taken a terrific jolt straight to the button from Cupid when he fell head over heels in love and married beauteous, captivating Virginia Cherrill, who eventually left him to wed into the British nobility.

And so, when and if he and Betty Hensel speak the vows that bind them to one another, he will have found matrimonial serenity only after much trial and error—

and suffering. That goes for Betty, too. On March 14, 1945, the lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emil R. Hensel, of St. Louis society, was scheduled to become the war bride of a lieutenant, whose family is of New York society.

The invitations to the wedding had gone out. Betty had even had her wedding gown made, of traditional ivory satin. A few days before the ceremony was to have been performed, Betty went to St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles. Gossip buzzed and fluttered. Hollywood insiders knew that there was a great mutual attraction between Betty and Cary, who had been squiring her to lots of parties after his separation from Barbara.

Mrs. Hensel announced that Betty, whose real name is Mary Elizabeth, had suffered a nervous collapse. Here was something that had all the elements of a romantic mystery. The public, expertly abetted by Hollywood's horde of professional gossips, found its appetite whetted. Cary helped it along by hiding from reporters and when he was finally corralled for a statement, all he gave out with was: "Nothing to say." Mrs. Hensel announced flatly that there was no romance between her daughter and the dashing movie actor. "We've known him for years, but there is nothing to that gossip," she said. "Just deny everything, please."

After a decent interval had elapsed, Betty began to be seen around with Cary again. Both avoided columnists and reporters. Last Christmas, the talk was revived with a terrific bang when Betty, in St. Louis, was seen wearing a magnificent diamond ring. Yes, she admitted, the ring was a gift from Cary. Was it an engagement ring? Oh, no, not an engagement ring at all. Just a little Christmas remembrance. Naturally, no one believed her.

When Cary finished *The Bachelor and the Bobbysoxer* at RKO, he went on a long gallivanting air tour with his close pal, Howard Hughes, the fabulous millionaire-flyer.

The secret of the close companionship between these two casts another interesting light on the kind of man Cary is. Imagine, if you can, these gents, who are unquestionably close to the top of anyone's glamor list, getting into a speed plane, taking off into the wild blue yonder on spectacular flights, and not exchanging a word for hours on end! Yes, that's Cary and Howard. That's what they like. Especially Cary. Like Gandhi, he can sit quietly and enjoy himself for hours on end.

silent partner . . .

This may explain why he must have sometimes given rich little Babs Hutton the screaming meemies. All her life she has been wound up like a top ready to spin, and here was this big lug she was married to sitting at his bedroom window for hours, looking out over the blue Pacific—just contemplating. It left her lonely and frightened because she couldn't go with him into that realm of thought. She probably tried to bully him into getting on the merry-go-round with her and that gay continental set who were her buddies, but he wouldn't bully worth a Woolworth dime. She charged in her divorce action that he was moody and wouldn't join her and her friends at dinner. "He would just stay in his room," she testified in a plaintive voice. And the over-awing possessiveness of Barbara wasn't his idea of a good time, either. When she remodeled their house in the Pacific Palisades, overlooking Santa Monica Bay, she had it arranged so that he had to pass through her sitting room and bedroom before he could reach his own suite. That gave him a feeling, I imagine, of being the little man on the end of a string. This might have been why



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GOLDEN GLINT

he installed the luxurious couch in front of the huge window and there, regardless of how close she was to him, he could travel to imaginary far seas. He told me the ocean always has drawn him with an irresistible surge as compelling as the drag the moon has on the tides. He used to sit for hours, watching the sea, when he was a boy growing up in Bristol, England.

"As soon as I could make it, I crossed that ocean," he said.

"I've always loved to travel and the best treat of all is to drop into some town without fanfare and talk to the people I meet. They're never quite sure, but they always have the feeling that they know me. Hughes and I had lots of fun that way on our air trips. At Houston, Texas, Howard's home town, I met a druggist and we struck up a conversation. He was sure he had met me at an Elks' convention. At the end of our talk, I said to him, 'You know, you never really met me at an Elks' convention. I'm an actor and I guess you must have seen me on the screen.' He said well, maybe I was right, but he wasn't sure. Never inquired my name. He didn't care whether I was a movie actor or not, and I loved that."

Cary explains that he has no bitterness against bobby soxers or autograph hunters, but the trouble is, crazy, hysterical, or downright malicious people pose in these characters and make a star's life miserable. That's why he's adamant in his determination to give no autographs. It seems a shame that stars like Cary, who really love people, are forced into such an

attitude. But what can they do about it?

Count Haugwitz Reventlow talked to me freely about Barbara while he was having that famous legal tug-of-war over the custody of their child, Lance. He said he pitied poor Cary because it was inevitable that his marriage with the five-and-dime heiress would end on the rocks. He said he believed Barbara would never find happiness with any man because her whole life and upbringing had bred in her an irremovable suspicion that all people wanted from her was her money. Cary Grant never needed her money. All he wanted from Barbara was a home.

That seems to be what he has been searching for all his life. His parents were separated when he was a very young boy and he spent his formative years in a boarding school. This background gave him a great understanding of Barbara's little boy Lance, so that he and the kid got along famously together. I think Cary would like to have a little boy of his own. He told me he likes children because they can drift into the world of make-believe so easily. These are the things he will undoubtedly ask from the next girl he marries: a place to light, a place to go away from on long travel jaunts, a place in which to contemplate. A woman who will let him be himself.

But he's not playing hard to get. Not really. And I still think I'd risk maybe eight to five that one day there'll be a third Mrs. Cary Grant, and the name on the marriage license will be Mary Elizabeth Hensel.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 52)

plays she wanted to see. At the last moment, radio work in Hollywood had interfered.

Her voice was warm and laughing when she answered his long distance phone call. "Bill darling, why aren't you at the theater?"

"Oh, plays! Are the kids all right?"

"Of course. West took a bridge lamp apart today with a screw-driver he found somewhere."

"My son's a mechanic, at the age of three. Is Dee-Dee still practicing ballet like crazy?"

Dee-Dee, whose real name is Virginia, is nine, and is Ardis' daughter by her first husband. But there was another very important member of the family to ask about—the baby.

"How's Scott?" Scott, who looks like Bill. Who's still so new you don't quite believe in him. Ten months old.

Ardis' voice softened. "He's wonderful. He sits there and smiles all the while, and manages to look like a little old Irishman happily watching the world go by."

Bill laughed. "I wish I was calm and placid like Scott. He's going to be the sort of person I always wanted to be."

"I like you as you are, darling."

"It's a good thing," Bill said wryly. "I guess it's too late for me to change."

He has changed, though. The Army changed him. The Army was tough for Bill, as it is for everyone. He started out as a private and emerged as a first lieutenant. He got his commission by going through Officers' Candidate School, and he still wakes up in a cold sweat sometimes, thinking about it.

He could hardly wait!

Disillusionment came fast. He had his first warning of what was to come when Clark Gable dropped in to see him the night he arrived in Miami. Clark was in the class that was just being graduated.

"The boys'll ride you to death because you're a picture star," Clark warned him.

"I'm in the Army under the name of Beedle. You happened to recognize me as I came in, but no one else will."

"I wouldn't want to bet on that," Clark said, with his flashing grin. "They have a sort of hazing system with the new guys here, and an officer can come into your room any hour of the day or night and make you stand at attention as long as he likes."

"Why would they come in in the night and do that?" Bill was bewildered.

"They call it discipline," Clark told him.

As it turned out, Clark's visit focused attention on Bill, and he was immediately recognized as Holden of the movies. For the next forty-eight hours, Bill spent most of his time day and night standing at attention!

Another time, his "record" as Holden of the movies almost got him shot at sunrise. Shortly after graduation, he was ordered to escort a man from Pratt-Whitney and another man from Sikorski through the plant where the then top-secret B-32's were being made. Bill's orders were made out for Lieutenant Beedle, as usual.

He picked up the men at their hotel and drove them out to the plant, where a public relations colonel and a very Regular Army major general were waiting for them. They had to sign in and Bill, who wasn't used to chumming around with generals, signed nervously and without thinking—"William Holden."

They had progressed halfway down the main floor of the plant, inspecting the machinery, when two men marched up behind Bill and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Who are you?" they barked in unison.

"Why, I'm William Holden. Uh, I mean Lieutenant Beedle," Bill stammered.

"Your pass is made out for Beedle, but you signed Holden. Now you say you're both." They eyed him with a look that said, "You're a Nazi spy and you might as well admit it now."

"But I *am* both," Bill told them, crimson with embarrassment.

"Don't be a fool," the general said irritably. "You can't be two people."

The public relations colonel interposed. "This is Lieutenant Beedle, sir, but he's actually—I mean he used to be—William Holden, the movie star."

who's holden . . .

"Never heard of him. Never go to movies," the general barked. "Better get your name settled one way or another, young man, before you end up in the guardhouse."

"Yes, sir," Bill said. He did it, too, and is now legally William Holden.

When Bill came out of the Army, he was dubious about what would happen next. But it turned out to be simple enough. Paramount put him right into *Dear Ruth*, with Joan Caulfield. And there he was playing a first lieutenant in the Air Force—just what he had actually been. Type-casting, that's what it was.

His next picture was *Blaze Of Noon*. It's the story of the Air Mail, back in the days when flying a mail plane was practically a form of suicide. There were, actually, forty pilots who started out on the Air Mail route, and out of that forty, thirty-one were killed.

Blaze Of Noon takes four brothers and follows them in their career as pilots. They are played by Bill, Sonny Tufts, Sterling Hayden and Johnny Sands.

Bill never was a pilot in the war, although he traveled over 200,000 miles by air.

One experience he had in flying during the war came in handy to make a scene in the picture extra convincing. His plane is beginning to ice up and naturally he's supposed to be pretty scared, as who wouldn't? So he got to thinking about a time during the war when they were flying a B-24 out of Los Angeles over Guadalupe Pass, and they ran into a fog that was about the consistency of jellied soup. Bill saw ice start to form on the wings, and he thought, "That's all, brother."

The pilot, he remembered, grinned at him and said "I ought to give you a towel, bud. You sure are sweating it out." And sure enough, when Bill raised a hand to his head it was dripping wet.

So when Bill came to make that icing up

scene in the picture, he got hold of a fur-lined flying suit, and drank a quart of hot water before he went up. The timing was good, and the ice formed on the plane and the sweat on Bill's forehead in perfect synchronization!

Bill's next picture is to be a Western. He's a good rider, fortunately—has ridden all his life. But he's given up admitting it since it got him into a jam one time. He was in Arizona on location for a picture.

A man from Tucson came out to the set one day, and watched. "Pretty good, aren't you?" he said to Bill.

"Oh, I'm used to horses," Bill admitted airily.

"That's fine. I'm from the University of Arizona and we're putting on a horse-show Friday. It would add a lot to the show to have a movie star in one of the contests. How about letting me enter you for Musical Chairs?"

Musical Chairs, Bill thought. That's the old game where you have one less chair than you have people, and everyone runs for a seat when the music stops. Seemed like a funny kind of contest for a horse show but Bill said certainly, he'd be glad to enter.

"Do you have your own horse?" the man asked.

"Horse? No, but I can get into town by car."

"I mean to ride in the contest," the man explained patiently. It seems this was an equine version of Musical Chairs, and it demanded considerable skill as a rider. Bill tried to get out of it on the grounds that he had no horse.

"I'll lend you one of my cow ponies," the man said.

"This one better be a musical genius, too," Bill said grimly. He spent the next few days worrying about the show. He didn't ask much—just not to be the first one eliminated. It would look so silly to have them announce "Here is the Hollywood star, Bill Holden," and then be the first one out of the game. He'd never live it down.

Fortunately, the pony lent to him was smarter than any three people, and Bill won the contest. He had a wonderful time, and the college kids cheered him till he almost died of embarrassment. That's typical of Bill.

give me the simple life . . .

Since Bill came out of the Army, the Holdens have been living a quiet, peaceful life, with a few "gay" evenings on the town.

Of course, there are times when Ardis, who was a success on the screen as Brenda Marshall, gets a longing to go back into pictures, or to do a play. She comes to Bill, all excited.

"Bill darling, so-and-so has a part in a play for me. It's a beautiful part, but it would mean going to New York. What do you think?"

His answer is standard by now. "I think you ought to do it, dear. Wire him okay and start packing right away." And, as far as he's concerned, there's nothing more to say.

But somehow Ardis doesn't get around to sending the wire. Bill pretends not to notice this, and is very surprised when Ardis comes in the living room one evening, and announces, "I've made up my mind. I'm not going!"

"Why not? What's wrong?" he asks innocently.

"I just went in and looked at Scott asleep. You know darn well I can't leave the kids—and you—you wouldn't know how to take care of yourselves."

"I know darn well I don't want you to," he says softly. "We've been apart too much as it is. Stick around, honey, this is a good life."

It is, at that.

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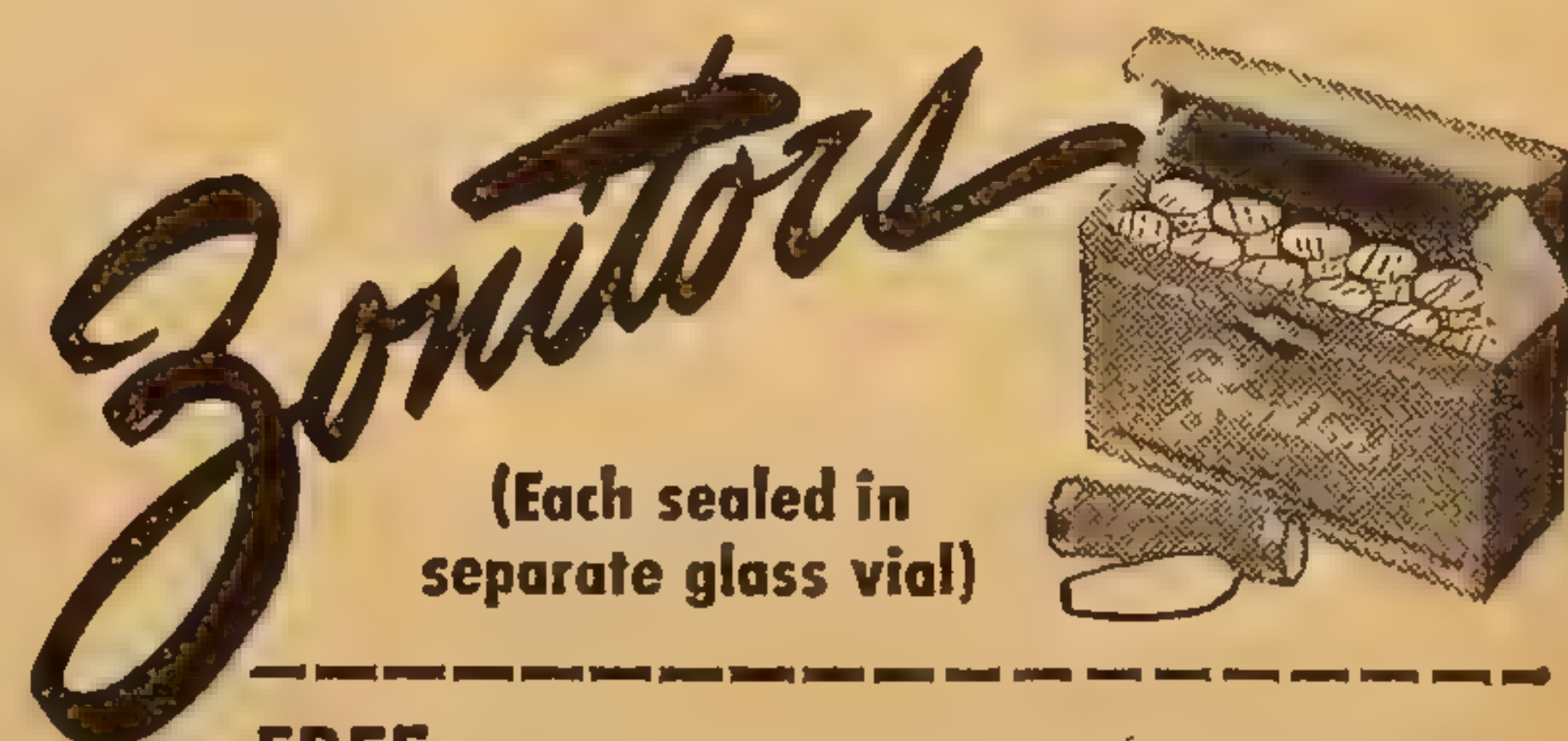
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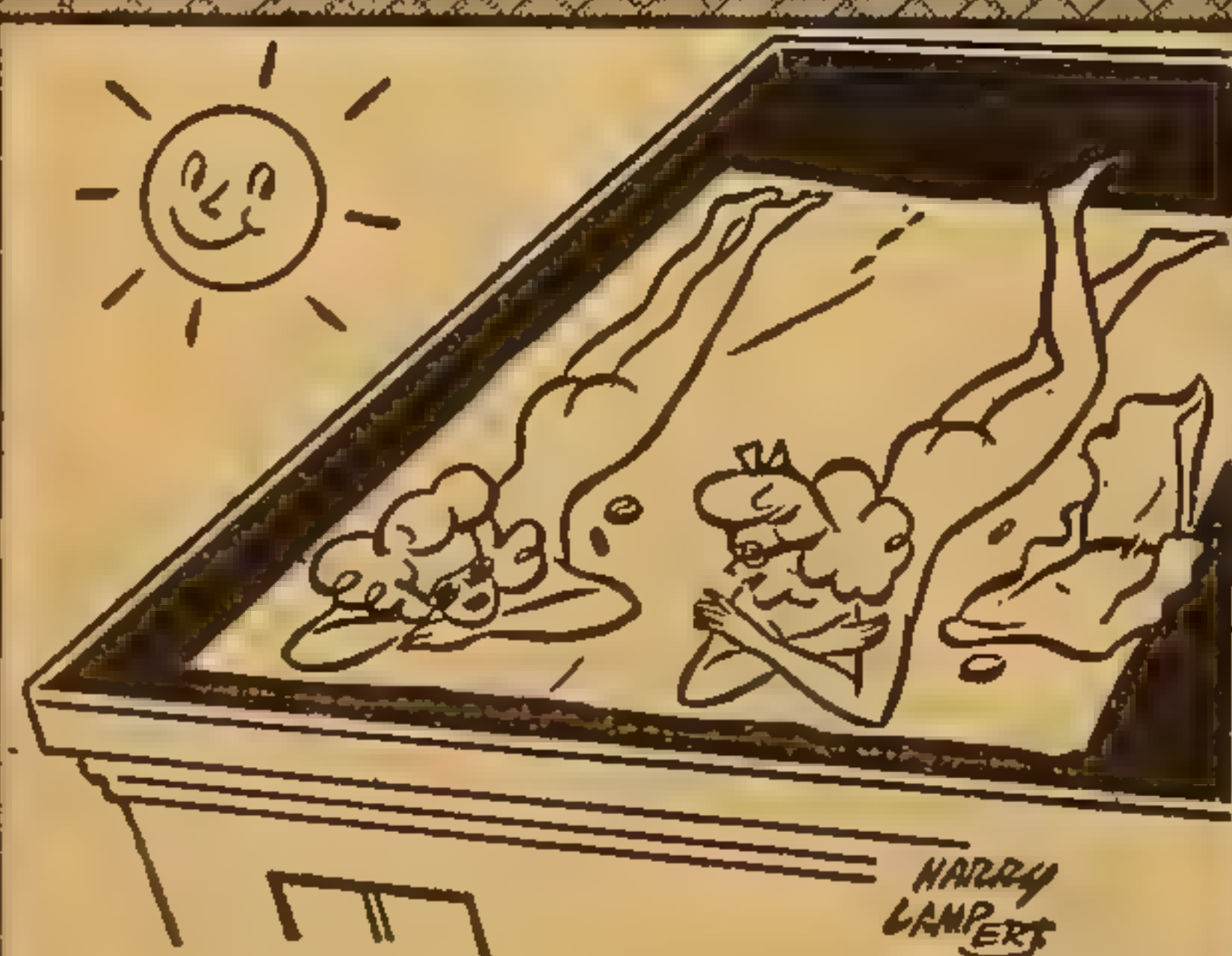


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LET THIS BE FOR ALWAYS

(Continued from page 50)

a big, gay party, and it should have been fun; but the faces were strange, the voices unfamiliar and, when no one was looking, Kathryn and Johnnie held hands in a funny, desperate sort of way. Johnnie's father came in from Boston to spend Christmas with them. They had Tom and Jerrys and gave each other silly presents, but in spite of their efforts it was not a good day.

After Christmas, things began looking up. They packed 'em in at the Oriental Theater. Shattered the previous attendance record. When Kathryn found out that the old record holder had been *Two Sisters from Boston*, she turned to Johnnie sort of doubtfully. "Sa-ay—beating my own time. Is that good?"

song without words . . .

"To the tune of a nice new refrigerator, washing machine and mangle," Johnnie told her, "that is very good, my sweet."

The day before they were to leave Chicago, Johnnie noticed that Katy wasn't singing with her usual spark; that the big dark eyes looking up at him during their duets had a glazed, unseeing look. Suddenly, right in the middle of a song, she stopped singing. She didn't mean to, but when she reached into her head for the words, they weren't there. Johnnie picked them up so quickly that no one in the audience noticed, and he sang his own lyrics plus all of hers, including one utterly female line about "going home to mother." When the curtain came down, Kathryn stood there and laughed till she cried. "Imagine a man going home to mother—" she wept, and then there was pain written on her face and, abruptly, there were no more tears.

"What's the matter, baby," Johnnie asked her gently.

"There's a sore place on my side."

A sore place! Department of understatement. Johnnie and Alice Weil, Kathryn's secretary, took her to a doctor, and inside of twenty minutes he was operating on an abscess. She didn't want an anesthetic because there was one more show to do that night, and she didn't want to be groggy. She just hung on to Alice's hand, and Alice cried, but she didn't. When it was over the doctor said, "Lady, you're a better man than I am."

They opened in Cincinnati next day, and there was a blizzard again.

"No one'll come out to see us in this," Johnnie gloomed. (He's the worry-wart.)

"Oh, someone will," Katy said. (She never worries. Doesn't know what stage-fright is.)

Needless to say, Cincinnati's Albee Theater was jammed to the rafters. That was a good week, all told. They stayed at the Netherland-Plaza, and the food and service were indescribable. The fans were wonderful, and the college boys in town voted Kathryn their Dream Girl. There was just one bad time, when one of the comedians in one of the acts that was appearing with them failed to show up, and Johnnie had to go on in his place. He had no script, and he has no idea what he said, but Kathryn claims he was hilarious. "Why they screamed over him," she reports, and she's much more impressed than if he'd sung at the Met.

The next town was Hartford, Conn., and Katy and Alice had really looked forward to that. From the time they left home, Hartford was kind of a beacon, an oasis. On the strength of having seen *Christmas In Connecticut* some time before, they'd packed peasant skirts and ballet slippers in

order to be right in the swim. And, of course, they arrived in a blizzard. "Worst one in twenty-six years," the taxi driver boasted. "Yessir, she's a-shore comin' down." They could have smashed him.

It was a nice town, nonetheless, with the smilingest, friendliest sort of people, and Kathryn came away loving all Hartford-ites except two: the plumbers who banged on pipes beginning around five a.m. in the wall directly adjacent to her bed, and who never did get the much-advertised "hot and cold running water in every room" running.

Boston came next, and that was fun. Getting lost on the silly narrow little streets, finding cute places to eat, listening to those wonderful accents. The lads from Tufts College and Boston University and Harvard kept Kathryn's dressing-room filled with flowers, and had the phone rung down asking for dates.

One morning, they got a call asking them to appear at the opening of the March of Dimes Drive, and they said "Sure." They hurried over in a cab between shows, and when they arrived, they saw that the streets were lined with people and that there was hardly an inch of space for them to get through to the building. It was all sort of terrifying and strange. No policemen to hold back the crowd. Nothing official-looking about it at all. People clawed at the buttons on Kathryn's \$325 suit, pushed their faces right up into her face. When one kindly little old lady, with no doubt the best intentions in the world suddenly extended a long, bony hand and muttered, "God bless you, dearie," Kathryn's nerves snapped. She jumped straight up in the air and finished plowing through the crowd with foolish tears pouring down her face. Of course, it eventually turned out that it wasn't the March of Dimes opening at all. A brand new dress shop had simply figured out a way to get itself some high-priced publicity—for free. Johnnie and Kathryn felt pretty let down about it, and their agents were really burned. They sent the dress shop a bill for Johnnie and Kathryn's services, and whatever they collect will go to the March of Dimes.

rest cure . . .

When they finished at the Boston-RKO, they trained back home to Hollywood for a quick peek at Julie and at Katy's house that is in the throes of being remodeled. En route, they hardly saw each other. Katy stayed in her compartment and slept and read dozens of twenty-five cent Dell mysteries; Johnnie stayed in his and ate chocolates. It was a rest cure they both needed badly, and when they got home they felt marvelous, and they were so happy they wanted to shout. Standing in front of the lovely, substantial, English-style house that they'll share after their marriage next September first, Katy felt all out of breath with excitement. "Johnnie," she whispered. "It looks so un-Hollywood. It looks so doggone permanent." She held his arm tight, and they both knew that they were making the same wish . . . Let this be for always.

The house itself is testimony to the fact that this is no scatterbrained young pair marrying in haste. They hope to have four children, and they've set aside rooms in the house for that many. The boys will sleep on the third floor in a room with built-in bunks.

"Let's not have it nautical though, do you think, darling?"

Johnnie shakes his head. "No. How



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about ranch-style? Leather and cowhide and stuff."

"Mmm. And there's room for sort of a dormitory for when they bring the bunch home to visit later on."

This, you can see, is definitely no short-term contract.

The house is entirely free from the usual Hollywood gimmicks. Instead of the customary tricky little bar, there is a beautiful walnut-paneled library with book-shelves to the ceiling and low, comfortable couches. There is a sewing-room—which is a bit of an innovation out that way. There are trees of every description, and Katy is familiar with them all.

"Imagine," an Eastern friend marveled one day. "Just picking an avocado and devouring it on the spot."

"Oh, but you don't do that," Katy said, her bright, pretty face earnest. "You keep them packed in flour until they get ripe."

"Why, Katy Grayson," the friend said, eyeing her with awe. "You're all domesticated!" She is, too. She loves to look at drapery material and fuss with wall colors. She's such good friends with the painters and the other men working around the place that when she and Johnnie went back East to wind up the tour, they wrote her letters to let her know how they were doing, and one of them took pictures of the house and sent them to her.

The end of the tour made up for all the rough spots that had gone before. Not that there wasn't a blizzard—there was a beauty; not that Johnnie didn't get laryngitis—he got it like crazy. But just the same, New York was wonderful. For one thing, the people at the Capitol Theater, remembering Kathryn's last personal appearance stint, had arranged a really divine dressing-room for her, had even given it a name—Grayson's Inn. Last time she kept skipping out between shows to get snacks or to have her nails done, and, being Katy, she had often overstayed herself and missed the show. This time she didn't have to budge for a thing. They installed an electric stove and an icebox, a radio, pretty chintz curtains and a spread for the couch.

The fans in New York were such nice kids, with their shining eyes and their thoughtful gifts. Three of them gave her a heavenly cyclamen negligee. Another one gave her a handsome gold compact. (She doesn't use powder, did you know? So she keeps her penicillin pills in it.) All of them gave her a warm, lump-in-the-throat feeling. To think they cared enough about her to want to come back-stage and talk to her. To think they were grown-up enough to wish Johnnie and her happiness.

Yes, New York was a good deal. The Essex House, with its sweeping view of Central Park, was perfect. The additional personal appearance offers were dazzling. London wanted them; Paris wanted them; there was even a bid from Johannesburg, South Africa! The shows and the stores were superb. But both Johnnie and Kathryn are honest enough to admit that half the charm of New York was that it was the end of the line. After New York they could sit down and count their gold, and then go on that long-awaited shopping binge. After New York, what's more, they could buy two tickets back home!

JULY ISSUE

Better warn your newsdealer to wear his slicker next June 13, when our July issue goes on sale. Gorgeous Esther Williams will be splashing all over our cover, and we wouldn't want him to get wet—would you?

HATTIE had Hair-Do Fatigue



Smooth at six—
dressed for her date,
with a honey of a
smooth, sleek hair-
do. But, does the hair
stay that way? Alas,
no...



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and so did her rating
with the lads (How
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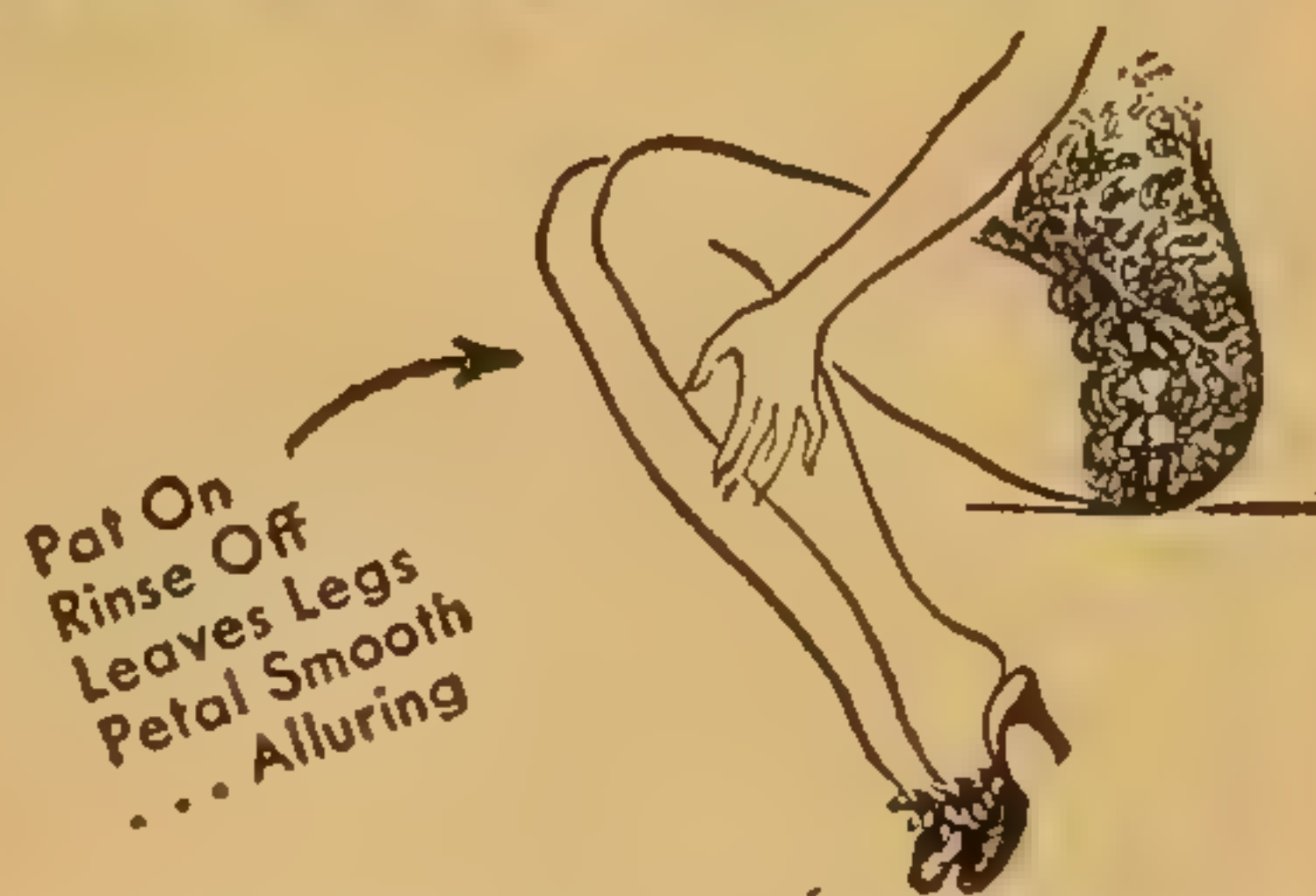
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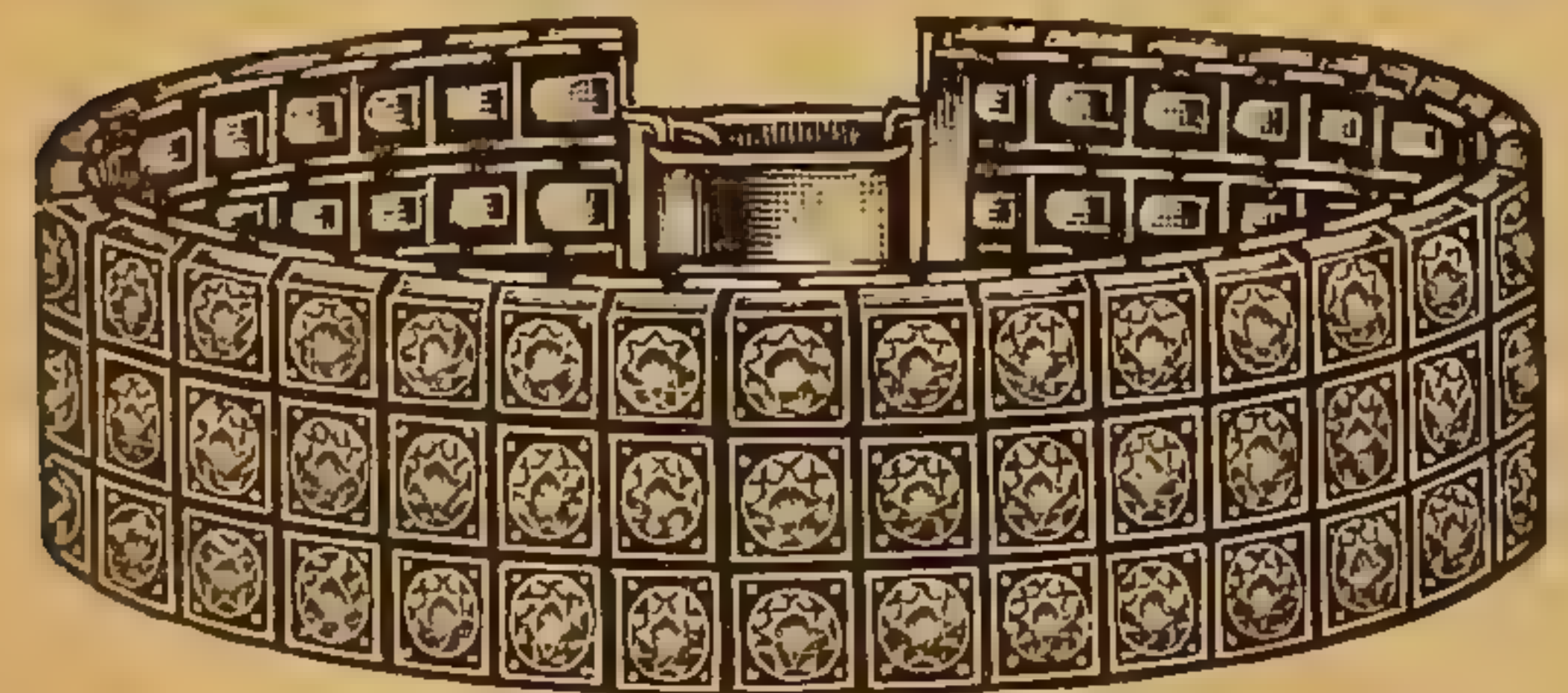
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BLESSED EVENT

(Continued from page 56)

I was completely wrapped up in this picture, which had come to be a symbol of the type of work I wanted to do."

Olivia stated flatly that she would not do the picture unless Mitchell Leisen directed. She knew he could keep the simple theme believable and full of power by virtue of his sensitive understanding of the theme and his great knack for attention to detail.

"The selection of Alma Mac Crory to play the part of Belle is typical of Mitch's genius," Olivia says. "Alma had been Mitch's cutter for years, and a number of actresses had been considered for Belle before Mitch had the sudden inspiration. I don't know of another case in which anyone without previous acting experience has turned in so remarkable a performance."

"People have asked me what I considered the most difficult and moving scene in the picture. I think it is the point at which I have to tell Jody that he is adopted, and the child rushes out, locking himself in the bathroom."

original sitter . . .

"I used to be a 'sitter' for my mother's friends on bridge nights, long before the term was used. I was also extremely fond of Geraldine Fitzgerald's little boy, Michael. I think that the realism of this scene can be credited to some extent to a genuine concern I have had for the problems that loom so large in the life of a child."

"And, of course, little Billy Ward, who played the role, almost broke the heart of everyone on the set."

Olivia was a problem child to cameraman Danny Fapp to whom she gives a full share of credit for her award-winning work. She is so absent-minded when concentrating that she frequently fails to respond to her own name. Leisen dubbed her "Moonglow." So great was her preoccupation that she frequently turned her back to the camera.

Mitch turned to Danny after one particularly good take and said, "How was it, Danny?" Mr. Fapp pulled one eye away from the camera range finder and exclaimed, "It was wonderful—perfect. The only trouble is that Moonglow didn't get on the film."

Her performance was enhanced, too, by the makeup of Bill Wood. After long conferences, it was decided that Olivia should play a woman of forty-six as such a woman would actually be, and not become the glamorized, typical movie version of a female whose hair has turned white with grief.

She did try on a white wig just once. When she walked on the set in an evening gown, the crew took one look at the glamor wig and whistles broke out spontaneously.

"Believe it or not," Olivia declares, "That was the first time in my life that I had ever been whistled at. I can hardly wait until I am forty-six. Imagine the trouble I am going to give my husband."

Not that Olivia hadn't already given Marcus Goodrich, her husband, his share of trouble. Goodrich elaborated on the incredible disturbances Oscar creates as we sat by the pool of the quiet and beautiful Hotel La Quinta in the desert some twenty miles outside Palm Springs. He and Olivia came there a few days after the evening of the Academy Award presentations to escape the incessant telephone calls which erupted continuously after their private number suddenly became public.

One particularly exasperating well-wisher had the habit of calling up, and when Olivia answered the telephone he simply remained silent as she helloed herself to death.

Goodrich had seen *To Each His Own*, just a few months before he and Olivia were married. He reminded himself to tell Olivia when next they met that she deserved the Academy Oscar.

"The trouble was," he said, "that she was already being told that by dozens of people. I knew how important the winning would be to her, and it became my job to discourage the idea to prevent a possible disappointment."

"He did, too," Olivia broke in. "He pointed out just how the voting would go so that in the end the Oscar would waltz off with Rosalind Russell."

Then, Roz wrecked this logic by bumping into Olivia at a party and exclaiming, "How's it going to feel to clutch Oscar in your palm? You're going to win it, you know. Not I. I'll get it some other time, but this year it's yours."

Author Goodrich was acutely aware of his bride's preoccupation with Oscar. Unfortunately, those who love her turned militant in their hopes that she would win. And as the day of the award approached, Mr. Goodrich discovered himself rapidly becoming regarded as an arch enemy of Olivia's staunch supporters.

"For instance," he recalled, "there was the violence with which Curt Frings (Olivia's agent) regarded my calm assurances that she didn't have a chance. Curt is a former lightweight boxing champion, so you can realize the risk I took in weighing my campaign to soften the blow for Olivia if the worst should happen."

The night before the awards, Olivia pretended to sleep, but was such a bad actress that her husband finally snapped on the lights and hauled out the Chinese checker board. They played on until neither one could any longer keep an eye propped open.

Next morning, she had a call from Leonore Weaver, who had done her hair all through *To Each His Own*. Leonore wanted to do it again for the Academy, and this gesture stopped Olivia's heart for a long beat.

Enveloped in a light, numb haze, Olivia sat down to an early dinner with her husband and close friends at the home of Mr. Charley Brackett, who started all this agony by bringing Olivia the script in the first place.

it's not all gravy . . .

Olivia didn't remember much about the dinner, except the point at which Mr. Brackett passed the gravy. She saw him fumble, and like a stop action photo she saw the gravy arrested in mid-air. Then it exploded all down the front of her pale blue, strapless evening gown.

The other guests were superb. Emergency repairs were effected. She was wrapped to the neck in napkins—eight to be exact—to prevent further accident. The conversation now naturally turned to the subject of the great amount of ill luck that seems to befall Academy Award winners.

"Most of them," Mr. Brackett mused, sadly, "either never again amount to much in pictures, or they are divorced by their mates. But I'm sure nothing like that will happen to you."

Miss De Havilland is sure, too! She waited a long time to marry, and this one will be the one and only.

"My husband," Olivia stated flatly, "is an

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extremely biased individual about some things. Despite his gruff assurances that I couldn't possibly win, he sat beside me in the auditorium with extreme impatience. I could almost read the thoughts racing through his mind—at least that's what I imagined.

"I was positive that, when the fatal envelope was opened and someone else's name was read off, he would leap to his feet and shout, 'We demand a recount!'"

"When the blinding moment came, Marcus leaned over and said to me, just before Ray Milland began the announcement, 'Be sure to straighten out the back of your dress when you walk up to the platform.'"

"Then my name was called.

"When it was over, I started off the stage—the wrong way. I whispered to Ray Milland, 'How do I get out of here?'"

"Don't worry," Ray answered, brightly. "Just keep going the way you're headed. It may not be right, but it's shortest."

"Isn't it a wonderful feeling," Olivia exclaimed. "It really feels wonderful to win, doesn't it, Ray?"

"It sure does," Ray answered. "But you couldn't have lost. If I'd seen anyone else's name on that slip of paper I'd have called out OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND anyway!"

Somehow, the Goodrichs pushed through the mob and back to their apartment. Marcus had invited some friends over for a champagne supper. This was to have been Olivia's "consolation party."

Flowers and telegrams poured into the room. One huge bouquet of three dozen red roses arrived. The card attached was from Bette Davis. It read: "One dozen for To Each His Own. Two dozen for The Dark Mirror."

Olivia wanted to cry a little.

Strange, the influence a man named Oscar can have over a woman.

When Marcus Goodrich began to pack for their trip to the desert, Olivia handed him the gleaming statuette.

"Don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that we're going to take that along, too!"

Olivia's expression was one of dark-eyed incredulity.

"Of course," she retorted. "It took me twelve years to get Oscar, and I'm not going to leave him now!"

TIME ON MY HANDS

(Continued from page 60)

it's drafty. But, oh, you darling fool. I'm glad you called. I love you, too!"

"That's what I wanted to hear," sighed Glenn. "Good night, Ellie."

"The charges on your call," droned the operator with a ring-back, "are one hundred and seventeen dollars and sixty-two cents, with tax." She was very careful to compute the tax, too.

"Thanks," said Glenn vacantly. He walked over to the calendar on his desk and made a new "X." "Only fifty-four more days to go," he sighed, walking to his desk and pulling out the blue stationery. He whistled "Clair de Lune" as he wrote, "My Darling—"

Then he grinned. Good old blue envelopes. He started using them when he was courting Ellie and she was traveling on tour. It was her idea. "When I look at the mail rack over the hotel desk I can see it right away." She used the blue ones, too, when Glenn was in the Marines, and his memories were bitter-sweet on that point. Every day you lined up before the drill sergeant's shack for your mail—and when you got more than five letters at one time you had to run the belt line with all

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the guys swinging lustily at your tail. Usually that happened to Glenn, ducking wildly down the stinging lane—holding those blue envelopes from Ellie. But it was worth it.

His letter finished, Glenn walked around the room, put his hand on his boy's, Peter's, nursery door and then took it off. If the little guy did happen to wake up and give him that, "Where's Mommy?" routine—well, he'd do something desperately foolish maybe—like grabbing Pete and calling a cab to the airport.

The truth was, Glenn missed Ellie twice as much as Pete did. He'd been between pictures when Ellie left on her dancing tour. With time on his hands.

He drove her to the train, piled her compartment on the Streamliner (City of Los Angeles) high with flowers. Then Ellie kissed him and said, "Now, go. I don't want to see your face looking sad like a St. Bernard's when the train pulls out."

So he gave her another hug and left. Halfway down the ramp he glanced at his watch. He had five minutes more! He galloped back up. Ellie was taking off her hat and reaching for a book. She reached for Glenn instead, and they said good-bye all over again.

When the train pulled out, Glenn didn't know what he wanted to do—but he knew he didn't want to go home. He called up some pals—Watson Webb, Mark Stevens, Bob Walker. Nobody was home, of course. He dragged into the Lincoln and moped along out Sunset Boulevard toward the studio. He wasn't thinking of much of anything, certainly not what his speedometer said. It said 45 m.p.h. The siren sounded and he pulled over.

"Listen, young fella—" began the cop. He spied the streamlined job that Glenn had cut down himself at home. When he recognized Glenn, he said, "Gosh, I thought you were one of those hot rod kids. There's a drive on, you know. You weren't really going very fast—but I'll have to give you a ticket now."

western union casanova . . .

The first week was the hardest, and he started haunting Western Union. One morning, Glenn breezed into the WU office busting with things to say. The girl spread his scribble-packed yellow sheets on the desk and starting counting with her pencil. Pretty soon her face took on a rapt look, like she was reading "Forever Amber." His cheeks burned. "Here, gimme," croaked Glenn, grabbing the lengthy, impulsive wire. He dashed off a new one: "Dear Ellie. Miss you. Hope you are well. Love. Glenn."

He was talking to Ellie that next night long distance in Buffalo. He caught himself saying the things he'd written first in that telegram he'd torn up. Suddenly Glenn heard an operator's sigh cut in on the conversation. He realized with horror that he and Ellie were wearing their hearts right out in public.

"Hey, honey," he told Ellie, "we just can't talk like this over a telephone. It's too public."

He heard Ellie laugh. "I don't give a darn who knows I love you." By the end of the week Glenn didn't give a darn either.

And by the end of that week Glenn Ford's phone and telegram bill was \$532.18—with tax!

By the end of the week, too—way back in Buffalo—Ellie realized something had to be done—so she put Glenn to work.

He'd noticed the notebook she'd tossed in her traveling bag last thing before she closed it. It was blank then, but after the first week it came back crammed with instructions.

"Monday—cleaning woman comes . . .

put symphony records and pipes away . . . open windows. Tell egg man strictly fresh . . . lay out suits for cleaners . . . gather soiled shirts, shorts for Bendix . . . don't put with Pete's things in hamper . . . Dog food man—tell him usual amount . . . pay gardener.

"Tuesday—Agnes' day off. Be sure let know if you want cold supper left in ice-box. Lock all doors night. Take in Pete's toys.

"Wednesday—" and so on down the week—every day, something to think about, every hour.

Glenn pondered over every instruction. He finally got a little suspicious that she was just keeping him out of mischief.

Not that there was any real mischief hanging around in G. Ford's mind. That is, unless you counted a couple of paternal slips with Pete. With Ellie away Glenn found he wanted to see a lot of Pete, even more than he did when she was home.

There used to be a certain hour of the day—right before dinner—when he and Ellie went into Pete's nursery, played the Mother Goose records and caught up on the little guy's day. And there were the Sunday walks, that were a regular family ritual. They'd set out, hand in hand, toddling Pete up the hills of the little glen they live in. The high spot of the adventure was when Pete picked a flower and handed it to Ellie.

Now Glenn took Pete for walks every day, instead of just Sunday, so that every blue envelope had a posey for Ellie's collection.

Glenn packed Pete, too, into Columbia for a portrait sitting and sent the pictures to Ellie in Washington, where she went, after Buffalo, to dance at the White House. He sent a dozen pink carnations (her favorite flower) from Pete on Pete's birthday and a note saying it wasn't going to be celebrated until Glenn's birthday came along in May—when "Mommy" would be home. Glenn sent along all bulletins about Pete he knew Ellie would be dying for, as soon as they happened. The party he took him to for Roy Rogers' little girls. The haircut he got Pete down in Beverly. The new word Pete knew.

But there were a couple of items that Glenn didn't send. He took him down to the fun pier one day and fed him popcorn, taffy, suckers and ice cream. Glenn's quaking still for the moment when the

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Ted Ray

"Silly dog."

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three of them go to the pier when Ellie's back, and Pete demands the treats his widowed dad handed him. Then she'll know!

Then there was a certain household episode where Glenn slipped up and hid the bad news from Ellie. Pete wandered into her dressing-room one day and turned on the radio down in the China room. It ran for three days before Glenn caught it. By then all the insides were burned out and the rubber insulation was dripping.

Before she left she told him, knowing him: "Now don't touch anything in the house. Don't redecorate or paint or fix anything up." So he waltzed down to a decorator's and bought some fireman-red venetian blinds for the den!

But his darkest secret has to do with a long suppressed personal vanity. He'd always yearned to know what he'd look like with a nice black, sporty mustache—but every time he'd even remotely hinted it to Ellie she cracked down on him.

He had a pretty good excuse this time. He was readying his part in *The Man From Colorado*, where he plays a Western killer. He had to look menacing.

He let the lip grow for ten days. On the eleventh, he took a long look in the mirror and reached for a razor. That night when he called Ellie, Glenn said, out of the blue, "Ellie, you were right!"

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean, dear," Glenn caught himself, "you're always so right about everything."

anyway, the static was clear...

The first acting job he did without Ellie around was on the radio show, "Suspense." He wired her in Buffalo to listen in. She'd never missed any radio show he'd done, any movie he'd made. But Ellie wasn't in Buffalo; she was on the train to Washington. She got the wire on the train, raced to the club car. A passenger had a hockey game on. "Pardon me," said Ellie, switching it to Glenn's station. She got a dirty look from the sport fan, the static went "scr—rreeek—sc-r-r-a-a-w-wk" and she couldn't hear a word Glenn said.

There are a few frank reasons why Glenn Ford is mighty glad his wife left him—temporarily. He's happy because at heart he knows Ellie's a terrifically talented girl—too brilliant to just sit at home and take care of him and Pete.

Glenn's proud as a peacock of the record Ellie made. At the Town Casino, for instance, in Buffalo, the attendance record had stood since 1930—and it took three top entertainers—Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman and Joe E. Lewis—to set it then. Ellie smashed it to pieces her opening night. She played two floor shows daily—with all brand new tunes and routines. Between shows every night over 300 people lined up in the 14-below weather—waiting for a chance to see Eleanor Powell in person.

After reading her rave notices, Glenn started addressing his letters "Eleanor Powell." He got a wire right back from Ellie to set him straight on that the minute the first one arrived.

"I am Mrs. Glenn Ford," it read. "Everybody knows it. And don't you forget it!"

Her agent came by to see him one day. "What would you say to the news that Ellie's had an offer to play London for eight more weeks—Albert Hall and everything?"

Glenn gasped.

"Why," he gulped, "okay—if Ellie wants to. I—"

The agent sighed. "That's just it, damn it! She doesn't want to. She turned it down cold," he frowned. "Says she wants to come back and be with you. How do you account for it?"

Both Glenn Ford and Ellie Ford know the answer to that. Home is where the heart is; that's all.

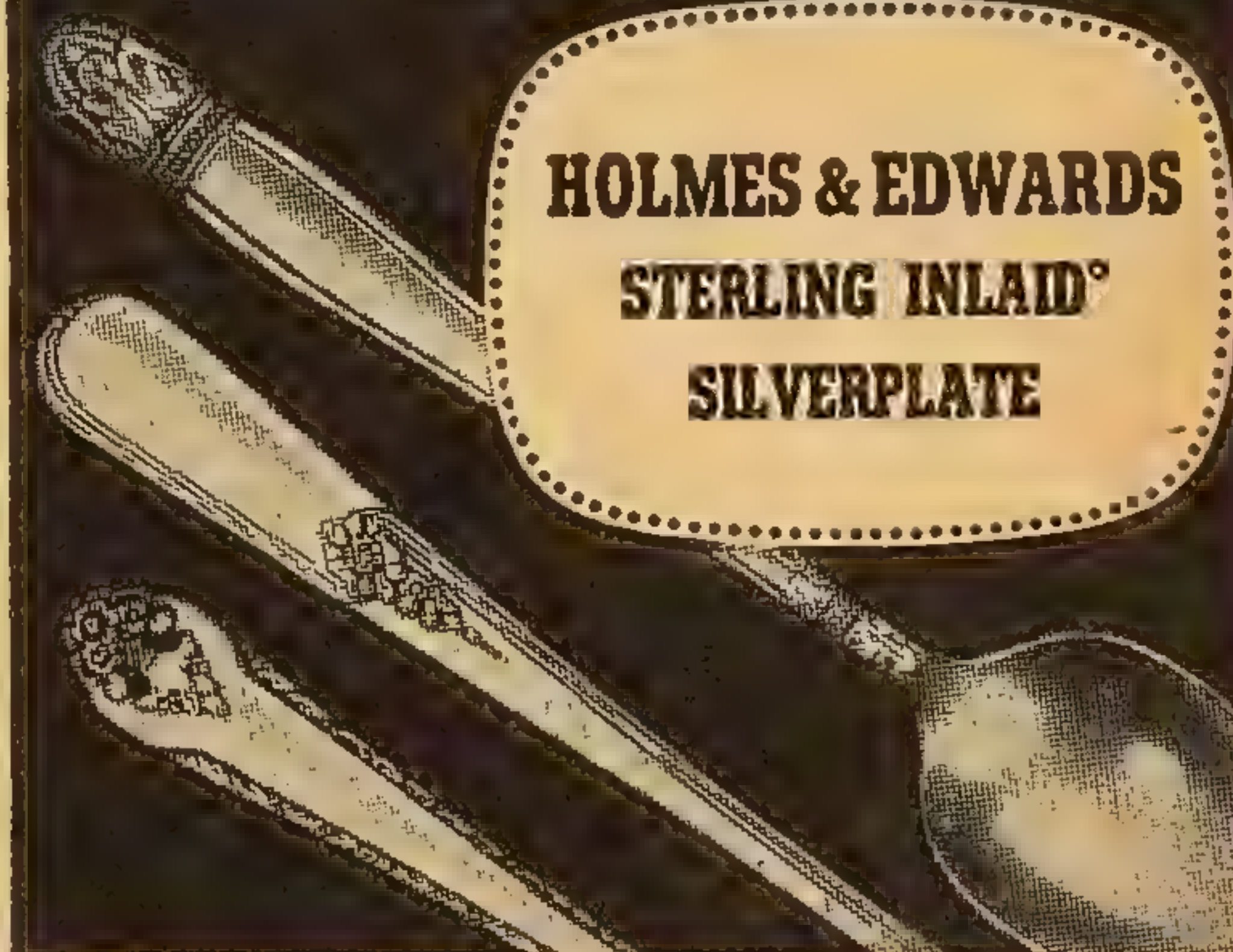
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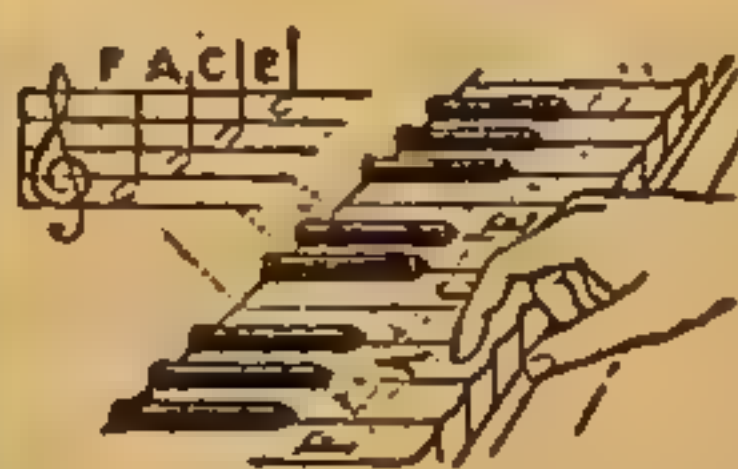


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STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT

(Continued from page 39)

meant.

Until someone called me up a couple of days later. "You've got a date with Guy Madison," they said.

"Sure," I said, laughing on the outside.

The funny thing was, I had a date with Guy Madison.

"Wash your face," Maggy said. "And comb those stars out of your eyes. You don't want to scare the poor man."

I was supposed to meet Guy at a place called the Beverly Hills Club, late in the afternoon.

I made a nonchalant entrance, around eleven-thirty a.m. There was a couch out in the lobby, and I sat down to wait.

A lot of workmen were walking around with buckets in their hands, and painters' caps on their heads, and every once in a while, they'd look at me curiously.

One of them approached, after a while. "Fire here, lady," he said.

let 'er burn . . .

"Go right ahead," I said grandly. At that point, I thought he intended to burn the place down, and I was in that settled state of mind where it seemed like a reasonable enough idea.

He explained further. "There was a fire here, lady. They ain't serving any lunch."

"Oh, I don't want any lunch," I said. "I want Guy Madison. That is—"

"A lot of people want Guy Madison, lady," the man said, shaking his head, and going away.

I was thinking of asking him to give me a new coat of paint, too, by the time Guy arrived.

And right here, I'd like to make a small speech about Guy Madison. To begin with, he's the handsomest man I've ever seen. He's terrifically tall (I had on the highest heels in the United States, and I'm no shrimp in the first place, but still he loomed over me); he's very tanned, and he's blond. You probably know all that. It shows up in his pictures.

But a lot of stuff doesn't show up. He has a certain gentleness of manner—a way of helping you in and out of cars, and doors, a way of lighting your cigarettes, a way of listening when you talk—that makes you feel like Helen of Troy.

It isn't an effusive thing, with him. It isn't this personality-kid stuff some actors can turn on and off. He's a quiet boy; he has a lovely smile, he dances like a dream, and he says nice things about other actors. I think he is a good and pleasant person, with rare charm. And now I've got that said, I can go on.

Guy showed up at the Beverly Hills Club, and five minutes later, I felt as though I'd known him for a year.

"What would you like to see most?" he asked me. "In the whole town."

We were having something long and cool and sweet at the cute little bar in the Club (the bar hadn't been a fire casualty) and I deliberated.

He grinned. "Never mind. Come on."

We went from the Club to a place called The Tropics. Bamboo decorations, candles on the tables, Hawaiian music, leis for your neck—it was lousy with atmosphere. We ate shrimps with chopsticks—and from the off-hand way I say that, you needn't think I didn't suffer—and you needn't think I didn't love it.

After that we started for a restaurant called The Kings.

Guy was extolling the glories of lobster à la King, and I smiled sickly. "Guy, those shrimps. I'm not very hungry any more."

He scoffed. "Those shrimps were just an appetizer."

At The Kings, they let us go out into the kitchen, and we saw the way they split live lobsters. Guy'd caught a lot of Pacific Coast crustaceans, and he and the chef swapped recipes for a while, and then we went back out front and sat down.

We had oysters Rockefeller and broiled lobsters, and strawberry shortcake and milk, and by that time, I had begun to lose my appetite.

Somebody said, "Oh, there's Leo McCarey," and I looked up listlessly, and Guy, who was dipping his hand in his finger-bowl, stopped short and stared at me. "You're green."

I didn't doubt it for a single minute, but I'll bet it was a lovely shade of green. I was in heaven.

I gazed at Mr. Madison. "—Ciro's," he was saying. "Xavier Cugat's there, and you could use a little exercise."

I said "yes," dreamily. It wasn't until we were seated at a table in Ciro's, and the band began to play, that the awful truth struck me. Cugat plays rhumbas, and sambas. My rhumba is mediocre (that's putting it politely) and sambas, I just don't know from.

Guy was standing up and holding out his hand.

"I can't," I said. "You're a movie star, and people will be watching, and I'll trip, I'll faint, I'll die—"

"Wanta bet?" he said easily.

He led me out to the floor, and all around us there were sleek women in bright dresses and jewels, and the lights were muted, and not quite real, and I neither tripped nor fainted nor died. I rhumba-ed and samba-ed, and had the time of my life. Mr. Cugat chuckled every time we passed him.

Things went fine, until the realization hit me again. This was I, dancing with Guy Madison, in the fabulous Ciro's. This was I, smiling sweetly at Xavier Cugat, practically nose-to-nose.

Suddenly, I was overwhelmed by my own eminence, and I pulled at Guy's arm. "Let's sit down," I said weakly. "For a minute."

I was reaching for a cigarette, when the proprietor, a Mr. Hover, stopped at our table. "Oh, you smoke," he said. (Guy doesn't smoke; tobacco has an almost

I SAW IT HAPPEN



The night superintendent here at Hollywood Hospital stopped Bill, the orderly, and said: "There's a new man on duty tonight. Show him around, will you?" Bill sighed and went upstairs. For 20 years Bill has

shown "new men" around. At the desk, upstairs, sat a young man in sports clothes. "Come on, I'll show you where to change your clothes," said Bill. The young man looked astonished. "Change my clothes. . . ?" "Yes," replied Bill. "We furnish uniforms and laundry. Aren't you the new orderly?" "Oh, no, sir," laughed Peter Lawford.

Mrs. Grace M. Hulst, R.N.
Los Angeles, Calif.

narcotic effect on him.)
Mr. Hover disappeared, and when he came back, he had a little aluminum lighter, with "Ciro's" engraved on it. "A souvenir," he said. He gave me a lipstick in a gold case, too.

Now all I do is smoke and put on lipstick, in an ostentatious way.

After Ciro's, we went to Mocambo. Mocambo is the place where the dance floor is always crowded, and each succeeding face is richer and more famous than the elbow that's in it. Two bands alternate, and at the side of the room, under the ceiling, there are enormous bird cages, full of different-colored birds.

It's startling, because the birds are never still, and underneath the cages are the windows, and through the windows you can see the lights of the city, down the hill.

Once I'd caught my breath, we danced, and I spotted Diana Lynn a few feet away, in a brown dress, and Guy steered over close to her to say hello.

She laughed up at him. "Good evening, Mr. Moseley." She looks like a little girl, close up. Cute, and full of sparkle.

We noticed a waiter standing at our table, then, with a be-ribboned white box, and we went to investigate. My name was on the box, and I untied the ribbons quickly.

Inside was a magnificent orchid! I picked out the little white card. It was from Gail!

Guy sat down in his chair. "That little Gail," he said in a pleased voice. "She's a real character."

It was almost too much excitement for one night.

We left Mocambo with me clutching my orchid box and we walked down the street in the cool night air, and any second, I expected to wake up.

"Would you like to go to a real Russian place?" Guy said. "With gypsy music?"

I would have gone even without the gypsy music, but Madison's an awfully modest guy.

Charochka—I don't know what it means, and I was too overwrought to ask at the time—isn't a night club. It's a restaurant with an air, and it's run by a Mr. and Mrs. Sankar. They're known as Papa and Mama Sankar, to devotees.

Papa, dressed like a Cossack, wanders around serenading the guests with Russian songs. He drifted over to our table, and started to play his guitar and sing.

Neither Guy nor I understood the words, but every so often, Papa would come to a ho-ho-ho or ha-ha-ha refrain, and Guy

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My sister, who works for the telephone company in Atlanta, took a call to the United Artists Studios in Hollywood. She was very surprised at the call, as people in Atlanta very rarely call Hollywood. In her amazement, she couldn't help exclaiming out loud her favorite slang phrase: "Well, what do you know, Joe?" Imagine her astonishment when her party answered, "I don't know nothin'." How could she possibly have guessed that Joe Cotten was right there in Atlanta, and making a call to his studio?

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would join in loudly.

Papa Sankar suddenly smote his brow. "You must have Wadka!" he cried.

"I've never tasted Vodka," Guy admitted, and Papa frowned, troubled that anyone should have had such an underprivileged childhood.

He even sang a sad song about it, and then a waiter named Boris brought some little glasses with a colorless liquid in them, and Papa beamed.

"Wadka."

"It looks like gin," I said. I'm the low type who knows what gin looks like.

"It looks like water," Guy said. He's a high type.

"Dreenk!" Papa said simply.

Guy drank, while I observed with interest. He didn't exactly light up and start shooting flames out of his ears, but he gasped once or twice, I thought.

If I'd been waiting for a detailed description of the experience, I'd have been disappointed. "It doesn't taste like water," is all he said.

Papa offered him some more, but he declined. "My head isn't good for much, but I can't spare it just yet."

Our next stop was a place out in the San Fernando Valley. Guy's kind of place. It's called Sportsman's Lodge, and that's exactly what it is. It could only happen in California.

Inside the big, rustic house, you can eat and drink, and sit by an open fire. Outside, there's a trout stream, and a waterfall, and woods.

We stood on a little wooden bridge, and underneath the clear water I could see the fish slipping past, their bright bodies shimmering in the moonlight.

By the side of the stream, there was a fat, feathered creature dipping its bill into the water. It was snow-white. Now my experience with wild life and the great out-of-doors is strictly from newsreel travelogues. I'm a city product.

"Is that a goose or a swan?" I asked,

trying to be intelligent.

"It's a duck," Guy said, disgusted. He's an outdoor product—hunts, fishes, camps. He made hissing duck noises at the thing, but it paid him no heed, and he gave it up. "Scorned by a duck," he sighed.

I still think maybe it was a swan, who had no intention of recognizing duck noises.

And I still think that Sportsman's Lodge is one of the most beautiful places I'll ever see.

We watched the waterfall rushing in the stillness, and the trees twisted in the small wind, and I felt tired, and good.

The music and noise and the gay people had been wonderful earlier, and now the quiet, and the sky and the smell of the damp ground was wonderful, too.

But there was one thing more I wanted to do, before we called it a night. For years, I'd been seeing Grauman's Chinese Theater in the movies. I'd seen actors and actresses pressing their feet into the wet cement, and the box-office built like a pagoda, and all the rest of it.

I told Guy, laughing, because I thought he'd laugh. "I know it's foolish."

"I don't see why," he said, and the next thing I knew, I was standing on the scarred cement at Grauman's Chinese.

We picked our way around, because it was very late, and the area was almost all in darkness. A tall boy stepped out of a patch of shadow, and came up to Guy.

"You're Guy Madison, aren't you?" he said, logically enough.

Guy talked to him for a few minutes, and when he walked away to look at something else, the boy turned to me.

"You a movie star?"

"Nope," I said.

After a second, he spoke again. "I've seen a lot of movie stars, and some of 'em don't look so hot, up close. But that guy—" There was astonishment in his voice. "He's nice, besides. I like him."

I smiled at the kid, and said softly, "That's for two."

FAMILY CIRCLE

(Continued from page 35)

Jean's face appeared at the head of the stairs. "Stevie broke a lamp."

Stevie's face appeared beside hers. "I sorry."

"Okay," Jimmy said. "Don't do it any more."

They didn't hear another sound for maybe three minutes.

By lunch time, when Jimmy was weakly inviting Dana to stay, his wife, Ethel, stepped in. "I don't think so," she said. "I think perhaps Dana ought to get Stevie home. Mary might be worried."

Dana figures it's only a question of time before Stevie will be getting him home. The kid's fantastic.

The treacherous thing about him is that he has this disarming personality—he smiles sweetly, the whole time he's tearing the house down, and when Dana says, "What are you doing, Stephen?" he acts innocent.

"Nothing," he says. It's his stock answer.

Mary and Dana were having a drink of beer one night, when Stevie approached.

"I want some," he said.

Dana explained it was not for little boys. He looked at them out of the corner of his eye. Then, wham! wham! he'd picked up two glasses, one right after the other, and hurled them against the wall.

Dana looked at Mary. Mary looked at Dana. "I sorry," they said, together.

The other kids—David and Kathy—took naps, when they were tiny. Dana sighs.

"You think you can get him to take a nap?"

There's very little you can get him to do, when you come right down to it.

Kathy, on the other hand, is going through a lovely stage. She thinks her father is magnificent, the best person in the world, the only person worth passing the time of day with.

Dana puzzles over it. "Six months ago, she wouldn't even say hello to me."

Now she watches him adoringly while he eats; she follows him from room to room, being friendly. He's waiting for her to ask him if he's read any good books lately.

Her one big passion besides Dana is sailing. Dana has a skipper named Gus, for his 80-foot ketch, "Vileehi," and between Gus and Kathy, it's love.

Gus is a big, burly guy; Kathy's the size of his head, but when she marches up to him in her navy blue slacks, and says, "I'm a good sailor," he melts.

All the Andrews are mad about sailing, and they've been doing plenty of it, because while Dana was waiting to start *Memory of Love*, his new picture, he had some spare time.

Mostly, they use the "Katherine," which is their 55-foot cutter, and a beauty of a boat. They're real snobs; never run their motor, and have nothing but harsh words for people who do.

Sailing is an art; motors, any slob can cope with.



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"There's something about using the wind to push you," Dana says, and he gets the note in his voice some people get when they talk about Beethoven.

He's sensationally good, too, considering the fact that he's only been sailing a year or so.

He was coming up from Catalina one day, with a load of guests aboard, and a fog rising. Fifteen miles out, he got a bearing on the sea gate (there's an artificial sea wall at Long Beach, with a 200-yard opening) and then the fog closed in, thick and grey and wet.

Now, Dana's no navigator. He couldn't see twenty feet in front of him, and the wheel was icy in his hands, but he was sweating.

Once in a while, someone would approach him. "Will we make it?" He could sense the panic; his own fear was sizeable.

"Don't worry," he'd say. "Go back, and don't worry."

When he caught sight of the harbor lights, the Katherine was already passing safely through the gate. It's a piece of work he's proud of.

He had another close shave, too. It was his first trip out alone with his brother, Bill, and they'd forgotten to look at the storm warnings, before they left.

Naturally, a storm came up.

Dana was working furiously, and Bill came back, laughing. "I've been sitting on the bowsprit," he said. "It's the driest part of the boat."

He hadn't any more than finished the sentence, when the bowsprit went under a ten-foot wave.

The brothers looked at each other, and laughed shakily. "Good to see you," Dana said.

Bill coughed. "Glad to be here."

Bill's a handsome blond boy, six feet tall. He went into the army, right out of high school, and when he was through with the service, Dana lured him to California.

He's going to UCLA now, and getting a little more accustomed to the ways of Hollywood.

In the beginning, he was hopelessly confused. He'd hear Dana talking on the phone to some girl at the studio. "Thank you, sweetheart," Dana'd be saying.

Bill would look at him strangely. "You know her that well?"

The day he heard Charlie Feldman,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In June of last year, Ingrid Bergman toured Europe with the Jack Benny troupe, entertaining U. S. soldiers. My company was privileged to have one man dine with Miss Bergman at Traunstein, Ger-

many. The lucky individual, whose name had been drawn out of a helmet, was a 36-year-old farmer from the Ozarks of Missouri. During the dinner, I looked over to their table and saw the two of them holding an extensive conversation. "M-m-m, he's getting all the latest Hollywood news from Bergman," I thought. Later that night, I asked him what news he had of the film world. "Nothin'," he replied. "We had a wonderful talk about my six children. She must be a fine mother!"

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Dana's agent, call Dana "baby," he gave up. It's tough, for a guy from Texas.

Bill stayed with Dana and Mary for a while, but now he lives in Santa Monica, in a little house out in back of Mary's parents' place.

He got himself into a play at college, and Dana and Mary caught a performance. It gave Dana a shock.

Off-stage, Bill seems very adult. He's been in the army; he's seen a lot. On-stage—"Why, he's only a kid," Dana whispered to Mary. "He's so damn young!"

Mary giggled. "Keep still, Grandpa."

Bill and Dana have another brother in the neighborhood. He's Charles Andrews, vice-principal of Poly-Technic High School in Long Beach. He's a bright man, but awfully modest.

Several months ago, he told Dana a story idea. "I think possibly I'll write it some day," he said.

Dana was enthusiastic. "It sounds terrific." But Dana also knew brother Charles. He needs pins stuck in him.

Being on friendly terms with MacKinlay Kantor, because of *Best Years of Our Lives*, and respecting Mr. Kantor's opinions, Dana thought he'd like to have Mr. Kantor hear Charles' idea.

The problem was, where to get Mr. Kantor so he couldn't walk away.

The solution was obvious: the boat. Dana slyly invited Mr. Kantor for a sail, and Mr. Kantor came on down, and they all set off.

"Charles has an idea for a story," Dana began. "You want to go on up and listen to it?"

Mr. Kantor laughed. "Do I have to?" "Sure," Dana said. "There's no place else to go but overboard."

Mr. Kantor went up and talked to Charles. When he came back, he was a different man. "It's wonderful!" he said. "Make him do something with it."

Dana tried for a long time. Charles would just listen, and look agreeable and say, "Oh, I don't know if I could write it or not."

After a while, they dropped the whole subject. And then when Dana was in Vermont, he got a letter from Bennett Cerf.

"I had lunch the other day with MacKinlay Kantor," Cerf wrote, "and he told me of an idea your brother had. I'm interested, and I wonder if you'd please send me your brother's address."

Dana sent Charles' address to Mr. Cerf. He also sent Mr. Cerf's letter to Charles, along with a piece of paper saying, "See what I mean?"

Cerf wrote Charles, and then, when he came out on a visit, he saw him, and that did it. Charles is really going to start working, now. He's already been granted a leave of absence from school, and Dana is beating on him.

"You can do it," he keeps telling him, and Charles undoubtedly can. The Andrews family is loaded with talent. Take Dana's son, David. Thirteen years old,

and he makes radios.

There's a little house out in the back yard that Dana had thought would make a nice, orderly shop. When David got through installing his varied equipment, the only orderly thing left was the walls. He comes home with these enormous pieces of junk that he finds lying in the streets.

Dana looks at him sternly. "David, what are you going to do with that? Isn't the place cluttered enough?"

"I'm going to make a radio," his son says seriously.

And two days later, David will call Dana from the house. "Daddy, I'm broadcasting."

Dana can neither encourage nor defeat him. His own knowledge of radio is confined to the fact that he thinks it's nice.

There was the time the very correct-looking gentleman came up to the house, looking for Mr. Andrews.

"I'm Mr. Andrews," Dana said, waiting.

The gentleman held out his hand. "I'm from the FCC. You registered a complaint about a short-wave broadcaster using the same frequency as KNX—"

At which point David broke in on the scene. "I did it," he said. KNX is the Columbia Broadcasting System's outlet for Los Angeles, and one night, when David was tinkering around with his set, he'd picked up a ham broadcast using the KNX frequency, which is strictly illegal. It irritated David, so he phoned the authorities.

mr. andrews, jr. . . .

The authorities—at least those vested in the person of the correct-looking gentleman—tried not to smile.

"You want to see my shop?" David asked him.

"The boy knows exactly what he's doing," the gentleman told Dana later.

Dana grinned. "All I know is that we've got a \$400 radio inside, and his plays better."

All told, they're rather nice kids—maybe because Mary and Dana are such a wonderful combination. They're not Hollywood, in the glittery sense, and all they ask of friends is a reasonable amount of intelligence, and a reasonable lack of affectation.

She and Dana share an enormous curiosity about people, but hers isn't as far-reaching as his.

She'll meditate about that, when they're going home from a party. "So-and-so was awfully dull. How could you talk to him so long?"

"Nobody's dull," he says. "If you try to find out what makes 'em tick."

"But you want to find out everything about everybody," she says. "You never go to sleep."

It's nearly true, too.

Not Mary, though. One cocktail before dinner, and right after dessert, Mary retires to the den, and falls asleep.

When she wakes up, he's sitting there watching her. "My fascinating wife."

"I'm sorry," she says humbly, not meaning a word of it, and then she goes off into gales of laughter. "I forgot to show you what I found on the floor today. Some of Kathy's art-work."

It turns out to be nothing more than a couple of scribbled lines on a piece of paper, but it's the funniest thing Mary ever saw.

Sometimes Dana thinks it's that humor, constant and fresh and deep, that he loves best in Mary. Sometimes he thinks it's her honesty, or her lack of sophistication, or her curiosity. Sometimes he knows it's everything she is.

"That girl," he says in wonder. "I'm dead for that girl."

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Of course, we think ALL our stories are tops this month—but it's you readers who really decide. Your opinion—multiplied by thousands—is what keeps MODERN SCREEN alive. That's why we're anxious as ever to have you fill in the Questionnaire below and mail it to us IMMEDIATELY. We still have 500 FREE three-months subscriptions (July, August, September issues) waiting for the first 500 answers we receive!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our June issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>Papa Flynn (Errol Flynn)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Call Me Mama (Deanna Durbin)</i> . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Rita Explains (Rita Hayworth)</i> | <i>Let This Be For Always (Kathryn</i> |
| <i>by Hedda Hopper</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Grayson-Johnnie Johnston)</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>You Can't Say That About Bing'</i> | <i>Life Can Be Beautiful (William</i> |
| <i>(Bing Crosby) by Billy Rose</i> . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Holden)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Secret Heart (June Haver)</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Gay Blade (Cornel Wilde)</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Family Circle (Dana Andrews)</i> . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Cary, Cary, Quite Contrary (Cary</i> |
| <i>Star Light, Star Bright (Guy</i> | <i>Grant)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Madison)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Blessed Event (Olivia</i> |
| <i>Van Heflin, That Is</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>De Havilland)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Everything With Trick Endings</i> | <i>Holiday! (Bob Mitchum)</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>(Peter Lawford)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Best Year of His Life (Fredric</i> |
| <i>John Lund Life Story (Concluded)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>March)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Time On My Hands (Glenn Ford)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> . . <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

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